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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE FRONT PAGE

The Price of Nationhood

AT ANY time when the Canadian people desire to establish a formula for the amendment of their constitution, and can succeed in arriving at a reasonable measure of agreement as to what that formula should be, they will have no difficulty in inducing the British Parliament to incorporate it in the British North America Act and to hand over to Canada all responsibility for future changes. Until the Canadian people can achieve this measure of national agreement it is inevitable that the British North America Act should be changed only by the British Parliament, and we think it is equally inevitable that it should be changed only upon the petition of the Dominion Parliament. The only available precedents suggest very strongly that the British Parliament does not consider the provinces entitled to make representations to it in opposition to the Dominion's proposals.

That this is not a satisfactory situation is obvious enough, but it is a situation which can be remedied only by the action of the Canadian people themselves. The spectacle of the British Parliament being compelled to decide as to the wisest policy for Canada, between the policy proposed by the Dominion and the policies proposed by any number of different provinces from one to nine, is too preposterous to be seriously contemplated. In the first place it is a flat negation of Canadian autonomy, and in the second place it imposes on the British Parliament the task of legislating for people over whom it has long ceased to claim any right of legislation. If Mr. Duplessis is seriously concerned that the provinces should have some say in the amendment of the constitution—and it is obvious that in regard to some parts of it they ought to have, though not to the extent of a veto power vested in each individual province,—he ought not to be opposing the present amendment proposal (of the tenor of which he thoroughly approves), but suggesting the type of procedure which he thinks desirable for effecting that purpose.

But whenever the province of Quebec does see fit to raise the question of a Canadian procedure for the amendment of the Canadian constitution, it will have to realize the fact that, subject to certain specific reservations regarding the rights of the French language and the provincial control of education and civil law, all minority elements in the country will have to trust themselves more completely than they have hitherto done to the wisdom and fairness of the majority. That is the price of nationhood. The fact that Canada is not yet paying it is the chief reason why Canada is not quite a nation.

City Hall Check-off

THE amended agreements between the city of Toronto and the various unions in which its employees are organized now contain a provision requiring such employees to be members of their appropriate union and authorizing the city to deduct the membership fees from their renumeration and pay them to the union. This does not include the police, who are employed by the Police Commission, nor any of a large number of the more responsible officers of the city departments. All the unions involved have for some time been recognized as the collective bargaining agencies for their respective types of employment. The amended agreement can be further amended or terminated as of April 1 in any year if written notice is given by either party before February 1.

There are certain elements in this changed situation (compulsory membership and check-off) which need clarification. Can a civic employee, for example, be deprived of membership, and therefore of employment in the city's service, by action of the union alone? If he can, there is obviously grave danger of injustice.

—Photos by Norman K. Campbell

Sable Island, N.S., "graveyard of the Atlantic," whose shifting sandbars have been claiming ships for hundreds of years, is one of the most desolate spots on earth during a storm. The only inhabitants are wild horses and a few humans; buckboards and horses are the only means of transportation through the clinging sand. The island has two lighthouses and a radio beacon. See article Page 5.

We can, however, find no provision in the by-laws of the Toronto Municipal Employees' Association, Local 79, authorizing the expulsion of any member. There is a section providing for the suspension of members who are three months in arrears, but this is a situation which obviously cannot arise under the check-off system. If it is understood that a member cannot be expelled by action of the union alone, the new agreement would not appear to be subject to any serious objection.

On this understanding, the only liberty of any municipal employee that is being infringed by the amended agreement seems to be the liberty not to pay 23 cents per fortnight to the union; and while this compulsion is certainly a change in the conditions of employment it does not seem to be one which is beyond the reasonable power of the city to make.

The essential point, which we fear unions demanding the check-off tend to overlook, is that where union membership is voluntary at the choice of the individual, expulsion can also be voluntary at the choice of whatever majority is called for by the constitution. But the instant membership becomes compulsory as a result of employment, expulsion, which then brings loss of employment, must cease to be in the power of the union acting alone.

Provincial Veto

MR. DUPLESSIS seems to us to have chosen a bad moment for the assertion of the right of the provinces to veto proposed amendments to the Canadian constitution. If the principle which he invokes is sound today it will still be sound next year, by which time a better occasion for raising it may have presented itself. For we have to note that numerous occasions for raising it have presented themselves in the past and have not been utilized, and that neglect has not prevented Mr. Duplessis from raising it now; so presumably one more neglect would not damage it for the future.

The reason why we think this is a bad moment for Mr. Duplessis is that by raising it now he is claiming for Ontario—which has just as much veto power as Quebec—the right to veto a proposal which adds eight parliamentary seats to Quebec and leaves Ontario unchanged. On Mr. Duplessis' principle the present proportions are just as much the perpetual right of Ontario, removable only with Ontario's consent, as the sixty-five seats of Quebec are the perpetual right of Quebec. (We do not ourselves regard either right as perpetual, but Mr. Duplessis does.)

The situation is very embarrassing for Mr. Drew. Either he goes along with Mr. Duplessis, in which case he maintains the right of Ontario to veto the amendment, and will scarcely dare to accept the responsibility of not vetoing it, or he splits with Mr. Duplessis and abandons a rather substantial part of that concept of provincial supremacy in which the two premiers have been in agreement for several years. Mr. Duplessis is in no such dilemma; he has no objection to the redistribution as redistribution, and all he asks is the right to say "O.K." But Mr. Drew cannot say "O.K." if he has a right to say "No." The redistribution takes away something which, if Mr. Duplessis is right, is the indisputable and irremovable property of Ontario, and no Ontario Government, however devoted to Rep. by Pop. and however friendly to

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Joker in the Keynes Theory of Insufficient Spending

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR article on the effect of Lord Keynes on economic thought illustrates the confusion produced by the failure of an intellectual giant like Keynes to recognize first principles.

In his book, "The general Theory of Employment, Interest and Money" Keynes attacks the theory of Balanced Industrial Relations as presented by the classical economists, and states that industrial depression and unemployment are due to insufficient spending, and advocates the expenditure of public money even in waste such as digging and refilling holes or building pyramids.

Now the theory of Balanced Industrial Relations, as stated by the classical economists, is sound except for one fatal omission: the failure to say that it is an essential principle of the theory that no factors other than those of service be admitted to price and that if such factors are admitted they will destroy the natural industrial equilibrium, create disparity between price and purchasing-power and cause depression and unemployment.

Free enterprise and our present system, based as it is on the division of employments, is calculated only for the exchange of equivalents of goods and services. The inclusion of non-service factors in price is a subtle form of counterfeiting whereby the disservice of the monopolist is adroitly mixed with the genuine service of the producer. Examples of such counterfeit services are the gains of landowners, and the gains of monopolies and cartels. To assume that such factors may be included in price without disorganizing our economic system is to assume that evil may be equated with good; and this is what the lunacy known as Social Credit proposes to do.

It is also essential to allow prices to fall as costs are lowered by technological improvement. Under modern conditions, prosperity depends upon a falling, not a rising price level; the products of modern industry can be distributed only through the medium of lower prices.

The present economic system and the productive capacity of modern industry are an almost perfect instrument for the satisfaction of our needs if operated in accordance with the basic principles of equity and justice. Today, private enterprise needs a champion that will demand that it be rid of its bonds of monopoly and extortion in order that it may demonstrate its superiority to all forms of planned economy and totalitarianism.

Had Lord Keynes, having the ear of the world, done this, he would have performed one of the greatest services rendered to mankind since the ministry of Christ. Instead his theory of "Insufficient Spending" convinces many that they are producing too much in proportion to their wages and is leading to malingering in industry. Lord Keynes speaks of the effects of the "Multiplier Principle" due to spending the taxpayer's dollar, but fails to consider the effect of the "Subtraction Principle" on the taxpayer's purchasing-power. The theory is altogether vicious in principle; it defeats the tendency of modern industry to make capital cheap by providing abundance; yet lowers interest rates by the weight of taxation. It also tends to increase the demand for public assistance.

D. E. PEDDIE

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The Great Killer

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, speaking recently at his highway safety conference, of the rising toll of life on the roads and streets of America, places the major responsibility on what he terms "Traffic Incorrigibles, morons and crazy people." The Editor of the *Christian Century*, Chicago, commenting upon the address, asks why the President omits to name the one killer that accounts for more injuries and fatalities than any other, viz., *the drunken driver*. At the head of the list, the editor claims, stands 'the drunk, and those who profit from his condition." The editor continues, "Laws holding the manufacturer and the seller of liquor responsible, as accessories, to crimes committed by consumers of liquor would make this form of manslaughter less popular."

We have recently been told in the press of Ontario that drinking is the cause of more killings than war. Who then is responsible? Not alone the person intoxicated, unable to control his actions, but primarily, the electorate of the province that encourages drinking by allowing the government to continue as vendor for the liquor trade; a government that now multiplies avenues for sale, encouraging both drinking and drunkeness. Surely the government, and behind the government, the people of the Province as electors, should be held as accessories.

Toronto, Ont. R. S. LAIDLAW

Farmers and Butter

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A DELIGHTFUL letter appeared in your issue of May 25 over the name of "Sally Brown." How strange it is that in this world so many of our troubles arise out of our failure to persuade others to do the things we want them to do! We have a ceiling price on butter, around 44 cents a pound in Ottawa; this is to keep the price of butter down for the good of the people who want to eat butter. It is 58 cents without a ceiling in New York but much of it goes to the black market at from 80 cents to a dollar a pound. In the circumstances, farmers, who in many things are permitted to do as they like, and know more about what they ought to do than most people, prefer to sell cows to the Americans and get a good stiff price for them rather than milk them and make butter at present prices.

Normally, man attempts to gratify his desires by the least possible effort. It is well that this should be so. If he succeeds in doing it he will have more time to spend on other things, fishing for instance and reading Hansard. Your correspondent wants the farmer to make butter, accusing him of "sitting down on his job." The farmer produces cows for sale because he can do this standing up. He's tired of sitting down milking cows and where can he get a hired man to help him? Not even the protests of your correspondent will compel him to produce butter if he can find an easier way of getting a living. The Member for Chateauguay-Huntington is I understand, a farmer at times. Perhaps he feels as most farmers do, that in a matter of personal judgment the farmer is not without capacity and may be left to decide what he ought to do for the country and for his own best interests.

Ottawa, Ont. R. J. DEACHMAN

Food and Breweries

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAVE been much moved by the Save the Children appeal on page 5 of your issue of April 13. My income is comparatively small but I have sent a subscription and am wondering whether it is my duty to send more.

But may I ask three questions? 1. Is it a fact that both in well fed Canada and in semi-starved Britain hundreds of tons of edible grain are used up in the production of a beverage that has very little food value, and that is desired chiefly because it slows up the physical and mental reactions, lessens the powers of inhibition, and creates a false feeling of warmth and well-being? 2. Under the circumstances is not this criminal waste? 3. As a purely humanitarian measure ought not every brewery to be closed down and kept closed until the fear of starvation has gone.

Nanaimo, B.C. J. A. DONNELL

Hare Not Hair

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN George Gilbert's article on Voluntary Medical Expense Plan (S.N., April 6) he uses the phrase "hair-brained". This hyphenated expression originally referred to a hare. Everyone knows of the Mad March Hare in Alice in Wonderland. Thus in the latest edition of the Oxford Dictionary you will find the expression "hare-brained" meaning rash or foolish.

Winnipeg, Man. GLEN HAMILTON M.D.

Lower Franchise Age

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THOUGHTLESS sentimentality is perhaps the greatest of all the dangers to which democracy is exposed. Your correspondent, Harold Preston, argues that because he was called to fight for his country at the age of 18, therefore he and all others should have political votes at that age.

What on earth is the connection between the two? Boys of 18 may be brave and skilful enough to fly an aeroplane over an enemy city and yet may have never given a single serious thought to any political question; and in fact most of them never have done so. If we were in earnest about democracy we should enact that while all citizens, both men and women, are equally entitled to vote, none should do so before the age of 25 and until they had passed some simple school test of intelligence and general knowledge.

Montreal, Que. W. A. FERGUSON

Look at Home

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IF MAJOR J. H. G. Palmer is sick and tired of "venomously anti-British" opinions, (S.N. May 25) as he prefers to type mine, I am equally sick and tired of hearing Occidentals, whether they be British, Americans, or what-not, sound off to the effect that they have a monopoly on the wisdom of the world, and that if it were not for European civilization, humanity would be at a dead end. Assuming that the European has anything to teach the Asiatic, apart from how to run a machine—political and otherwise, — the European would do well to keep his little gems of wisdom for himself.

Compared to Europe, whose nations have been slaughtering one another with monotonous regularity for at least 3,000 years, India's civil wars have been games of cops-and-robbers. And the religious differences between Moslem and Hindu India have been negligible compared to the religious persecutions which have been conducted in Europe in the name of Christianity. As regards political unity, even we in Canada cannot agree on unified action between provincial and federal governments,—a fact which, by the example of India, would seem to justify the U.S.A. or Russia stepping in and running our government until we come to some definite agreement.

Apart from any question concerning the alleged benefits Asia has received from European domination, in relation to the wealth we have received from Asia—a question which involves facts rather embarrassing to Christians,—there is one significant aspect of the differences between Asia and the West. Those who consider the Asiatics as backward, illiterate children, needing the guidance of the great White Father, should realize that it is the Western powers who present the greatest threat to humankind today. It is the white man who has developed, and uses so efficiently, such diabolical inventions as the bombing plane and the atomic bomb. It is the white man who is, and has been for 3,000 years, so preoccupied with national greed, fear and hypocrisy that he is at present determined to blow himself, and perhaps everyone else, into atoms rather than display a little Christian charity and tolerance. As Dante says in the "Paradiso": "But many, mark, who cry aloud 'Christ! Christ!' shall be less near Him at the Great Assize, by very far, than some who know not Christ."

London, Ont. H. C. FRANCIS

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

AN inquiry through a health column asks if "noises in the head" is an occupational malady. There is some evidence that it favors political orators on strictly non-party lines.

•

Following the capture of a Montreal gunman by about a hundred kids who pursued the fellow for ten blocks, there is growing concern among bandits about those irresponsible parents who allow their children to clutter up the streets.

•

Hangover

The President of Boston University, denouncing the "excessive guzzling of liquor" by United Nations' members, said recently, "No wonder so many international conferences turn out to be Lost Week-ends." This may be the explanation of the recent article describing the international situation as one of fluid character.

•

Speaking in Montreal, a Canadian author said that the writer's best reward is when he knows he has kindled a response in someone. For ourselves, we always get a tremendous kick from those courteous editorial rejection slips.

•

After learning that several thousands of dollars' worth of stamps, one of which sold for $1,600, were traded at the stamp auction in Toronto, we have decided that we cannot do better than continue to do business with the local grocery-store post office.

•

From a national weekly:

"More English - Canadians speak French than is generally recognized by Mr. Duplessis."

It is possible that Mr. Duplessis may not be entirely to blame for this lack of recognition.

Broadcast music, says a New York psychiatrist, increases metabolism, respiration, and pulse. And we had always thought that something was wrong with our radio set.

•

A Scottish newspaper announces an annual bagpipe contest to take place next month. This is the sort of thing that should be settled by U.N., even at the risk of a general stampede by the delegates.

•

Truth Stranger Than Fiction

Just to show that kids aren't what they used to be, a recent poll shows that 94.5% of American youth have a favorite brand of toilet soap.

•

A popular novelist says he began writing fiction to help him meet his income tax. But it is doubtful if tax authorities are inclined to favor this method of making out returns.

•

The first bed springs were made at least 500 years B.C., and are still considered a valuable collector's item by proprietors of summer boarding houses.

•

Department of Education

"It is part of the task of all radio to help open up new vistas in the minds of all people."

A. Davidson Dunton, C.B.C. Chairman.

"Will she return to her husband, or go her own way . . . alone?"

Conclusion of a radio serial broadcast.

•

The report that an automatic cigarette lighter set a house ablaze by falling off a window ledge gives some hope that there might soon be an automatic device that will light a cigarette.

•

A prominent church dignitary has expressed the opinion that the two-piece swim suit is both practical and sensible. This will discourage our niece Ettie, who has taken to wearing one because she thought it was cute.

—Photo by Karsh

A new picture of the Rt. Hon. Lord Inverchapel (Archibald Clark Kerr), new British Ambassador to the U.S. In diplomatic service since 1906, and formerly British Ambassador to China and, more recently, Russia, Lord Inverchapel replaces the retiring Lord Halifax in Washington.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

Quebec, would dare to toss away eight seats which are Ontario's indisputable and irremovable property, even if the retention of them can only be defended by throwing Rep. by Pop. into the discard and explaining (as the *Globe and Mail's* Ottawa correspondent explained the other day) that Quebec should not have the same proportional representation as Ontario because its people are too much addicted to voting in a solid bloc.

Non-Confessional

THE recent instructions given by certain bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the province of Quebec, to the effect that the faithful in their respective dioceses are not permitted to become members of various societies such as the Rotary Club, are likely to be misunderstood by Protestants unless it is realized that there is a very lively conflict of opinion going on today within the French-speaking part of the Church on this very question. The subject is one upon which the decision of each bishop is valid within his territory, but many of the bishops in other French dioceses do not share the views of those who have issued this prohibition, and in their territory the faithful are perfectly free to join societies of a type which is better described in French as "non-confessional" than as "neutral."

The distinction between these two terms is admirably drawn by the Rev. Father Gou-

OF COURSE

PEOPLE who saunter when sidewalks are crowded,
Four abreast, aimlessly chatting,
Make me feel frothy and righteously wrathy—
Why can't they stay home with their tatting?
But—may the shadows grow gaunter and gaunter
Of people who scurry when I want to saunter!

E.K.C.

drault, Provincial of the Dominican Order, in a pamphlet entitled "Neutralité et Non-Confessionnalité." The non-confessional society does not involve its members in acceptance of the principle that all religions are equal; each member is entirely free to continue to believe (as we suspect that most Rotarians do) that his own religion is the true one and that all others are therefore inferior to it. The discussion in Quebec seems to be largely between the Dominicans on the one hand and the Jesuits on the other, though there are no doubt exceptions in both camps. The point is, however, that the question is debatable and is actually debated.

It is highly improbable that the decisions of individual bishops will be overridden by any higher authority, for there is much to be said in favor of the policy of leaving such questions to be determined in the light of local conditions. But the situation must cause some bewilderment to Catholic Rotarians, from places where membership is permitted, who find themselves visiting in a diocese where it is prohibited; can they go to the luncheon and thus get their attendance credits or can they not?

On Picketing

THERE appears to be a singular lack of appreciation, among the Canadian public, of the essentially lawless character of the so-called "picketing" carried on by the strikers in most of the recent labor disputes in this country. The episode last week in Cornwall was typical both of the methods of strike leaders and of the thoroughly illogical public reaction to them. A number of men appear to have been brought to Cornwall from neighboring cities for the purpose of manning vessels which had been deserted by the strikers, and they appear to have provided themselves, or been provided, with clubs in the very reasonable expectation that they would be attacked. The police chief of Cornwall adopted the theory that these men had come to Cornwall for the purpose of making attacks on peaceful citizens, and his police therefore joined with the strikers in running them out of town.

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We have seen no convincing evidence that the "invaders" did anything to justify this assumption, except to keep themselves together so far as possible and carry the weapons already referred to. We can see no possible object to be served by their making any attack upon peaceful citizens, and we can see that they might have had quite an urgent need to keep together and to carry some defensive weapons if they were going to engage in the lawful business of trying to operate the strike-bound ships. The municipal government of Cornwall is pretty sympathetic to organized labor, and we fancy that the judgment of the chief of police may have been slightly influenced by this fact. But we hope that he has not entirely forgotten that there is no law against strike-breaking, and there is a very definite law against committing assault and battery on persons engaged in lawful activities.

Lawful Employment

WHATEVER other objections may be laid against them, the Witnesses of Jehovah perform a useful function in almost any society as defenders of the rights and liberties of the common citizen. They have just achieved a notable victory, after two appeals, in securing a judgment from the Ontario Court of Appeal that a Selective Service officer has no right to place his own interpretation on the expression "person not gainfully employed". One of the "missionaries" of the society was ordered to work for a packing company on the ground that he was not gainfully employed, when he was actually earning up to $40 a month in his missionary capacity. His remuneration was not large, and many people feel that his occupation was not very essential, but the regulations are silent on both of these points. It would have been a national disaster had it been held to be the law that a man cannot be employed as a missionary at $40 a month by the Witnesses of Jehovah, when plenty of people are employed at similar work and similar remuneration by other religious bodies of higher social standing. At the time when the order was made the Witnesses had of course been relieved from the ban put upon them earlier in the war, or they could not legally have employed anybody.

Honest Brokers

WE ARE not sure that the full significance of the revolution effected by Mr. McTague in the government regulation of the sale of securities in Ontario has as yet been adequately appreciated by the general public. Prior to his regime as Security Commissioner it was the accepted theory that anybody was entitled to sell securities in Ontario provided that he was able to avoid conviction in the courts on any charge of misconduct relating to that business. It is true that he had to obtain a license from the province in order to engage in the business; but this was not regarded as much more than a means of keeping track of him, and was certainly not a guarantee by the province that he was a person with whom business could safely be transacted without the usual precautions of Caveat Emptor. All that is changed. The recent extensive cancellations of licenses have been based upon the theory that the duty of the province in this matter is to inquire very scrupulously into the character of the license-holder or applicant. The idea that ability to avoid conviction in the courts, or even conviction before the Commission on specific charges of misbehavior, is all that is necessary has been completely thrown overboard. The Commission is to form its own character judgments, by methods which could not possibly be employed in a court of law.

This is a revolution, but on the whole we think it is a good revolution. It places tremendous responsibility on the shoulders of that agency of government which has to control the issuing and cancellation of these licenses. But this is no time for governments to recoil from responsibility. It is not in the least necessary that every citizen of Ontario should have the right to engage in the selling of securities. On the other hand it is desirable that the buyers of securities should be able to feel that those with whom they deal have been looked over pretty carefully and are not likely to take undue advantage of them. It is not possible that the possession of a license should be an absolute guarantee of honesty, but today it is much nearer to being a reasonable assurance of it than it has ever been in the past.

Embassy Silence

BY THE time this weekly is one hundred years old, which will be in 1987, we look forward to seeing the Canadian people sufficiently grown up and aware of their national stature to have ceased to be concerned about any observations made upon their actions, policies and habits by personages from the United Kingdom. There is no more reason why we should be sensitive about the expressions of personages from the United Kingdom than about those of corresponding personages from Australia, the United States or the Republic of Paraguay, for the United Kingdom claims no more right to interfere in our affairs than any of those nations. (We might be prepared to argue that the United States is likely in certain circumstances, connected with the defence of the continent, to claim a good deal more of such right than Great Britain ever would, but that is a side issue upon which we will not enter at the moment.) But the fact remains that Canadians get all het up when a personage from the United Kingdom expresses an entirely personal view about some question of Canadian policy, and pay no attention whatever when a personage from some other country expresses a view of similar character.

For the life of us we can see no reason why a British Ambassador to the United States should not have an opinion as to what is and is not desirable in a Canadian flag, and express it in an interview or even in a public address. It does not thereby become an official intimation from the British Government; he is not the mouthpiece of that Government to Canada. No Canadian has to pay any attention to it if he doesn't want to. We find it difficult to forget the time when the Parliament of Canada used to be in the habit of advising the people and Parliament of Great Britain, by way of formal resolution, how they should deal with the task of governing Ireland. That, if you like, did constitute a piece of interference in the affairs of another nation; yet we do not recall that the British ever complained of it, and we have never seen any sign that the Canadians were ashamed of it. We find Lord Inverchapel's views interesting, whether he is talking about flags or cricket or baseball or spillikins, and we can see no constitutional reason why he should be silent about all of these and lots of other things, merely because he happens to be British Ambassador to Washington.

Intoxicationists

THERE is much good sense in the statement of the Diocesan Council of the Anglican Synod of Toronto that "much of the present propaganda against drinking is vitiated by the constant use of extreme language and exaggerated statements," and that the question of alcoholic beverages "should be removed from the realm of exaggeration and hysteria and considered in a more practical and realistic way." It is to be hoped that this language will make some impression upon the editors of the *United Church Observer*, which has adopted the practice of referring to all those who do not share its views upon the regulation of drinking as "intoxicationists." Those who do not want to reduce the number of licensed places are intoxicationists. Those who do not want to reduce the hours of sale are intoxicationists. Those who think that facilities for getting a cocktail or a glass of sherry with a meal might diminish drinking in hotel bedrooms are intoxicationists. SATURDAY NIGHT is an organ of the intoxicationists. The world, in fact, is divided into intoxicationists and prohibitionists.

An intoxicationist is presumably a person who advocates intoxication, just as a prohibitionist is a person who advocates prohibition. There may be some intoxicationists in Canada, in this sense, but we have never met any. We have, however, met a great many people who want to have the alcohol question "considered in a more practical and realistic way", and who will be very glad of the lead provided by the Diocesan Council.

Basis of Liberty

THE Progressive Conservatives from British Columbia are not going to be allowed to get much fun out of their attacks on the King Government for its infringements of civil liberties, so long as they continue in their demand that no civil liberties whatever shall be permitted to persons of Japanese racial origin, whether citizens of Canada or not. The Winnipeg *Free Press* points out that Mr. Fulton, Mr. Green and General Pearkes can do little good to the cause of civil liberties, or to Mr. Diefenbaker's proposal for a Bill of Rights, so long as they go on drawing a color line denying the advantages of these liberties and this document to persons of a certain race.

The attitude of the British Columbia members is of course absolutely identical with that of the people of the Southern States before the American Civil War. In effect they assert with one breath that all men are born free and equal and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and with the next they assert that persons of a certain color are not so born, or in other words they do not belong to the class covered by the phrase "all men".

The odd thing is that they are entirely unconscious of any inconsistency. They have taught themselves to think of a Japanese—any Japanese — as something slightly less than human, and so they have no difficulty in forgetting about him when they orate about the rights and liberties of men in general. Having got that far they will find no trouble, when the occasion arises, in similarly forgetting about Chinese, Negroes and ultimately a lot of other kinds of human beings whom they do not happen to like. Such men are no help in the business of establishing liberty on a safe basis in Canada.

Graphic Arts Reveal Increasing Richness

By Paul Duval

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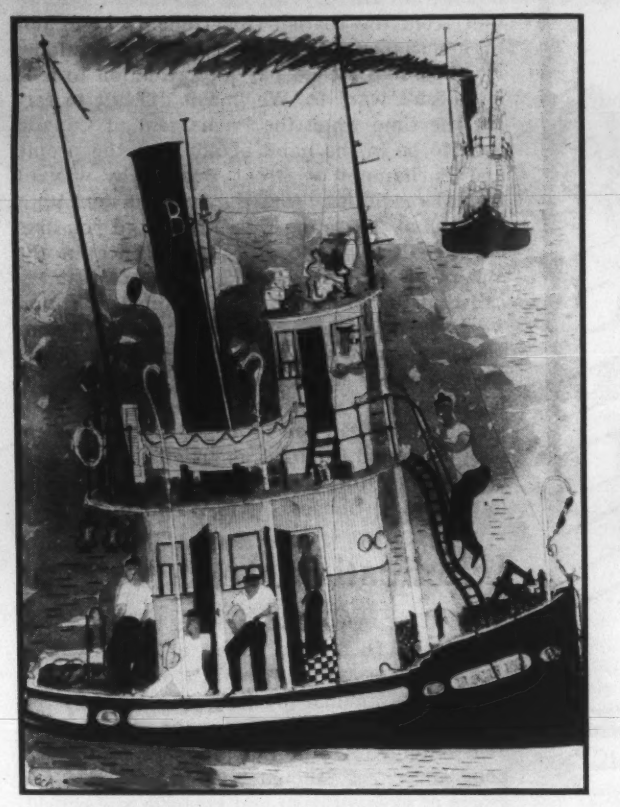

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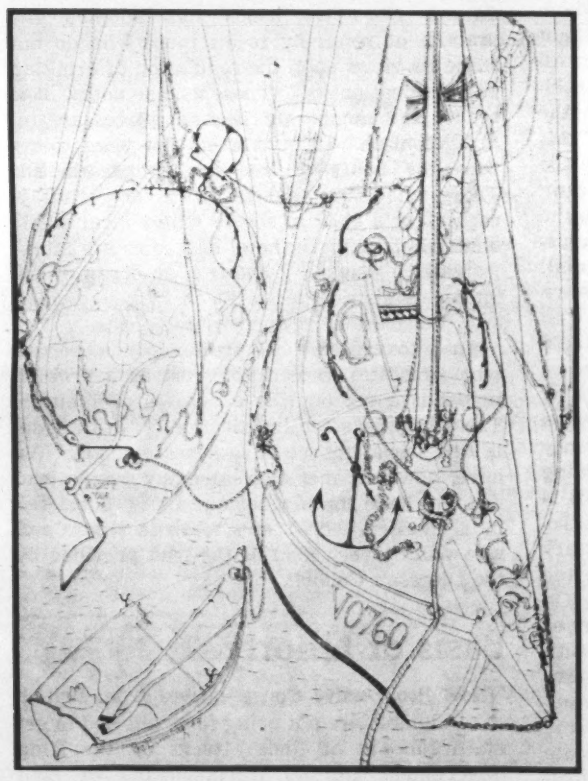

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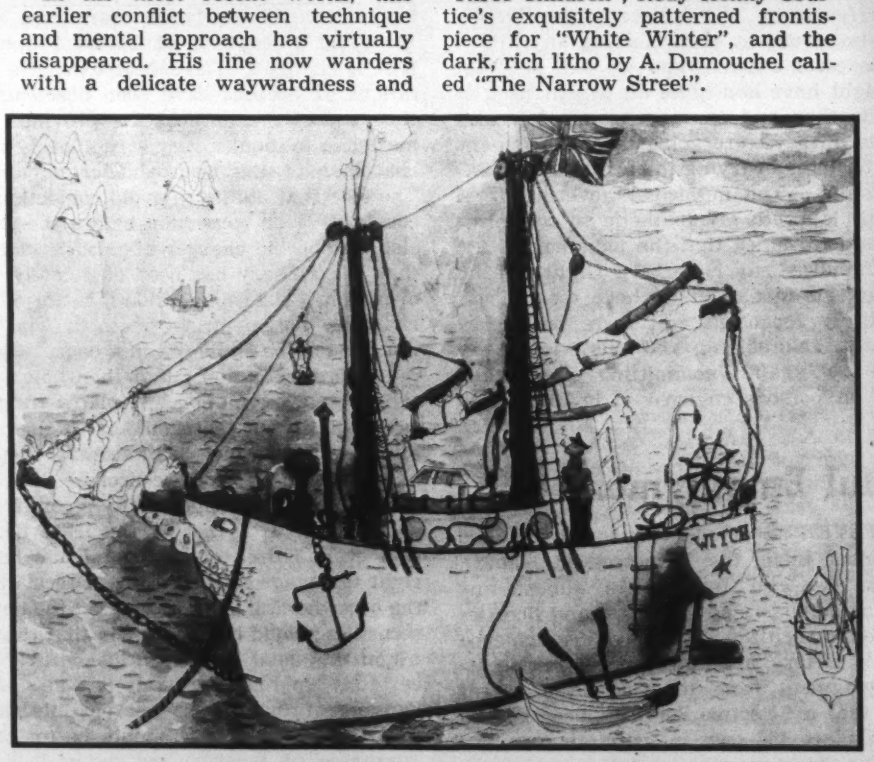

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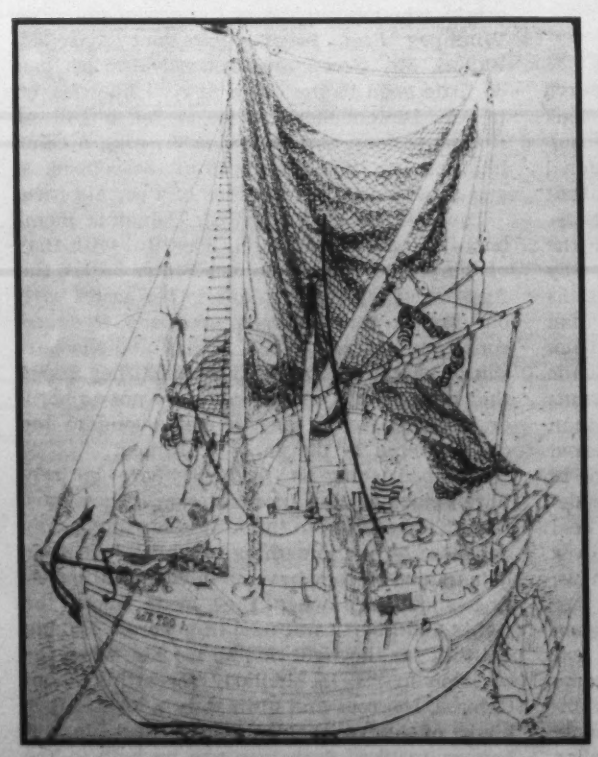

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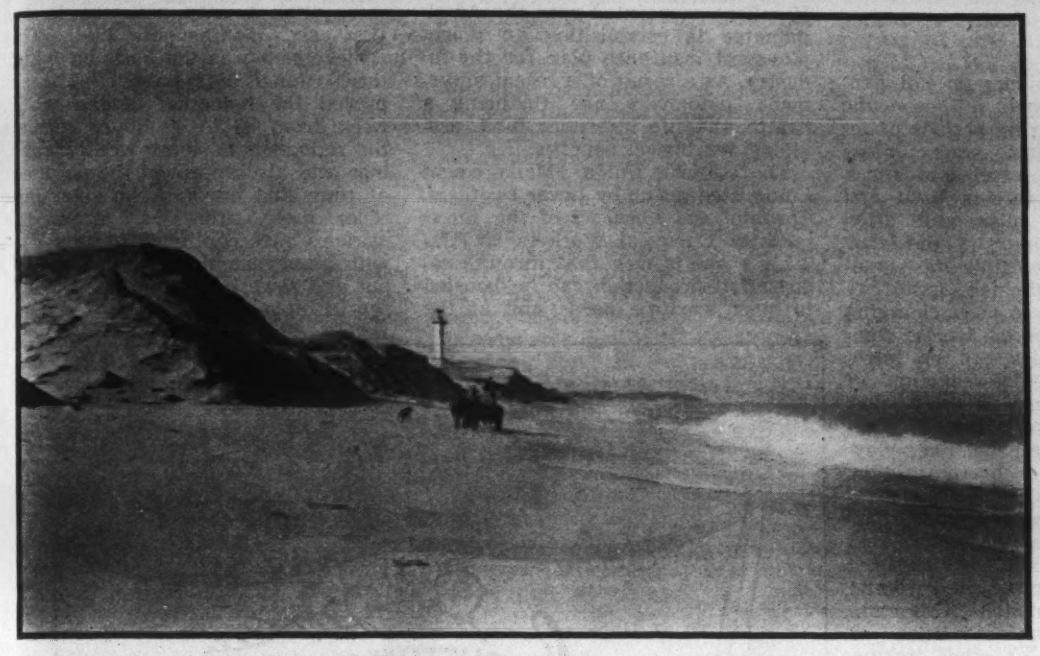

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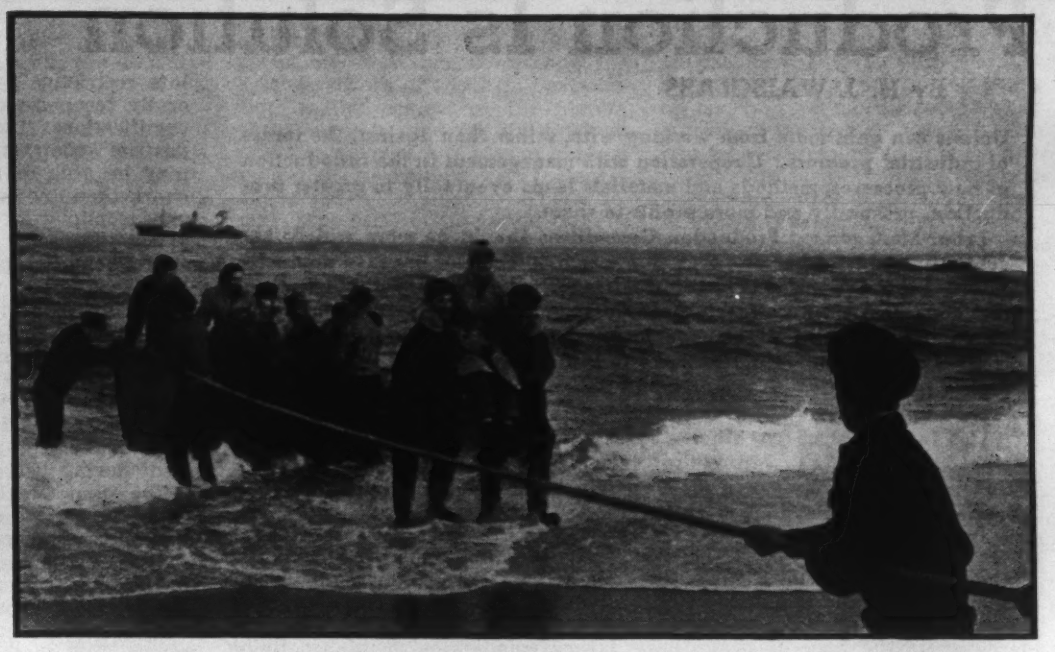

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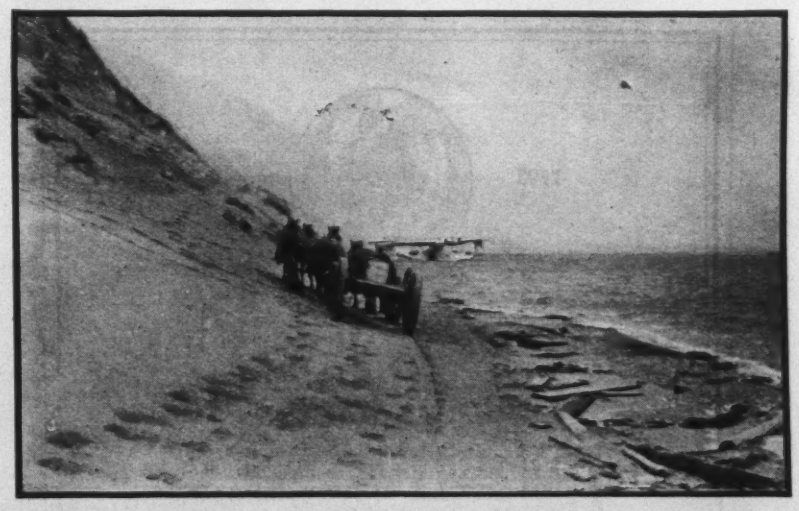

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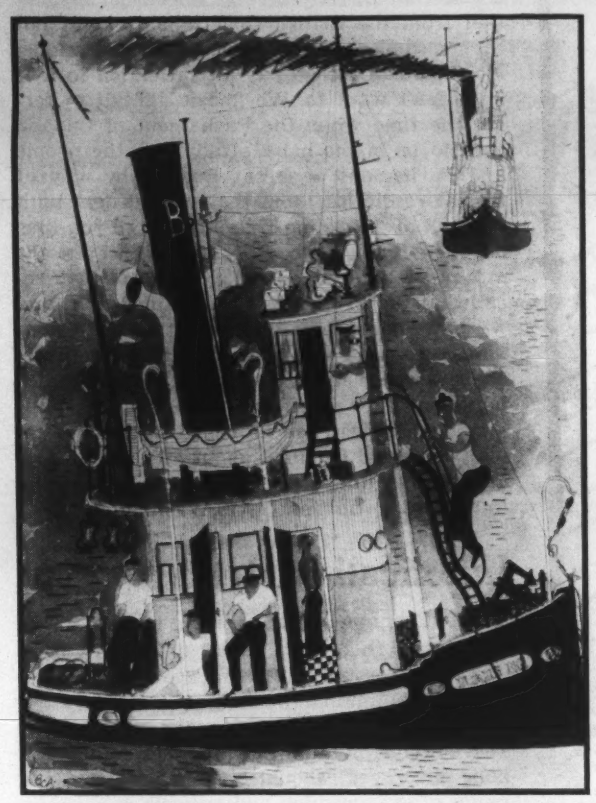

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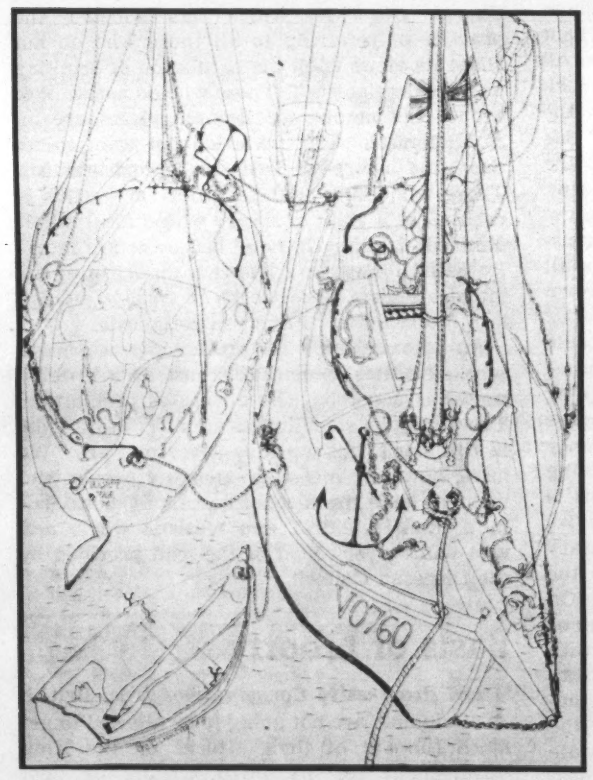

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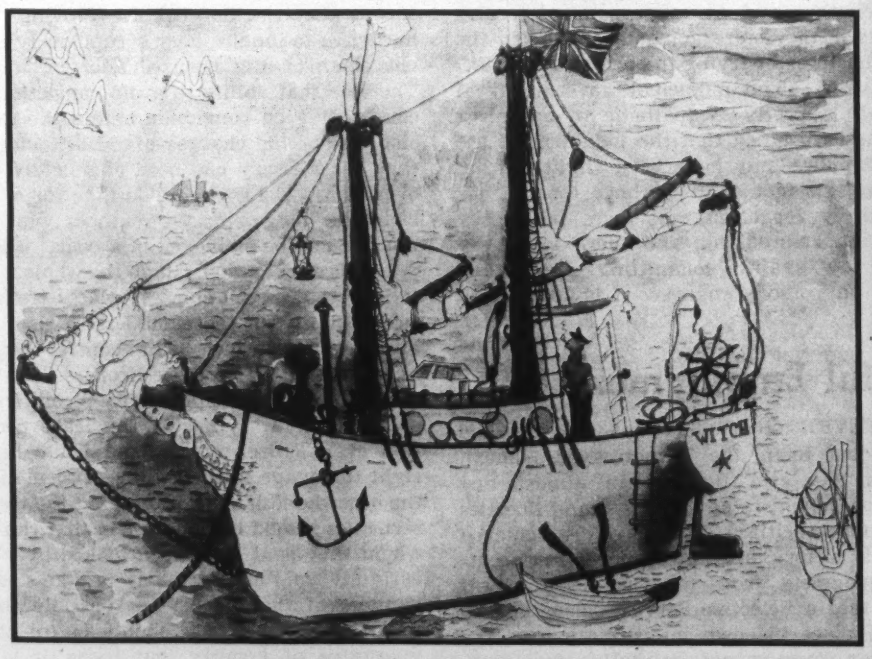

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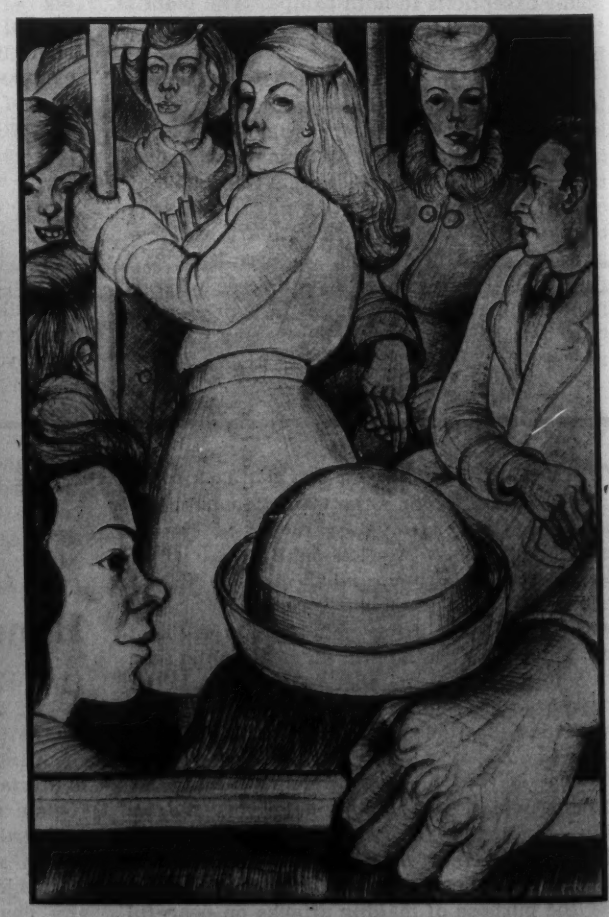

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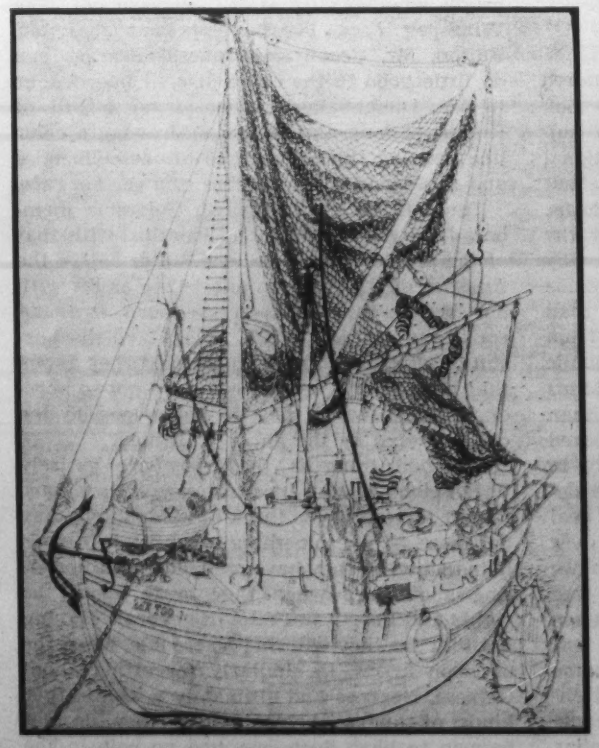

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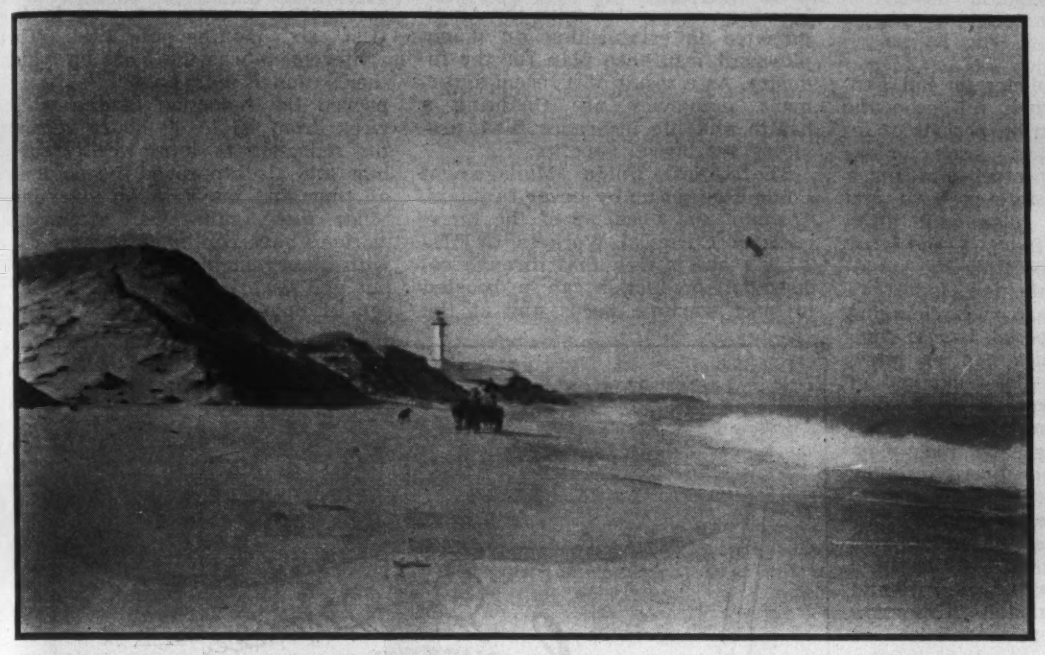

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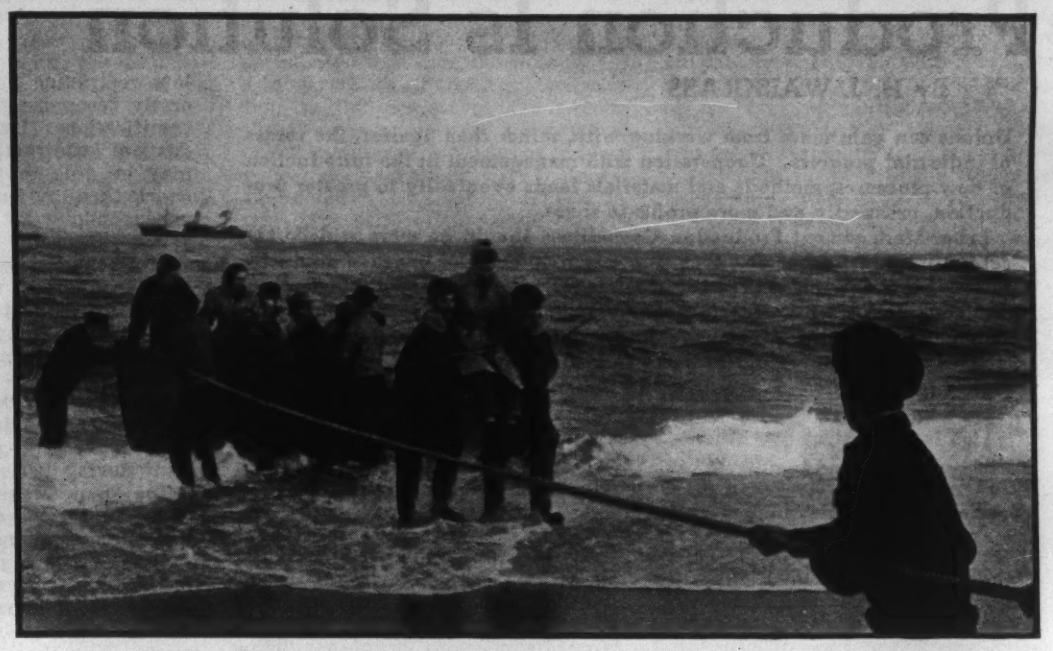

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Cooperation for Increased Production Is Solution

By H. J. WAISGLASS

Unions can gain more from working with, rather than against, the forces of industrial progress. Cooperation with management in the introduction of new processes, methods and materials leads eventually to greater production, prosperity and more profits to share.

Labor-Management Production Committees should be more widely accepted in industry because they improve relations and increase productivity. L.M.P.C.'s make it possible for labor to get more without forcing the consumer or investor to take less, and without infringing upon management's rights to manage or the union's rights to bargain collectively. By cooperating to make industry more efficient, labor gets a higher real income, job security and better working conditions, without "speed-up".

This is the first of two articles by separate writers who believe in the efficacy of L.M.P.C.'s. Mr. Waisglass contends that the committees function more effectively when they operate beside, but separate from, the bargaining and grievance machinery.

TRADE unions frequently resist technological innovations and continue to enforce antiquated working rules that impede productive efficiency in the hope of protecting jobs or making work for members. Their attitudes are based on a belief, prevalent among workers, that increased output per man results in unemployment. Many workers may have personally experienced or observed in their workshops the displacement of obsolete skills and the dismissal of surplus labor following the introduction of improved work methods. Such workers have little confidence in the observations of economists that while individuals may be put out of work temporarily, the net result of improved efficiency is usually increased employment at higher real earnings.

The economist explains that the reduction in labor content of a product makes possible higher wage rates and lower prices. The worker benefits by a lower cost and higher standard of living. Insofar as lower prices result in a much larger demand for the product, the worker benefits also from expanded employment opportunities. To illustrate, the economist points to the discoveries of the steam and spontaneous combustion engines which have made possible the support of larger populations at higher living standards. Modern standards could not have been attained by the medieval craftsmen because they lacked the "know-how" to produce in sufficiently large quantities.

Labor has much more to gain from the increase in the total national product of industry than from bargaining for a larger percentage of a static product produced under static conditions of technological development. It does not follow that increased productivity and lower unit costs always result in a spontaneous wage boost or price drop. Nor will labor, management, and consumer share equally in the gains if they are not in equally strong bargaining positions. Regardless of the equality of distribution, the advantages of larger per capita output are that it makes possible an increase in all incomes without requiring the reduction of anyone's income. It means that labor can benefit because it has more for which to bargain.

The trade unionists who formulate restrictive policies do not generally recognize their full economic ramifications. During periods of industrial contraction, craft unions may be able to protect jobs for a short time by enforcing rigid and uneconomic work rules quite often at the expense of industry and labor as a whole. By protecting the standards and jobs of the few, industry's ability to readjust to meet changing conditions is hampered. Unless compensatory economies can be introduced (such as the reduction of wages of the workers in the weaker bargaining position), "featherbedding" makes for greater unemployment during periods of contraction. If the "make-work" policies are retained in periods of expansion, they also operate against the union's real interests. The higher costs imposed on the industry restrict the rate and the extent of expansion. Unfortunately, the economic policies of unions, like those of other institutions, do not change readily with the requirements of changing conditions. Nevertheless, a national high employment policy calls for the abandonment, by both labor and management, of policies born of depression experiences.

Defeatist Policies

Labor's attitudes on problems of efficiency are due in no small part to management's defeatist policies on industrial relations. Nothing less can be expected where the workers are not encouraged to participate in the control of matters directly affecting their welfare, security and morale, where management has failed to capture the interest of the workers by providing them with the facts of the business and by asking for their assistance on production problems. However, this does not excuse organized labor from the responsibility of promoting cooperation.

There are unions which have learned that more can be gained from working with, rather than against, the forces of industrial progress. They have assisted in the introduction of new processes, methods, materials and products. In cooperation with some employers, they have attempted to offset the difficulties of the technologically displaced workers through re-adjustment and re-training benefits. In many industries, from the highly competitive garment industries to the much less competitive railroad and steel industries, labor has found cooperation very profitable. The dividends are more jobs and higher incomes, in both periods of depression and recovery. Restrictions on output have no place in an economy of plenty. The attempt to buy security at the cost of progress results in greater insecurity and regression.

Cooperation Model

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is one of the unions which have found that cooperation pays. After 1923, faced with declining wage rates, employment and membership, this union realized the necessity of adopting more cooperative policies toward union employers in order to protect their standards from being undermined by unorganized shops. The union helped management find ways to reduce overhead and labor costs (without cutting wages), revitalize sales methods, and improve shop organization. A.C.W.A. has even extended large loans to union manufacturers whose credits had been cut off by commercial banks and also has sent its production methods experts to advise the inefficient plants.

The Amalgamated has raised its standards throughout the industry by improving the efficiency of marginal and sub-marginal producers. To force wages higher than the least efficient firm can pay, without cooperating to cut costs, would surely result in liquidation and unemployment and be against the real interest of the workers. Cooperation has improved relations in the industry and has promoted greater understanding and mutual confidence. In 1935, employers in Toronto and Hamilton cooperated with the Amalgamated in establishing an unemployment insurance plan for the industry. As a result of a recent agreement, employers are financing a health and life insurance fund, providing for liberal benefits.

The Joint Union Management Committee set up by Lever Brothers, Toronto, and Local 32 of the International Chemical Workers (A.F.L.-T.L.C.) has proven that through cooperation production can be boosted to meet wartime needs and at the same time be profitable to both management and labor. By pooling their ideas and suggestions, union members and management reduced labor costs per unit of production by more than twenty per cent in the first six months of 1944. This achievement was the basis on which the National War Labor Board approved the reduction of the work-week from 48 to 40 hours without the reduction of total weekly earnings and also approved the payment of time and one-half for overtime. Since these gains were won, the workers have continued to cooperate with management in increasing output and lowering costs. F. O. Clayden, Employee Relations Manager

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UNUSUAL HAZARDS

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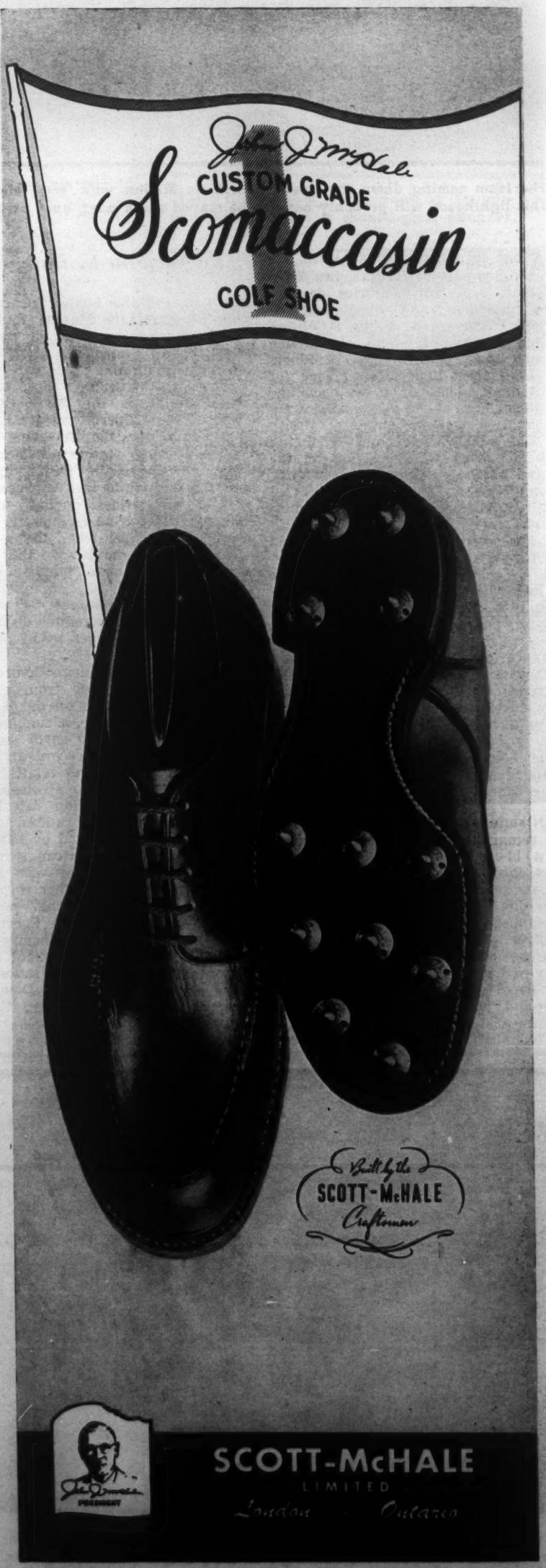

of Lever Brothers, sees the joint co-operation committee as setting "a very effective pattern for obtaining reduced working hours for employees without sacrificing productivity and without increase in product costs. Looking at the postwar period, we believe this to be of very considerable importance."

Railroad Committees

To meet the problems involved in bringing diversified railroads under efficient central control Sir Henry Thornton encouraged the introduction of the well-known Baltimore and Ohio Cooperative Plan in the shops of the C.N. Railways in 1926. In 1929 it was extended to the maintenance-of-way department and in 1945 to the C.N. Telegraphs. Co-operation with management has benefitted the railroad workers by improving relations, working conditions, apprenticeship training and wages. It has given them more complete information concerning operating plans and results and has made for better and earlier disposition of complaints and grievances. Also, cooperative committees have played an important part in the reduction of seasonal unemployment and accident hazards.

Golden and Ruttenberg, in "The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy," tell how members of the United Steelworkers of America have protected their jobs and earnings by cooperating with high cost producers to improve productivity and cut costs. The thesis of the authors is that full union cooperation is impossible without union security. Others experienced in industrial relations say that the union can achieve real security only through constructive efforts toward cooperation, by building up mutual goodwill, confidence, and trust between management, the rank - and - file workers and the leadership of the union. Perhaps both views have their merits.

Most union attempts at cooperation have been motivated by urgent and immediate needs, where employment, union membership, and the maintenance of union standards including wages and hours were threatened by competition or depressed industry conditions. Cooperation on production problems has been a short run expedient. Rarely do unions view it as a means to the improvement of labor standards, employment and living conditions in the long run. In some cases, such attitudes are the result of immediate threats to the union's very existence. In other cases, the employers do not welcome the union cooperation.

For the workers, cooperation with management means more jobs and larger "take-home" pays because of improved efficiency. It need not involve the "speed up," the "stretch out," or greater physical effort. It requires that labor and management pool their brain power to find easier and better methods to increase output and improve quality. It means more information for the worker about his job and the business. It gives him a say on matters that affect his welfare and security. He feels important to the enterprise and not just another cog in the works, to be pushed around at someone's pleasure. Even if things are not always done as he thinks they should be, at least he is consulted about proposed changes and his feeling and attitudes are taken into consideration. Many of the benefits of labor-management production committees can not be measured in dollars and cents.

Lower production costs do not mean a reduction in the standards obtained through collective bargaining. On the contrary, the cooperation of labor and management on production problems is a counterpart or a parallel to their bargaining activities. It provides the basis on which both wages and profits may be increased without reducing the percentage share of either. Where both sets of machinery coexist, the practice has been to keep the every day operations of the Labor-Management Production Committee separate from the bargaining and grievance machinery. This prevents the confusion of aims, purposes and functions. It encourages the active participation of union members on the L.M.P.C. without necessarily committing the union or management to any pre-determined agreement on the distribution of the gains. Cooperation is seen as necessary by both parties and is pursued for its own sake.

Human Factors Considered

The fuller mutual understanding and confidence stimulated by the L.M.P.C. improve the quality of the negotiating functions. Labor can not help but benefit when management considers the human element as a not less important determinant of productive efficiency than the technical and scientific planning, operation and administration of the business.

Strife and haggling take up too much time and energy which could be used to greater advantage in those areas where the interests of the partners of industry meet. Most of the problems of industry are common to both labor and management. The incomes and security of both are dependent upon the prosperity of the firm. Neither can afford to spend all their time bargaining for a larger share of the firm's production to the neglect of the factors threatening to diminish the product.

While cooperation cannot replace collective bargaining, it increases the benefits obtainable. These social processes of industry can be compared to the division of the family pie. If someone is not content with the size of the portion allotted to him, he can obtain more pie only if others are persuaded or compelled to do with less or if a larger pie is baked. A larger pie provides the preferable solution for two reasons. By increasing the size of the pie, everyone can have more without anyone having to do with less. By bargaining for a pie of given size, no one can get more than all of it; but when the size of the pie is increased the amount each may have —assuming fairness in the collective bargaining process—is limited only by physical capacities such as equipment and materials available. And cooperative effort can extend even these limits.

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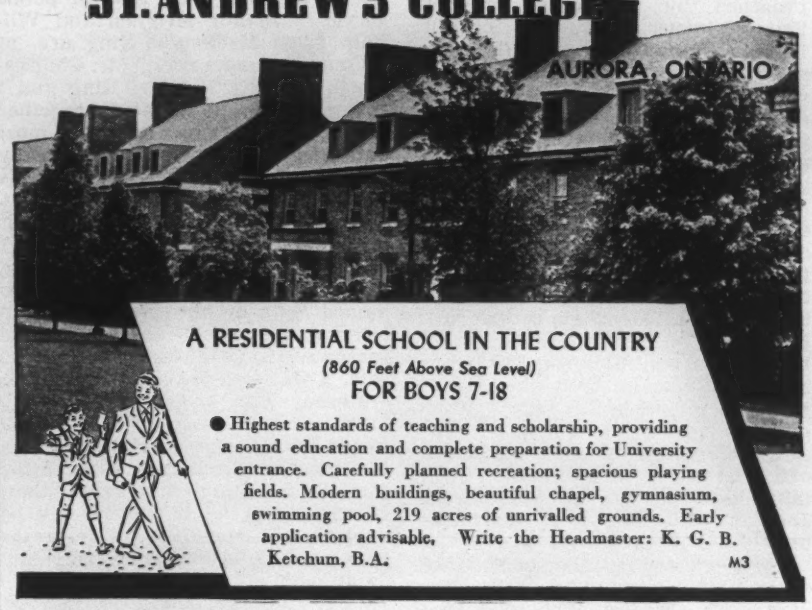

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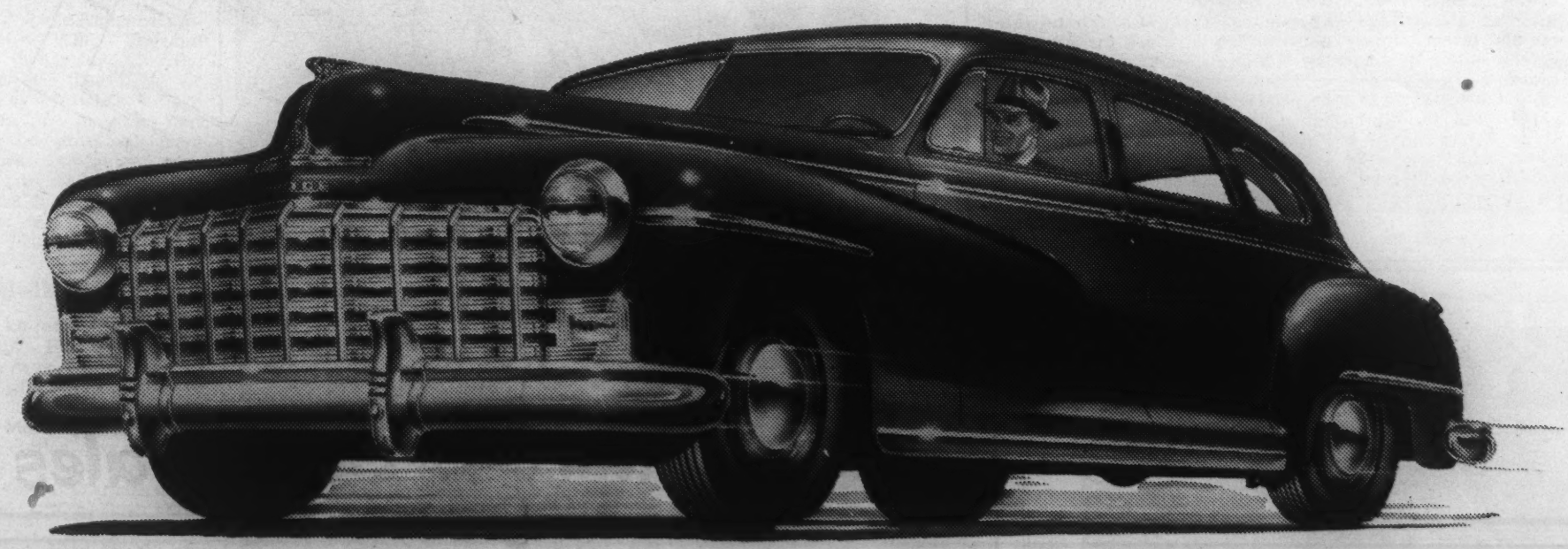

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OTTAWA LETTER

Record Career of Mackenzie King Had Turning Point as Newsman

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

IF the supreme virtue of a Prime Minister is to survive, Mr. Mackenzie King has carved out a unique niche for himself by lasting longer in office than any previous incumbent. On June 7 his tenure of office reached 6,937 days—by careful count — which was equalled by Sir John A. Macdonald and not even approached by any other previous Prime Minister of Canada (Sir Wilfrid Laurier's term of office was nearly four years less). It is a record which now cannot possibly be matched till most of us are in our declining years, and the odds against it being approached in the 20th century at all are quite high.

This is an anniversary month, since on June 10 Mr. Mackenzie King enters upon his twentieth year as first minister. These dates serve as the appropriate occasion for a few backward glances at his career, now becoming long and venerable. In the span of his life devoted to public service of one kind or another, he has already passed Sir John A. Macdonald's mark by a substantial margin, and if he lives and continues in office, he will set up a record that will take some beating anywhere. Sir John A. did not enter public life until 1844, when, at the age of 29, he was elected to the Legislature of the Province of Canada. Mr. Mackenzie King's first public service came in 1897, when at the modest age of 23 he was asked to investigate labor conditions in Toronto by Sir William Mulock, and in 1900, before his twenty-sixth birthday, he was installed as the editor of the *Labor Gazette* and Deputy Minister of Labor.

It is pretty generally known that Mr. Mackenzie King was attracted to journalism at one time, and served as junior reporter on the Toronto *Globe*. He worked for shorter terms on the Toronto *Mail* and the Toronto *News*. There was nothing at all strange about this, since his father, John King, K.C., had been editor of the Berlin (now Kitchener) *Telegraph* and was a contributor all his life to the newspaper press and to other publications. It is interesting to speculate what post Mr. Mackenzie King would be holding today if he had thrown in his lot with the newspaper fraternity for good. It is reasonable to suppose he would have climbed to the top of Canadian journalism. One of his fellow-reporters on the Toronto *Globe* of that day was J. E. Atkinson, now proprietor of the Toronto *Star*.

There is an interesting sidelight on that period in Hector Charlesworth's reminiscences ("Candid Chronicles") which I think explains why Mr. Mackenzie King turned from newspaper life to the still wider field of public service: "Arthur Meighen and William Lyon Mackenzie King are, of course, contemporaries," Mr. Charlesworth wrote. "But Mr. King and I covered many assignments together in the old days when he was a most enthusiastic journalist, but already aiming at higher flights. In his youth "Billy" King, as we called him, was not only a brilliant speaker but keenly interested in the theatre. I remember Tom Gregg once saying to me, 'Do you know a young man named King on the *Globe*?' I said I knew him well, and asked the reason of Gregg's inquiry. 'Well,' he said, 'I was walking along the street yesterday with Lewis Morrison, the actor, and he stopped and shook hands with him. Morrison says he is a most idealistic lad. Goes in for social reform and things like that. Morrison says he is sure he will be a great man some day. A reporter who goes in for social reform must be an oddity'."

Police Court, Firehalls

In an article which he wrote for the Toronto *Globe's* Century number, the Prime Minister gave some details of his association with that newspaper. It was when he was in his twenty-second year — a famous year in Canadian politics — early in 1896. An evening edition was established with the forthcoming general elections in mind, and Mackenzie King was taken on primarily as one of the augmented staff, although he later did considerable work for the morning edition as well.

"I had miscellaneous assignments," he said, "but among other things, for a time did the rounds of the Police Court, firehalls, hospitals, etc. I recall reporting special noon day services at the cathedral, many lectures and a prize fight, for which I was given some extra remuneration by Mr. Acland for an outside news service. I also wrote a number of articles on special subjects, among the number the first article, I think, which appeared on the X-ray experiments being made at the School of Science in Toronto. I also wrote up feature articles, such as accounts of the Salvation Army social work, foreign colonies, etc."

Mr. Mackenzie King's recollection was that his salary at the outset was $5 a week, but that it had been increased to $8 before he left. That every dollar was useful in those days appears from his statement that "what I appreciated was Willison's kindness in allowing me to draw my two weeks' vacation salary after I had left the *Globe* to go to Chicago to pursue postgraduate studies there."

One of his beats was women's police court in Toronto, either in company with or in competition with —I'm not sure which—Harry F. Gadsby, but he wasn't kept on that beat long. The editor didn't think he extracted as much humor out of the police court appearances as he might have done!

He made more of a hit with a series of articles on sweat shops in the garment trades in Toronto. This was an important turning point in his life, because it was the incident which took him into public life and thus into the prime minister's office. Without it he might have gone to the top in one of various other fields, but the most likely destination, had it not been for the series of articles in the *Mail and Empire*, would have been a high academic post. Few people of this generation know that he is a Doctor of Philosophy, having earned that degree by postgraduate work from Harvard in 1909. This, of course, is quite apart from his honorary degrees).

"Industry and Humanity"

The most complete account of the incident is in his own book "Industry and Humanity". Having investigated slums in Chicago, while living at the Hull House Social Settlement, he decided to examine the possibility of slum areas growing up in Toronto. In company with a labor friend, he visited the homes of workers in the garment trades. He asked one of these workers how much she received for the hours she spent at hand work and at the sewing machine. The answer startled him. "I shall never forget," he wrote afterwards, "the feeling of pained surprise and indignation I experienced as I learned of the extent of that woman's toil from early morning until late at night, and figured out the pittance she received." He visited other workers' homes and found that such conditions were common.

At 23 the present prime minister must have had considerable self-assurance, for the following Sunday afternoon he went over with his father to the home of Hon. William (later Sir William) Mulock, Postmaster General in Sir Wilfrid's cabinet, who was a university friend of his father, and told him what was going on in Toronto in the making of uniforms for letter-carriers, a government contract.

"The Postmaster General walked the floor like a caged lion," says Mr. Mackenzie King in his recollections, "and wanted to know what should be done to remedy immediately such an abuse of public patronage. I suggested that conditions might be inserted in public contracts to ensure to the labor employed a minimum wage which would be a fair compensation for the work performed; that wherever work for the Government was being executed, the premises should be open to inspection; and that subcontracting likely to lead to sweating on Government contracts should be prohibited."

Mr. Mulock, he continues, asked him to write out the conditions there and then, and the following morning the two went to see the firm holding the contract. Directly arising out of this incident, Mr. Mackenzie King was asked to make a government report on the subject. It was a first step to a long career in public life.

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THE BIG FOUR National WEEK-END NEWSPAPERS

Kipling's India Will Soon Be Only Story

By CONRAD FROST

The India of Rudyard Kipling's day is fast disappearing. The latest offer of the British Commission to give the Indians self-rule is ringing the death knell for the society of red-faced club-colonels and their memsahibs with incredible attentiveness. The "White Man's Burden" is being laid down. The green and white crescent of the Moslem League and the rival spinning-wheel flag of the Congress Party now flutter on the breeze.

SEVEN thousand feet up in Simla, where in the cool of the evening they light wood fires in the bedrooms, the last burial rites are being performed—rather noisily—over Kipling's India. And that, after all, is the only India known to most of those who have never been there.

It is no longer even Kipling's Simla, although the Kipling characters still haunt it—ghosts and descendants of the Gadsbys, ancient Colonels and their incredible *memsahibs*. They still ride the Simla Mall, Summer Hill and Observatory Hill. They still sit in the clubs, and the women who are the descendants of the original Mrs. Hauksbee still gossip and intrigue. But they all agree that: "It's a good thing Kipling didn't live to see this day."

Of Simla, Rudyard Kipling wrote: "There the Hierarchy lived, and one saw and heard the machinery of administration stripped bare. There were the Heads of the Viceregal and Military staffs and their Aides-de-Camp....."

The drama of Simla today is dominated by very different actors—by Mr. Gandhi and Congressmen, by Mr. Jinnah and Moslem Leaguers; and the issue at stake is one that Kipling never believed could happen—the end of an era of British rule in India.

"Year by year," wrote Rudyard Kipling in 'On The City Wall,' "England sends out fresh drafts for .....the Indian Civil Service. These die, or kill themselves by overwork, or are worried to death.....in order that the land may be protected from death and sickness, famine and war, and may eventually become capable of standing alone. It never will stand alone, but the idea is a pretty one....."

No More Such Drafts

There will be no more fresh drafts. The "White Man's Burden," the reward of which was "the blame of those ye better, the hate of those ye guard" is being laid down. When the Congress and Moslem League sort out their difficulties—the League wants a Two-State India, and Congress holds out for an all-India union—then the land will at last stand alone.

Because Kipling, born in the imperialistic atmosphere of Bombay, 1865, has proved a false prophet, however, it does not mean that his Indian stories did not mirror the India he knew.

The young son of the Curator of the Government Museum at Lahore, who earned his first week's wages in rupees as a sub-editor on the Lahore *Civil & Military Gazette*, absorbed all the medley of race, religion, caste, color and custom that was India of his time and depicted it accurately enough.

It was an Englishman's India in those days. After five years' service, Kipling claimed, a man expected to know the two or three hundred other civilian officials in his Province, all the messes of ten or twelve regiments and artillery batteries, and some fifteen hundred other English of the non-official class. In twenty years he would know, or know about, every Englishman in India; the Englishmen who worked and often died in the cities and plains—who recuperated and, most often, flirted and scandalized in the Hill country.

"Till I was in my twenty-fourth year, I no more dreamed of dressing myself than I did of shutting an inner door," wrote Kipling. "And—I was shaved before I was awake."

It was an India in which white men dressed for dinner, even to dine alone in killing heat. It was an India in which a white boy of seventeen, as young Kipling was when he returned from being educated "at home" in England with "Stalky & Co.", could join Lahore's exclusive "Punjab Club," to which all the wealth in the world could not have gained an Indian Prince membership.

There was an occasion in 1885 when a Liberal Government in England was fathering a Bill to give more judicial power to native judges. The English community in India revolted at such an idea, and the white press of India was sternly disapproving.

But the paper on which young Kipling was working held a Government printing contract, and one evening it published a lead editorial vaguely favoring the Bill.

Kipling went to the club as usual to dine.

"As I entered the long, shabby dining-room where we all sat at one table, everybody hissed. I was innocent enough to ask: 'What's the joke? Who are they hissing?"

"You,' said the man at my side 'Your damn' rag has ratted over the Bill.' "

Kipling later recalled that incident briefly, but it doesn't need much imagination to add the probable picture of a red-faced colonel muttering "Gad, sir! Fellow's an outsider! Give these Hindu judges more power, and they'll be thinking they can run the show next. Poppycock!"

The bewildered, elderly man in the Simla Club, to which he has retreated from the plains to escape the current sweltering heat, today looks out towards the hills in the distance, and he sees fluttering in the cool air the green and white crescent flag of the Moslem League. Amongst the turbulent demonstrators in the streets beneath his club window he glimpses the rival spinning-wheel flag of the Congress Party. The scene is dominated by these two flags of two great parties united only in their desire to "stand alone."

He shrugs, and, just as Kipling would have had him do, calls, "Hi, *khitmatgar! Poora* whisky peg."

And he, who is of it, drinks to Kipling's vanished India.

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Baby pants of Koroseal can be washed any number of times—they'll always come up fresh and sweet. Upholstery for furniture, automobiles, trains and buses can be washed as easily as glass. Sport shoes look better longer—because Koroseal "wears like iron."

Unlike so many waterproof things, Koroseal does not crack nor peel, doesn't get sticky. That's why Koroseal is ideal for raincoats, umbrellas, shower curtains, bathing suits.

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Koroseal is the material developed by B. F. Goodrich from limestone, coke and salt. It can be made in film, sheets, tubes or any other form, in any color or pattern, hard or soft. It can be used alone or as a thin coating on fabric or paper—it won't wear off nor wash off.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Lament of the Middle Classes, The Bent Backbone of the Nation

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

OH, we are the group whose fate, alas, is
To pay the shot. We're the Middle Classes.
We're the Nation's backbone, and badly bent;
We're the meek stepchildren of Government,
And the Drawing-account of Democracy—
The always accessible,
Never redressable,
Ever oppressible Bourgeoisie.

So, it's help the farmer and the packers,
Help private enterprise and its backers.
Let prices soar, and let's increase
The Government funds with subsidies.
Let's lend a hand, and the hell with expense,
To the makers of farming implements.
But there's never so much as a hint or rumor
Of help to the middle class consumer.
We pay the piper, to our ruin,
But we're never permitted to call the tune.

For the Government is all intent
On the opulent, and the indigent.
When milk is raised four cents a quart,
It's the middle classes who must pay for 't.
When butter advances four cents a pound,
It's the middle class face that is being ground.
Another's muckle absorbs our mickle
When the press-lords raise their price to a nickle.
Our need to buy, as they know quite well,
Is greater far than their need to sell.
We're slaves to the larger economics,
For our little ones must have the comics;
And we grimly pay the extra pence,
Since we *must* kept up with current events.

OUR values are right, and our standards high.
We wrap the garbage, and swat the fly.
We watch our rations, conserve our fuel,
And send our children to Sunday School.
We cherish our strength, as our only wealth,
We do what we're told by the Board of Health,
And faithfully earn the Department's approval
With vitamins, toxoids, and tonsil removal.
Too proud for the free infirmary,
We pay the costly surgical fee.

We'll pinch and screw but we'll still contrive it
To suffer in private, or semi-private.
And we'd rather perish than subject be
To a public appendectomy.
We'd much prefer to be tortured and rack-ed
Than admit to a lower-income bracket.
We squeeze the budget and stretch the dollar
And fiercely cling to our clean white collar.
For we're the respectable,
Always neglectable
Get-it-in-the-necktable Bourgeoisie.

Oh, the tax increases are set to trip us,
And the big exemptions always skip us,
We watch our savings go helter-skelter,
And all we ask is some quiet shelter,
Some humble haven—we don't ask more—
With a prices ceiling, a wages floor.
But we know quite well there's no appealing
When they leave the floor but remove the ceiling.

OH, we are the Backbone of the Nation
And we don't go in for agitation.
Though the powers that rule us may shilly-shally,
We're always sound, politically.
Let others veer to the left or right,
We middle classes just sit tight.
For we strongly feel that we can't go wrong
If we stay in the middle, where we belong.
Let others engage in strife and schisms,
We don't like -ologies, can't stand -isms.
Let mischievous spirits invite the curse of
The state betrayed by the plot subversive—
We're strangers to Ideolo-gy;
For we are the sensible
Unreprehensible,
Quite indispensable Bourgeoisie.

We're quite aware we should organize,
And demand our share of the pie-in-the-skies.
But our nature is such that we must refuse
To submit our claims through a John L. Lewis.
And we just can't face the humiliation
Of openly publicized registration.
Oh, we can't unite, for the truth, alas,
Is we won't admit that we're middle class,
Nor hold ourselves up for the world to see,
As the dull, phlegmatic,
Stuffily static,
Quite undramatic Bourgeoisie.

OH, the rich get priv'lege, the poor get breaks,
But we are the hindmost the devil takes.
When systems collapse it's we who are fated
To be the group that is liquidated.
We're the Meek that the Earth, despite our merits,
Coldly and ruthlessly disinherits.
Social Welfare? Who dares to knock it?
Let the left hand take from the right hand's pocket!
Private enterprise? Let's assist
The struggling Individualist!
But nobody plans the econo-my
Of the ever dependable,
Always expendable,
World-without-endable Bourgeoisie.

We may struggle and groan, but we won't get far
Till we frankly admit that we're what we are—
Neither blot nor ornament on the scene
But something immutably fixed between.
For how can we press the rightful claim
Of a formless party without a name?
And how unite till we all agree,
Quite frankly and unanimously,
That we're the incurable,
Commonplace, durable,
Typical, gyp-able Bourgeoisie!

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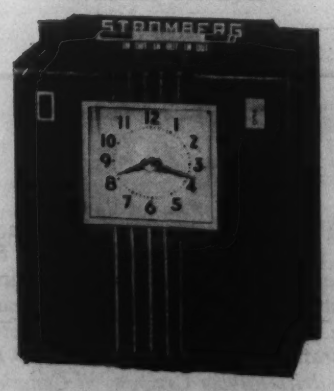

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"Yes, Frank, there's a whole tangle of troubles to be straightened out all over the world. Makes your head swim to think of it."

"And yet, Jim, most of it springs from one cause . . . suspicion. You and I wouldn't be very good neighbours if we suspected each other of all sorts of skullduggery. Actually, what the world needs is more good neighbours."

"Yes, the life insurance business is a good example. British life insurance companies have had offices in Canada since 1833 and several of our Canadian companies are well known throughout the United Kingdom."

"What about American companies?"

"We found it good business to be good neighbours with the American life insurance companies. We welcome them here. They carry almost one-third of all the life insurance in force in Canada. And our Canadian companies are well liked in the U.S.A. where they do a large and increasing business. As a matter of fact, they are well and favourably known throughout the world. Nearly half the business of the Canadian companies is outside Canada."

. . . . . .

Life insurance is truly an international business—a neighbourly business. At home Canadians buy their life insurance as they choose from British or United States or Canadian companies. And our Canadian life insurance companies abroad! Who can assess the value to Canada of the confidence in the Dominion which they have built up over the years in their dealings with tens of thousands of foreign clients and of their services in establishing Canada's reputation for financial integrity and security throughout the world?

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their agents.

L-1468

WASHINGTON LETTER

Truman Argues for a Labor Draft as Shipping Strike Threatens

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

PRESIDENT Truman has not wavered in his belief that strikes against the Government should be curbed at all costs, despite fresh new cascades of vilification heaped upon him by strike-threatening seamen and longshoremen.

In a homely parallel drawn from his own political heritage, he likened his proposed labor draft to the powers that a sheriff possesses to call on citizens to help enforce laws in an emergency.

He argues that his requested emergency legislation to deal with strikes in Government-seized industries had been misunderstood and misrepresented. Although the Senate eliminated the labor draft, long before it passed a toned-down presidential labor bill lacking both criminal penalties for workers or seizure of profits from Government-run plants, the President stood out clearly in support of the draft provision.

The only hope for it, however, lay in the remote possibility that Administration forces might succeed in having it restored to the measure during House-Senate conference on the two passed versions of the original Truman bill.

The labor draft, Mr. Truman made clear, was directed principally at striking railroad and mine workers in the period of Government operation. Parenthetically, the provision would have applied with similar force to the maritime unions if they resisted Governmental efforts to keep shipping on the move.

A Draft of Citizens

Rather than a draft of labor, his recommendation was actually a draft of citizens to assist the Government in times of great emergency. Only experts can operate such industries as railroads and mines, he pointed out. With the powers his bill would have provided, there would be no danger of a national food shortage and other hazards that arose during the rail-mine strike crisis.

In addition to censure heaped upon him at the time he first advocated a labor draft, Mr. Truman has been accused by the maritime union leaders of having scuttled negotiations for a peaceful settlement of their threatened June 15 strike for more wages, shorter working hours and overtime pay.

Maritime Union co-Chairmen Harry Bridges and Joseph Curran have construed his threat to use the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and War Shipping Administration to man American ships as an invitation to operators to be "tough" and refuse to settle. The five unions have reported that they will "continue their efforts despite President Truman's outright declaration of full support to the ship operators before the negotiations have started."

Negotiations were opened with the ship operators studying unified demands of some 200,000 longshoremen and seamen for wage increases of 22 to 35 cents an hour. The unions are asking: For longshoremen, 35 cents an hour more pay and overtime pay for all Saturday work; and for seagoing workers, 22 cents an hour more pay for those now making $140 a month, 27 for those earning $140 to $175 and 35 for those making more than $175; a 40-hour week and 8-hour day instead of the present work week of 56 hours to 63 hours; overtime pay ranging from $1.25 to $1.75 an hour. The unions want all increases to be retroactive to October 1, 1945, when principal contracts expired.

Sober-Faced President

It was a sober-countenanced President who met the press for the first time in a crisis-filled fortnight and announced his intention to prevent a shutdown of shipping at all costs. If the strike goes on, it will tie up shipping along both the Atlantic and the Pacific and into the Gulf of Mexico.

The President's decision coincided with an announcement from Ottawa that efforts of the Federal Labor Department to mediate a strike of Canadian Great Lakes seamen had reached a dead end, with operators rejecting a truce proposal of the Canadian Seamen's Union.

Mr. Truman's shipping plans met with similar dire predictions to those levelled at him by many American labor leaders on his draft proposal. Said Messrs. Bridges and Curran:

"The torpedo President Truman sent into the conferences eventually will have effects he never expected. It ultimately will explode to the detriment of his Administration, his party, and any future presidential ambitions he might entertain at the present time."

It is worthy of note, that a somewhat similar gloomy augury from A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, has received strong editorial censure. Mr. Whitney had the poor taste to threaten to use his union's 47-million dollar treasury to defeat the President at the polls, and he also made the statement that "you cannot make a President out of a ribbon salesman." Says the Washington *Post*, which is usually fair to labor: "Mr. Whitney has proved himself an abject failure—deserving the confidence of neither the country nor the membership of his own union. When self-importance deludes leaders into such flagrant abuse as that perpetrated by Mr. Whitney, there is no other course but for the Government to restore the balance."

• •

HAND-ME-UPS

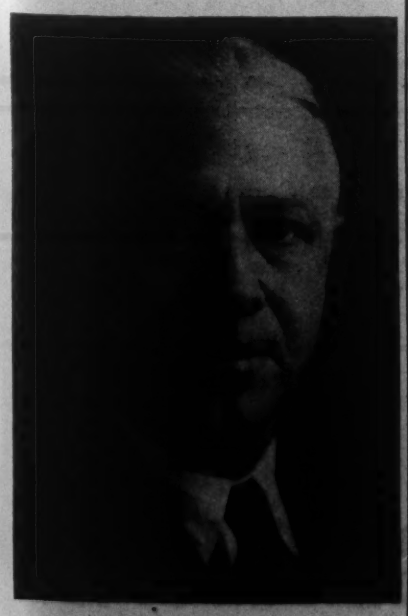
SEAN O'CASEY, having written the third volume of his autobiography, "Drums Under the Windows," adds to it informally that he is now living in Devon with his wife and three children; and in order to make clothes rationing coupons stretch to cover the family he is wearing the outgrown suits of his eldest son Breon, who is bigger than his father. All three offspring are extra size and still growing. The family residence is near enough to Plymouth to have been somewhat damaged; and life is still pretty strenuous.

I.M.P. in N.Y. *Herald Tribune*

Winning design for the Christopher Columbus Memorial to be erected on Santo Domingo was by the Principal of the Edinburgh College of Arts. All the Latin American republics are contributing towards the cost.

Dr. Val Tario of Pembroke, newly-elected president of the Ontario Dental Association. At their recent meeting in Toronto, returned members of the Canadian Dental Corps were officially welcomed back into practice. Besides representatives from all the provinces, members of the British, American, Australian and New Zealand Dental Association were present. The dentists in attendance were afforded opportunities to learn latest professional facts.

New Executive Vice-President



T. C. TWYMAN

J. M. Pritchard, President, McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited, takes pleasure in announcing that, following the annual general meeting of shareholders of the Company held recently, T. C. Twyman was elected Executive Vice-President.

The DOMINION of CANADA General INSURANCE COMPANY

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24-46

BUILT, SOLD AND SERVICED IN CANADA

Czechoslovaks Want to Know More About Us

By JAROSLAV HORESKY

The following is a letter received by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation from a listener in Prague, Czechoslovakia, who has been hearing the Czech broadcasts sent out by the C.B.C. International Service by short wave from Sackville. It was written in English and is given here exactly as received, including some expressions which while not exactly idiomatic give a clear and rather charming indication of the writer's mind.

Prague.

DEAR CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORP.:

I LISTEN to your regular transmissions with great interest and I follow your exchange of opinion with your listeners. I wish to thank you for the devotion which you are giving to the task of informing our public of all the interesting events in the Western Hemisphere. It somehow occurs to me that radio now atones for the sins it committed in the not too distant past. Since 1933 it has been inciting one nation against another in Europe for the sake of political hyenas and their selfish interests, and now radio must prove that it has a higher mission, namely that it can also unite. This is a beautiful task; the success of which lies in the hands, or better, the mouth of every radio commentator. Radio as a technical reality is to a certain extent — phychologically speaking — on the same level as the gossip circles of our grandmothers. Once upon a time, one careless word might have started trouble in the village. Today, in the age of atomic energy, it can destroy the world.

War of Continents

We European listeners beg of you to have this constantly in mind and to appeal to the common sense of the people of the country in which you live and to remind them again and again to keep their sense of values, remembering always that peace is indivisible. The next war would be a war of continents and there would hardly be a corner which would be spared the horrible consequences under which the whole of Europe is now suffering. Our devastated continent needs peace for reconstruction, for prosperity, in order to be able to raise its low standard of living and to keep up prosperity in that freedom-loving part of the world—America, by buying its products.

This new world cannot imagine what an occupation means for the economic and private life of every individual. We were dragged from all the corners of Europe into slave labor camps, we lived on warm water while our families at home suffered physically and from fear for their loved ones; all this happened under terrific terror when nobody knew what time the Gestapo would come to pick him up and shoot him as a hostage. Human life did not have any value then, and that is why we would like to see this feeling of solidarity become universal among all those countries which profess to be members of the United Nations.

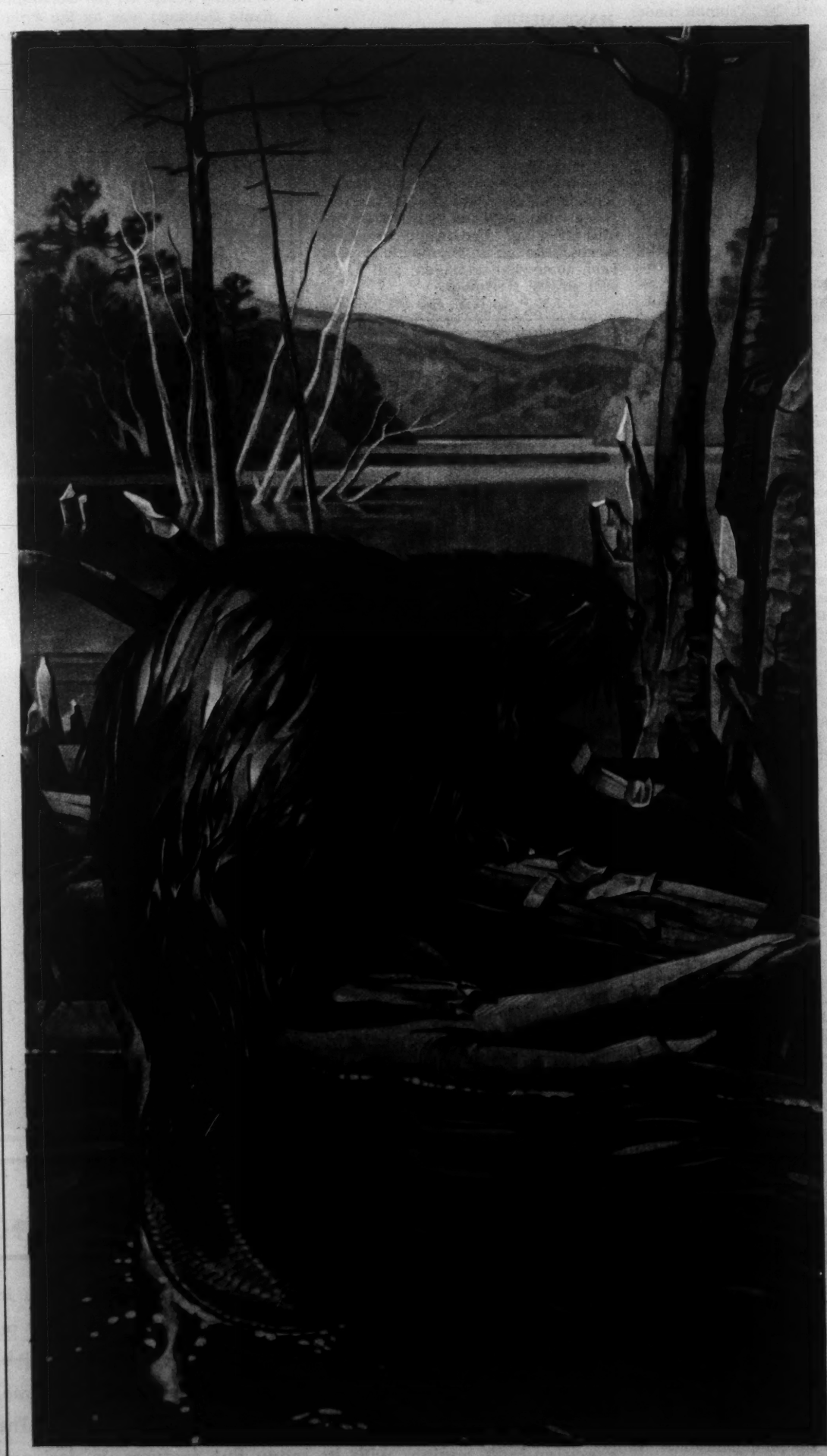
Painful Operations

We here in Czechoslovakia are trying to secure for each individual a contented life, and we are trying to put our public and private economy in order as soon as possible. Certain painful operations are necessary but the patient is slowly recuperating and with appropriate training will soon be alive and kicking, especially after we will have disposed of some political uncertainties through our elections on May 26. Coal mining and heavy industry show a strong upward trend and as soon as we have sufficient rolling stock and trade treaties with Poland and Rumania to supply us with oil, things will pick up even faster. Our labor shortage is our only and most difficult problem.

While colonizing our border regions we must solve the problem how to achieve, after the evacuation of the hostile Germans, a level of production which will reduce costs of the entire turn-over to a minimum, and make these costs bearable for inner consumption as well as for export, whereby we would gain foreign currency for the purchase of raw materials abroad. The average working-man in Czechoslovakia is very intelligent and therefore interested in many things which in other countries are dealt with only by a few expert economists.

Our new republic will contain an area of about 130,000 square kilometers and 12 million people, that is, approximately the same population as Canada has now in an area of 9,569,000 square kilometers. What methods of colonization were used in that territory apart from highest possible mechanization? That is a question which you might discuss in some of your future transmissions. We would also like to know how many and what sort of steps lead from the producer to the consumer, because we would like to eliminate superfluous expenses which only increase the prices of goods. A reorganization in that respect would be most desirable in our country. A free competitive market would of course be the simplest solution, but with the prevailing shortage of goods and raw materals and transportation difficulties this is impossible for the time being. Canada with her vast expanses has a different ratio between freight expenses and selling price of goods than Czechoslovakia. Do freight agencies also cooperate with the producer to ensure permanent prosperity and legitimate profit for producer as well as for the transporter?

The end of the war has brought certain relief of course, but we shall suffer for quite some time from the aftermath. If we are to carry out, voluntarily and without harmful repercussions, far-reaching reforms in certain phases of our life, we need people who are strong physically and spiritually. There are many of us who work tirelessly, disregarding working hours, in order to prevent the reconversion from stalling and in order to fulfill the production program. If we are to keep up this working energy in the future too, we in Czechoslovakia must plan for preventive health measures, especially for the younger ones and for those who in innumerable places modestly



† *Nature Unspoiled*

YOURS TO ENJOY
YOURS TO PROTECT

Meet "Mr. Conservation"

To many of us the beaver is a queer little animal with a flat tail, usually found on the reverse side of the Canadian 5c piece. But to the hunter, the trapper, and the woodsman —to all whose livelihood depends on the preservation of our forest resources, the beaver is known as the guardian of the waters—as "Mr. Conservation" in person.

By damming small streams the beaver makes ponds which store water for a slower, more even distribution, preventing floods and droughts and ensuring better crops. In beaver ponds fish spawn, muskrats make their homes and migratory wildfowl find sanctuary. As old beaver ponds fill up they become rich, moist meadows.

These are the reasons why the beaver is protected by wise conservation laws. But we can do more than protect the beaver—we can emulate him. In many parts of Canada flood control projects are under way, such as those at Grand River and the Ganaraska Valley. Such works, vital to the national economy, can be helped immeasurably by a more general awareness of the needs and methods of conservation.

Every Canadian is a shareholder in the vast heritage of wealth and wild life with which nature has endowed us. Every one of us has a vital interest and a duty to preserve that heritage.

For this purpose The Carling Conservation Club was formed. ★You can become a member by writing Dept. (H3), The Carling Breweries Limited, Waterloo, Ontario. Without cost you will be sent current information on the part you can play in conservation, as the material becomes available.

"THE BEAVER" *As painted for Carling's by Beverley Herbert*

This picture is one of a series being painted for Carling's by famous Canadian artists on the subject of conservation of Canada's natural assets.

★A full colour reproduction, without advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent to each member of The Carling Conservation Club upon request to Dept (H3), The Carling Breweries Limited, Waterloo, Ontario.

CARLING'S
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and anonymously work on the reconstruction of the new republic and prepare themselves to spread again the excellent name of Czechoslovak products all over the world. Although certain recreational plans are being put into effect gradually, it will be up to every single enterprise to solve these questions for its own employees without using the public treasury.

There are fewer of us in the same area since the evacuation of the Germans, and we shall have to take special care to preserve the working capacity of each individual by providing facilities for recreation. These facilities should be practical, should cater to the requirements of every individual, should be able to bring people closer together to help create new and better talents, friendly relationships, to invigorate body and soul, build strong characters and offset certain short comings of occupation and age. To a certain extent these ideals are found in sports but nevertheless, we the working people of Czechoslovakia would like to know what has been done in this respect for the working classes in Canada and to what extent the trade unions have helped and prospered in this task.

Pictures of Canada

We here travel a lot in our free time and do a great deal to carry out this, for the beauties of nature create in us the desire to get acquainted with the beautiful countryside of Canada, if not in reality, at least through pictures, magazines, tourist folders etc., and it does not make any difference whether they are in English or French. I personally would be very grateful if you could let me have the name of such publications so that I could later subscribe to them.

After the Liberation from the Nazi yoke there is a great longing here to learn about everything in the world and all the changes which have taken place since that fateful autumn of 1938. We want to keep pace with all the economic and cultural progress. Lectures of all kinds—especially if given by foreigners—are listened to by masses of people with great interest and it is therefore to be hoped that the new generation will have a truly universal orientation without losing its sincere relationship to its homeland. Provincialism is definitely out in our country.

Each more important industrial enterprise has its cultural advisers who inform their co-workers in their lunch hours, in cooperation with the daily press, of anything of interest which they have learned in their free time through reading etc., and especially of those things which are inaccessible to others for lack of time or language difficulties. These people are real pioneers of progress. They bring together workers of all classes who in the age of telecommunication seek and find the way from man to man no matter what language he speaks. Radio and aviation have shortened distances. Why should the way from heart to heart not be made shorter too?

I think that honest cooperation in the field of information is the best foundation for the United Nations, much better than any treaty or charters; it is also much cheaper than all the public and secret armament programs which only push down the present and future standard of living of mankind.

Terrible Sacrifices

Please support us in our endeavors, also in your transmissions in other languages. We may be a small country but we are very sensitive in our ideal of individual freedom and state sovereignty. We made terrible sacrifices in 1938 in order to preserve world peace and today we go without many things in order to make good what the looting Germans in their *furor teutonicus* committed during the past seven years. We know that we will solve all our difficulties and problems soon and that we will be among the first countries in Europe which will return to prosperity. We wish to live in friendship with everybody, keeping our full independence. This endeavor of ours is being respected by everybody.

And now in conclusion an interesting detail from the lives of our youngsters. If some member of the younger generation wishes to express his or her enthusiasm about a thing which impressed him, he just says that this or that was "real Canada". This expression originated at the time when the first Canadian hockey teams, who are rightly considered perfect and supreme in their field, came to visit our country. Would not Canadian authorities in charge of propaganda like to swamp the editorial offices of our local magazine for the young, such as the Organization of Czech Youth, the Czech Sokol Organization, with propaganda material? Language would not create any difficulties for the learning of English together with the study of Russian has completely eliminated German. Interesting subjects would help in the rapprochement and the exchange of cultural values. A very promising beginning for that was the International Students' Congress held in Prague on November 17, 1945.

These fishermen in Cairo are resting beneath their nets, while they wait for them to dry before they can commence repairs. The nets make an ideal shade from the strong sun.

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PARKER "51"

THE WORLD TODAY

Soviets Are Naturally Suspicious; Why Shouldn't They Be?

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE question which was posed after the Paris Conference, whether the Soviets would now make a clear choice of isolation and opposition, in place of the cooperation which we have sought in so many meetings, is now well on the way to being answered.

Molotov has answered Byrnes' restrained report on Paris with a sharp attack on the "Anglo-American bloc". Stalin has refused to come to Washington to meet Truman, using as an excuse ill-health, which did not prevent Roosevelt from twice crossing the world in pursuit of cooperation. And the Soviet press and radio has become increasingly violent during the past week, culminating in the comparison by the Comintern organ *New Times* (formerly *War and the Working Classes*) of our "aim of world domination" with that of the Nazis.

With this development the early peace conference for which Britain, the United States, Canada and other Allied countries have pressed can be put out of mind and it may even be doubted whether the foreign ministers will find it worthwhile to meet again in Paris on June 15.

Suspicions "Won't Down"

Eddy Gilmore of the United Press, returned in recent days from Moscow, regretfully lays all this to Soviet suspicions of us that just won't be downed. This is a plausible explanation, which has had wide currency; though the old answer, that we should therefore hasten to make further concessions to them to prove their suspicions groundless, does not come quite so readily any more.

On the contrary, it has raised the question in many minds whether this cry of "suspicion" which is shouted to Heaven before every negotiation beween ourselves and Russia, hasn't proven such a good thing to the Soviet leaders that they use it for all it is worth.

And yet, perhaps they are right in their suspicions. Perhaps Britain, in guaranteeing Poland and Rumania in the spring of 1939, had some deeply-hidden motive of deflecting Hitler's attack against herself, in contrast to the plain and open policy which the Soviet leaders adopted that August, of negotiating a pact of friendship with Hitler.

Soviet suspicions must have been sharpened further when Britain declared war against Germany when Hitler started eastward across Poland. And they must have been raised to fever heat when, in spite of the Kremlin's vilification of the Franco-British "imperialist jackals" and praise of Germany's "efforts for peace" right up to June 21, 1941, the British insisted on offering them the very next day all the help possible.

Curiously Persistent Aid

Our curiously persistent efforts to fight the convoys through to Murmansk, our labor to open up a route across Persia, the gift of a battleship and a cruiser, the putting of the Red Army on the wheels of 350,000 American trucks, our clothing and relief collections and shipments of medical aid, our great friendship meetings, must have kept the open-hearted men of the Kremlin puzzling far into the night for the key to our devious policy for destroying them.

Was our aim not to win the hearts of the Russian people? To avert any such disastrous development in international friendship they quite rightly made as little mention as possible of this aid, and permitted no subversive public meetings to foster friendship with us.

Even on the private level of the Teheran and Yalta common-cause conferences, Stalin and his aides must have worried about our purpose in making them such seemingly generous concessions in the Baltic States, Poland, the Balkans, Manchuria and the Kuriles.

And why did we insist on supplying them with full details of our military plans? Why did we shove our secret weapons, such as radar, onto them, when they made it clear that they would have no part in any such dangerous exchange? If we had such a careless regard for our own secrets we were clearly not to be trusted with theirs.

Still, as is known, they were willing to cooperate in a limited degree in those days. Didn't they prove their goodwill by accepting a veto on all world affairs, in joining the U.N.O. to please Mr. Roosevelt? It was not until after the fighting was over that their suspicions became fully alive. And with reason.

What sort of a trap were we setting in handing them over a 150-mile-wide strip of Germany which we had conquered? And then came that pell-mell American rush to get their troops out of Europe and Asia, and those strange statements by the U.S. Chiefs of Staff (who weren't liquidated for them) that their Navy and Air Force were so disorganized that they couldn't fight a major engagement for at least a year.

Surely here was proof of a "war-mongering plan" to prepare an attack against the Soviet Union. It was rightly answered by Soviet determination to keep two million troops in occupation of Eastern Europe until the regimes and people there were thoroughly "friendly."

What sort of a concealed game were the Anglo-Americans up to in not carrying puppet regimes with them into the countries they "liberated", Italy, Greece, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway, according to the accepted rules of the game? But most suspicious of all, undoubtedly, was the retirement of these well-known imperialists from Egypt, Syria and the Lebanon, Iran, India, Siam, Indo-China, the Netherlands Indies, China and the Philippines. Here was some hidden scheme for world domination that would take Soviet specialists some time to uncover.

Most Suspicious of All

If things had only stopped there! But there was that most suspicious move of all, the hue and cry raised by many of our people that the atomic bomb should be shared with our Soviet "allies." Anyone could see through that: the bombs were intended to destroy the Soviet Union without a fight.

And as if that were not the limit, these "imperialist jackals" began shipping food into White Russia and the Soviet Ukraine themselves, after concentrating their U.N.R.R.A. shipments on Eastern Europe. Obviously a deep-laid scheme for lowering the vitality of these people because they had welcomed the Red Army in to eat their own food.

When the Soviet Government naturally answered this threat by organizing the Eastern European countries in a close network of alliances, and providing their Communist-controlled armies with Soviet armaments, we raised further suspicions by not proceeding to form a Western bloc in Europe, as would have been the natural and open thing to do. Instead, being excluded from all connections, commerce and influence in Eastern Europe, we continued in a diabolically clever manner to allow Communist Parties to function actively and join in the mummery of democratic elections, in Western Europe.

We even tricked Gromyko into making a protest, before a mass audience in Madison Square Garden last week, against our attempt to use U.N.O. as a "tool", when we know perfectly well that they would not allow any representative of ours in Russia to be drawn into such an abuse of hospitality.

Our Latest Tricks

Our latest tricks, in calling for an early peace settlement, scheming for a unified Europe to avert the division of that continent into two blocs, and proposing a 25-year treaty to keep the Germans disarmed, were promptly and rightly denounced by *Pravda* as the cover for some new nefarious plot against world peace. The Soviet commander in Germany was warned not to allow any mischief-making commission to investigate the arms factories in *his* zone; though it sticks in one's mind that Mr. Molotov had just said be was suspicious that Germany was not properly disarmed.

Then, on top of everything and violating all of the accepted rules of diplomacy, we insist that the Soviets keep the pledges they made under the Atlantic Charter, the Moscow, Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam Agreements, the treaties with Iran and China, and the United Nations Charter, when we could see perfectly well at the time that Stalin signed them with his tongue in his cheek!

With all these grounds for suspicion, what else can the Soviets do but go ahead on their own, with those people who will collaborate honestly with them, and build a new, democratic order which will really assure world peace—or at least make certain that anyone who doesn't like it keeps quiet and stops stirring up trouble.

Well, you see what nonsense it is. Far from worrying about our strength and our schemes to attack them, it seems far more likely that the thinking of the Soviet leaders is following quite a different tack. Do they not feel, instead, contempt for our ignorance of their real aims, for our mad rush to scrap our great war-power and for our inability to "control" our people?

Actually Under-rate Us

Does not the present picture of strikes, confusion and lack of a strong governmental hand convince them that the United States is gripped, according to their rigidly-held theory, in a hurrying downward spiral of disintegration, to be consummated by another and greater depression within two or three years' time?

Does not the hasty reduction of British and American force in Germany, our failure to build a Western European bloc, our "rotten humanitarianism" (as their common phrase goes) in sending U.N.R.R.A. food and supplies into the Soviet zone and even the Soviet Union, and the recurring and unsettling electoral crises in the Western part of the continent only convince these men who base all calculations at home and abroad on naked power that Britain and the United States have no real policy for organizing Western Europe?

We may excuse ourselves for our lack of a clear-cut policy by saying that we have been following, with the best of intentions, what has proved to be a will 'o the wisp: agreement with the Soviets. But we cannot excuse ourselves for lack of a strong policy, in a world which everyone recognizes is still a highly unsettled and dangerous place.

We had better recognize that by our omissions we have been encouraging Stalin's ambitions, just as we encouraged Hitler's before the war. We had better pull up the slack. The best way of averting a long period of diplomatic tension, political disturbance, and Moscow-supported Communist infiltration everywhere in the world, with the possible final show-down of war is, it seems to me, to begin right away dispelling Soviet illusions as to our weakness.

For too long—is it instinctive in democracy?—we have conceived our diplomatic role as defensive. The Kremlin has been harrying us, just as Hitler did, with a military type of diplomacy, with attack and counter-attack, camouflage, flanking manoeuvers, shifting concentration, and when too firmly resisted, an occasional strategic retreat, to prepare for a new advance.

We probably couldn't imitate this, if we wanted to. But there are signs that in answer to it we have assumed the diplomatic offensive for the first time in many months (just which country would a visitor from Mars think controlled the secret of the atomic bomb today anyway?).

Mr. Byrnes spoke four times in his report on Paris of a "peace offensive." The State Department has withdrawn a proposed 90 million dollar American loan to Poland, with a sharp reminder that the agreed conditions were not being fulfilled. The Polish people were to have been told about it; and a date was to be set for free elections.

The British through their press and diplomacy, have been taking a good deal of notice of broken promises in Poland, of the hooliganism and police terror which are being used to smash Mikolajcyzk's Peasant Party, which every impartial observer in Poland agrees would sweep an election; and of the failure to announce this "free and unfettered" choice by the Polish people of their own government.

Our "Peace Offensive"

Both Britain and the United States have sent strong notes to the Rumanian Government in the last few days insisting that the election agreed upon at the Moscow Conference last Christmas be held in the near future, and protesting that the press and electoral freedom guaranteed by that award to the opposition parties is not being given them. The State Department continues to make strong repre-

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sentations to Tito's Yugoslav regime for a fair trial for Mikhailovitch.

If this be Anglo-American "ganging-up", as Moscow says, then it is due solely to broken Soviet promises.

Great political and territorial concessions were made, in response to Soviet demands at Teheran and Yalta, and in return for specific Soviet promises. *We should continue to insist that these promises be kept.* Because only when they are kept, even if belatedly as in Iran, can any real confidence be re-established among the big powers; because we have a moral obligation to millions of innocent people involved, notably the Poles and Serbs; and because this is the time and place to start avoiding another war.

Turning from what the big powers want to what the plain people choose when they have a chance, we have in the now almost completed series of European elections an accurate public opinion poll.

Nowhere where free elections have been held has the majority chosen communism. Even in Czechoslovakia, where resentment against Munich still prevails, where a certain opportunistic desire to please Russia was encouraged by the government, and where the Communists, through the Ministries of Education, Information and the Interior controlled public opinion, the election machinery and the police, 62 percent voted against communism.

In Austria, only 5 percent voted communist; in Hungary only 17 percent, though here, as in Slovakia, the Communists are asserting effective control just the same. In Western Europe, where the vote will actually determine who holds the governing reins, the communist tide has clearly reached its maximum in France with 25 percent of the voting population. In Italy it looks as though it will be considerably less.

Democratic Socialists almost everywhere have become increasingly conscious of the great gulf which separates their concept of public ownership with individual freedom, and the communist doctrine of the totalitarian police state.

The other electoral development of great significance in Europe has been the strength shown by liberal Catholic parties nearly everywhere, but especially in Italy, France, Belgium and Austria.

Here is proof, I think, not only of the organized power of the Catholic Church in fighting atheistic and materialistic communism, but of the importance which human dignity and the value of the individual—the basic values of Western Christian civilization—have assumed in the minds of people during the ordeal which they have undergone.

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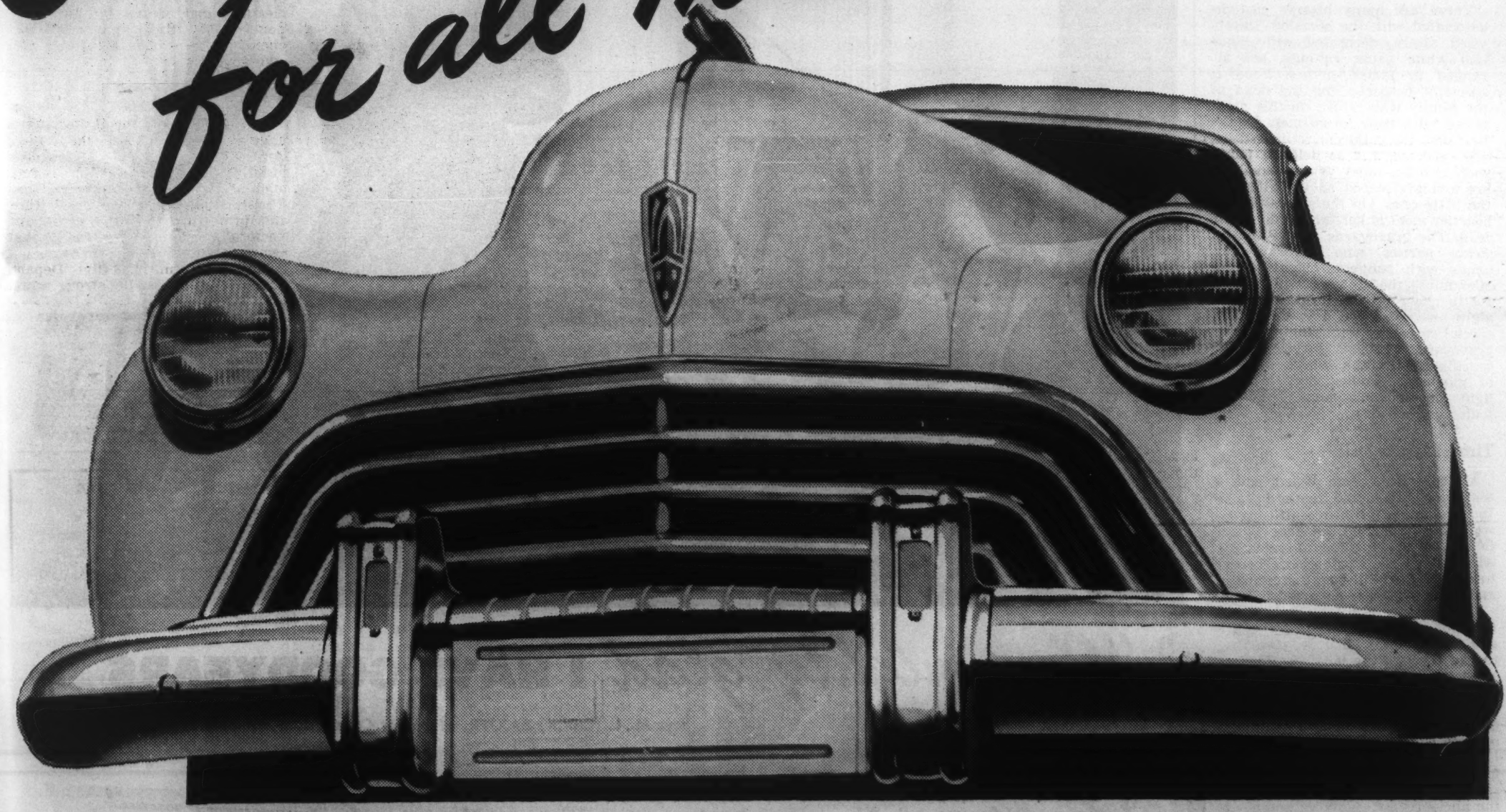

Eagerness to own a new Oldsmobile was never as great as today, especially among those who have seen the new models. Everyone, everywhere, confidently expected Olds to come out with something special—but few anticipated such a brilliant new car as Oldsmobile is presenting.

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PORTS OF CALL

Mexico Fascinates the Visitor With Its Multiple Contrasts

By MARGARET K. ZIEMAN

DEATH wouldn't have to "Take a Holiday" in Mexico, for Mexicans characteristically have a gay holiday dedicated to the dead. During the last days of October, bright placards in all the bakeries announce a fine supply of Dead Men's Bread. The round loaves surmounted by well-baked skulls and wreathed with long twists for bones are relished by the living. Children beg their mothers for one of the sugar skulls with bright tinsel decorations that peer enticingly from shop windows and market stands. Dapper skeletons with plumed hats beckon with friendly gesture. Toy skeletons leap cheerfully out of cozy coffins at the pull of a cleverly arranged string. And as a fascinated youngster winds the handle of a little box, a toy funeral passes in and out of a cardboard cathedral.

The cause of this fun is All Souls' Day. November first and second are dedicated to the dead and the Mexican spirit turns the occasion into a festive holiday, incidentally providing visitors with a memorable experience.

There are many bizarre customs associated with the occasion. Improvised altars, decorated with black and white paper cut-outs, are arranged in Indian homes. Food is specially prepared for the dead of the family who return on this night to eat with their loved ones. On the first day, the children, or little dead, are expected, and so delicate foods, such as milk, honey, fruits and cakes are lovingly placed on the altar for the little ones. On the second day, a heartier meal is spread for the adult dead. The graveyards are visited by picnic parties who decorate the tombs with pungent, bright yellow calendulas, the flowers which they use to cheer up the dead. At midnight on the second day, there is a special ceremony with singing in the graveyard, which is turned into a sparkling fairyland where myriads of gleaming candles cast a magic light on mounds garlanded with fruits and flowers.

Time Stands Still

All this may seem weird and a trifle macabre to the visitor but the Indians have a primitive attitude toward death and do not fear it. All Soul's Day is a time of rejoicing, when they visit each other's homes to chat with the living, to reminisce and drink a toast to departed friends.

This curious and constant acceptance of the underlying unity of life and death runs like a recurring thread through the whole pattern of Mexican life. Yet it's not a sombre thread, for the persistent Mexican preoccupation with death, revealed even in the ultra-modern paintings of José Clemente Orozco, Juan Soriano and José Morado, is not so much morbid as it is the involuntary reaction to an environment in which the ancient past exerts as potent an influence on people's daily lives as the living present. The tourist tag, "Land Where Time Stands Still", loosely used when referring to lands with Latin heritages, does not fit Mexico. It's simply that in Mexico the feeling of continuity between the venerable past and the present is consistently strong — and this despite the many sharp and obvious contrasts.

Thus the Mexican peasant works his primitive forked-stick plow and oxen, and in many instances speaks the ancient dialects of his Indian ancestors in the shadow of the ruined monuments of his race's mysterious past. Only a short distance from the country's gay and extremely cosmopolitan capital, Mexico City, with its million and a quarter inhabitants, rise the temples and great pyramids of Teotihuacan, great religious centre of the Toltecs (called the "Builders"), whose civilization flourished before the 10th century A.D. Mexico City itself with its magnificent Palace of Fine Arts, offering alternating seasons of opera, symphony concerts, ballets and dramatic attractions,—its Ministry of Education Building, famed for the mural paintings by Diego Rivera which adorn the patio walls, is built over the temples and palaces of Tenochtitlan, the Aztec capital, the powerful race who drifted down from some distant northern region and superseded the Toltecs. Founded in 1325, Tenochtitlan was erected upon valley lakes connected by causeways, reminders of which still remain in the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, a few miles from the city. These canals, winding through green and flowering islands are exactly as the Aztecs built them and show how they made the now vainished Tenochtitlan. You glide along the still waters with a boatman who still speaks the language of his forefathers.

It is this element of contrast that intrigues the visitor to Mexico. It extends even to the climate. Although Mexico is located in about the same latitude as North Africa, the climate is not hot, for at least two-thirds of its territory lies from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level on extensive plateaus, spreading between the two immense mountain ranges which parallel its coasts. Climate in Mexico is determined vertically, rather than horizontally, consequently the visitor can choose his climate as one selects a meal *à la carte*. Simply by going up or down, it is possible to adjust the temperature to the individual taste.

The country offers much the same diversity of landscape. Within two hours' journey from the high plateau of Mexico City, by rail or over paved highways, the scenery can change from sturdy pines to swaying palms, from snow-bound valleys to balmy sub-tropical ones. Along its 6,300 miles of coastline you will find jungle country, where there are all kinds of alligators, giant lizards and bright-colored birds. There are towering mountains with an average height of 10,000 feet, and, as if these are not spectacular enough, the eastern range adds a dramatic accent with its three snow-capped volcanic peaks. Most famous of these are the twin peaks, just outside Mexico City, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the Sleeping Woman.

You may have noticed the number

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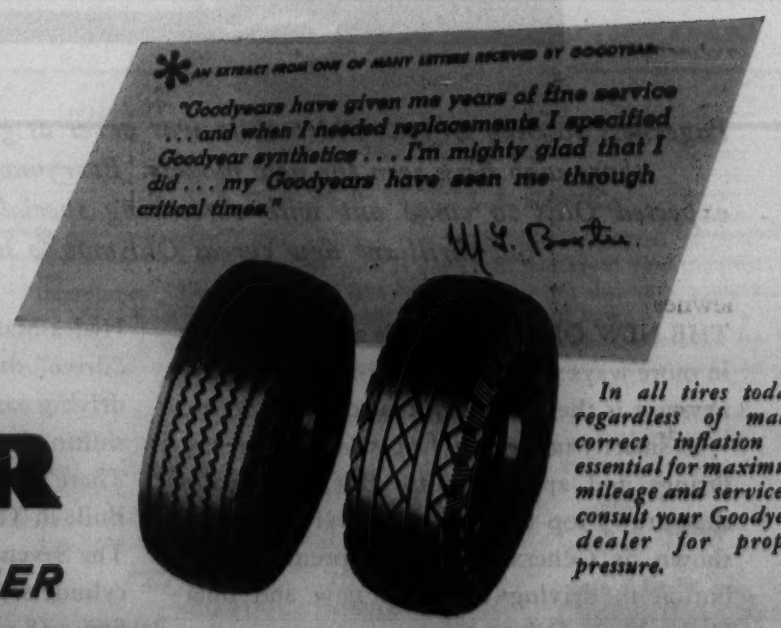
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FOR THE 31st CONSECUTIVE YEAR, MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Stirling Castle, headquarters of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders since 1794, was the wartime home of members of the A.T.S. Their recreation room was once the boudoir of Mary, Queen of Scots. About to be demobilized, these girls march through the courts for the last time.

of x's, z's and hard c-sounds in Mexican names. These are a linguistic inheritance from the ancient Toltec and Aztec languages. Perhaps most intriguing of these is Tzintzuntzan, ancient Indian village near Lake Patzcuaro, where there are remnants of the ancient Tarascan people, who were never really subjugated by either the Aztecs or Spaniards. They are fishermen, and many of these people live in Janitzio, a picturesque island village in the lake. The Christian church there of San Geronimo stands on the hilltop, built over caves filled with idols of the old religion—still venerated by the Indians... These Tarascan Indians were noted for their skilled weaving, especially of feather mosaics, made from humming birds' wings. Ancient Spanish records describe the magnificent robe of this type worn by Montezuma.

Spanish Influences

No story of Mexico would be complete without recognizing the changes effected by the Spanish Conquest. Stone and bronze-age Mexico was conquered by steel-wielding Spain early in the 16th century. It wasn't a conquest of which Spain can be proud; nor was it anything but disastrous for the Indians. No longer free, they found themselves under an oppressive yoke—Spain filled her coffers with Mexican silver and gold, and combined zeal of the conqueror with the religious fervor of the Church.

Spain gave modern Mexico its religion, language and basic architecture (homes are built around garden patios) and slowly Mexico became a blend of Indian and Spanish. Mexico's population reflects this intermingling...Of its total population of some 20 millions, one million belongs to the white race, four million to the Indian and fifteen million to the Mestizo, a mixture of white and Indian. Many of these Indians still speak only their native dialect, but the majority also speak Spanish.

Mexican temperament is also a blend of these two alien bloods, but always one senses the brooding, inscrutable taciturnity of the Indian beneath the surface, which is characteristically Latin and gay. The people have a gracious, easy mode of life. Every day of the year, some place in Mexico a fiesta is always going on, for every village in the country celebrates its saint's day with reverent religious ceremony, which however doesn't preclude fireworks, bull-fights, rodeos, dances, noise and merriment.

And yet always the "indomitable Aztec seeps through—steady as the beating of a drum, as the throbbing of a heart." Amid beautiful paintings and magnificent altars covered with gold leaf in the churches, the impressive Roman Catholic ritual is performed by dark-skinned Indians, who later will reenact the primitive ritual dances which their ancestors performed centuries ago to propitiate their gods.

Only by understanding these conglomerate elements can the stranger sense the rhythm of Mexican life, its vitality and intricacy, its beauty and dignity. And yet to see Mexico as merely the melting pot of Indian and Spanish cultures is not to see it whole. For modern Mexico is an integral part of this Western democratic world. Its masses, stirred by the yeast of liberalism, are seeking the crystallization of its national hopes and ideals and the country is in the throes of a vast process of revolutionary mutation. Millions of long-oppressed Indian peasants, freed from a life of peonage, of poverty and wanton exploitation, are being restored upon lands that were wrested from their forefathers. Tens of thousands of new schools are stamping out illiteracy throughout the rural districts. In the cities slums are disappearing and ultra-modern workers' flats are going up. Extensive irrigation projects are reclaiming arid expanses of sand and cactus in the North. Today the whole length and breadth of the country is crisscrossed with modern highways.

Symbol of the new Mexico has been the awakening in the last twenty years of a new art expression, associated with the names of José Clemente Orozco and Diego Rivera.

Modern Mexico owes much to the past but its eyes are turned to the future. Today the country is freeing itself of its ancient constricting molds and slowly the Indian is learning that "Tierra y Libertad", Land and Liberty, is not a meaningless catchline, but the sincere promise of a better Mexico.

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What Happened To The C.C.F. in Ontario

By D. P. O'HEARN

An important question that has never been adequately answered, Mr. O'Hearn says, is what brought on the spectacular defeat of the C.C.F. in Ontario last year.

In his opinion the party had too much early success. It didn't have to get down to hard work and figure out just what it really wanted. It never, therefore, really had anything to sell the public.

This is the first of two articles by this writer on the Ontario C.C.F.

LAST year when the C.C.F. went down to its dismal defeat in Ontario little attempt was made at analysis of the causes of its failures. In the intervening year the importance of this spectacular reverse has had time to sink in on us, and at the same time the C.C.F. in this important province has shown definite signs that while knocked down it is by no means out of the ring as regards the future. I think, therefore, that now, at a year's distance and with ample time for reflection behind us, it might be worthwhile to form some estimate of the reason for the C.C.F. downfall last year and to make some assessment of the prospect of this once lusty and influential party for the future.

Root of Failure

So far as the reason for its downfall is concerned I believe only one point need be discussed. In going back on the C.C.F. record in Ontario, to me one great failing stands out. And I look to it as the root of C.C.F. failure.

There may be disagreement as to just what chance the C.C.F. had in the elections of last year. And it may be argued that it went down not because of the failure of its own efforts but before greater efforts on the part of the old line parties. But I don't think it can be disputed that between 1943 and 45 the young Cooperative Commonwealth party did lose a lot of its original support (even the C.C.F. itself now admits it), and that this loss was substantial enough to mean the difference between a minor and major reverse last year.

And behind this essential loss was, I believe, this one great failing. It was the inability of the party to give any assurance as to just what it would do if elected to office.

The C.C.F. had spectacular success in Ontario in 1943 with a really amazing lack of program or defined policy. It arrived then just when the province was very fed up with a bad dose of Hepburn government, and the success it achieved was a most strong testimonial to the great desire for change that was moving the Ontario electorate. Going back now it seems incredible that it could have attained the position it did with what it was offering at the time. It had no real program, no specific policy, nothing really concrete at all, but a gospel of reform and a cry of down with big business. It had no clear idea of what it would do.

I remember hearing leader E. B. Jolliffe at a meeting during the campaign. His main topic was the tobacco monopoly, and he railed in very broad terms on his theme. The audience couldn't have been left in much doubt that tobacco companies were bad and made too much money. But no one, I am sure, knew why or what the C.C.F. intended to do about it. And then after the speeches there was a question period and one tenacious listener tried to pin Mr. Jolliffe down to more detail. But the C.C.F. leader wouldn't be pinned. Instead he gave a lengthy exposition on the dialectics of monopoly. And the impression was left that Mr. Jolliffe was as unsure about what he really intended to do about the tobacco companies as were his listeners.

This was the entire vein of the C.C.F. campaign in that election. And of course it was the pinnacle on which the C.C.F. leaped to success.

As it turned out, I think, for its own interests it was a very bad thing to have happened to it.

For as the C.C.F. group showed up at Queen's Park in good strength and were much in focus of the public eye it was very soon evident that they were representing a very ill-formed party. They were indecisive, confused and without very definite policy on anything except C.C.F. "ideals". And what the ideals were they couldn't define.

Looking back now, they put on a miserable show. They showed lack of stability and unity. They had very few concrete suggestions on the business of the province. And one never knew where the C.C.F. line lay. Within its limits the party took in all extremes from aggressive radicals to mild intellectuals and liberals, and from time to time party policy seemed to play along with all of them—and was quite capable of changing overnight.

Voters Wondered Why

Such a showing registered, of course, with both observers and the public, and many voters who had ticked their ballots for the C.C.F. must have begun to wonder why.

I remember that around this time, after the C.C.F. had been in the Legislature for a few months, I was doing some writing on Ontario's health plans. And Mr. Jolliffe thought I hadn't done his party justice in what I had to say, as I hadn't noted their plan. It was a surprise to me at the time to learn that they had any definite health plans.

A short time later I happened to be having coffee with two of the C.C.F. members. I took the occasion to see what they knew about health plans. They said they were in favor of public ownership of health. Then I asked them about their plan. They didn't know anything about it either.

The strange thing was that the C.C.F. leadership didn't seem to realize at this time that it was in any sense failing, not only its supporters and electors, but also its actual members, by not getting down to work and figuring out just what form of government it wanted for the province and how it would go about putting it into effect if it got into office. And the tragic thing, for its own sake, was that it never did get around to realizing this failing right up until last year's elections. It ran its campaigns then with the same type of confused mumbo-jumbo as it had offered in 1943.

Looking back now it seems probable that if it hadn't had its dramatic, and somewhat unearned, success in 1943 the C.C.F. leadership would never have got into this mental rut. If they had achieved only minor success then, they would have been forced to do some thinking in concrete terms about the business of wooing the public and then, of course, would have been struck with the value of letting the public know just what might be expected to happen to it if the government fell into their hands.

Playing Politics

But the 1943 success instead seems to have driven their thoughts in the opposite direction. For, curious as it may seem, the C.C.F. leadership was concerned to some extent at least, in keeping what few plans it had from the public.

This grew out of its fetish for playing politics. The stigma of "playing politics" is something which by its nature as a reform party—a party of change from old line politics and parties—one would think the C.C.F. would make every effort to avoid. But rather than seeing the danger, the C.C.F. leaders showed almost a predilection for playing the old game (recall particularly Mr. Jolliffe's timing on his Gestapo exposé).

And one of the main directions of their political efforts was the objective of not letting the opposition in on any of their plans. Which, of course, meant that the public didn't get in on them either.

There was a graphic illustration of this policy one evening in the Legislature. And the incident, I believe, has in it a key to the whole picture of C.C.F. failure.

The C.C.F. group in the House was criticizing the Government for its lack of labor legislation. There was much mention of a C.C.F. bill and what it would do for labor.

Finally Mr. Daley, the Minister of Labor, got up and challenged the critics.

"All right", he said, "if your bill is so wonderful let's see it. Put it on the table and we'll all see what we can do for labor."

Did the C.C.F. accept the challenge? No.

To the observer it had no choice but to table the bill if it had any strength of conviction in the principles it had been professing. But Mr. Jolliffe didn't see it that way.

No, he said, he would show his labor bill *when his government was in power.*

This, I think, sizes up the core of the C.C.F. failure in Ontario.

It as a party has wanted a new and better world, but it has wanted it to be a new and better world *run by the C.C.F.* And not nearly enough people have been at all sure just what that world would be.

• •

ROOT OF ALL MUSIC

THERE are no bad folk songs. Folk music may characterize certain stages of cultural development, low or high—certain peoples or races, certain circumstances and mental dispositions—but it is always perfect in its own way, for it carries in it the primordial, unfading properties of artistic creation. Humanity hides the secrets of artistic perfection in the humble folk song, and as the poet receives material from human speech and language, so does the musician from folk music.

—PAUL HENRY LANG in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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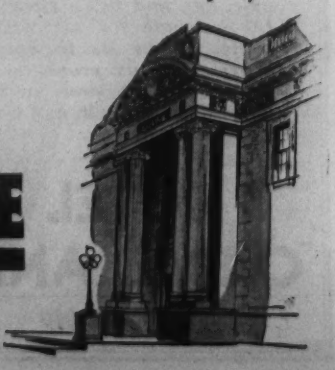

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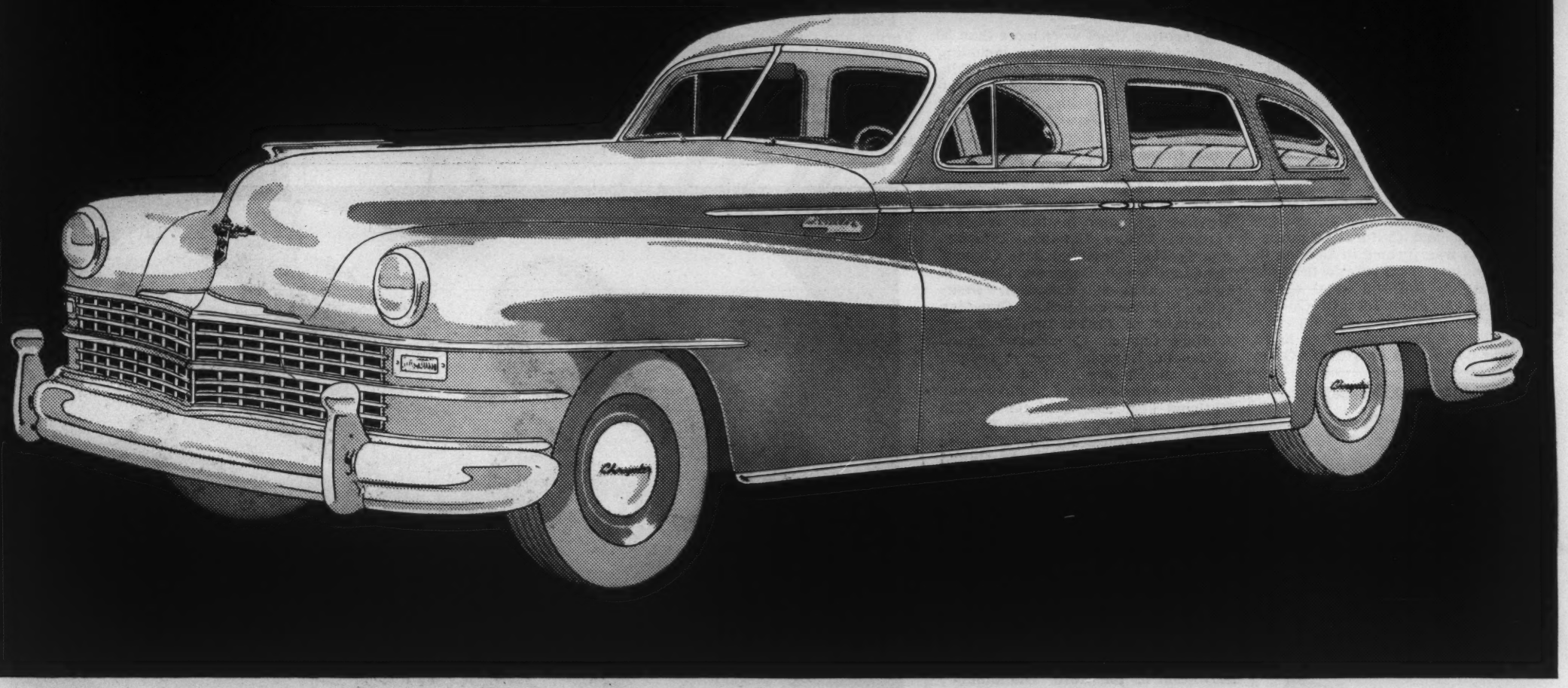

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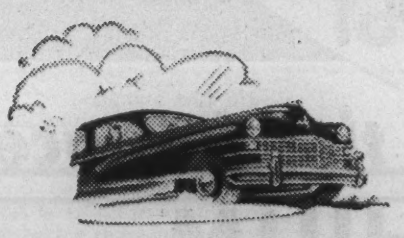

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Conference Keynote Is Sharing of Culture

By JEAN ROSS MacMILLAN

The Kingston Conference of the Association for Adult Education a fortnight ago was U.N.E.S.C.O. in miniature. But instead of United Nations' delegates meeting to discuss educational, scientific and cultural matters, the recent conference consisted of representatives from more than 30 of Canada's leading organizations. Problems of adult education, community centres and programs were discussed and a broad policy of cooperation envisioned, to bring "beauty, order and sanity" into the life of every Canadian.

"'IN the world there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind.' If we cannot build on the mind and the spirit there is nothing left on which to build." These words were the theme of Dr. R. C. Wallace's address on U.N.E.S.C.O. at the opening meeting of the conference called by the Canadian Association for Adult Education at Queen's University in Kingston from May 20 to 24.

U.N.E.S.C.O., or to give it its full name, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which was formed in London in November last year, sets forth three principles: (1) full and equal opportunity for education for all; (2) the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth; (3) the free exchange of ideas and knowledge. In expressing these principles, Dr. Wallace pointed out that education must be universally shared, that knowledge must be made common property, that scientific progress must be available to all, that the fine arts must be an open book to the whole world. Methods of sharing would include interchange of scholars and teachers in every sphere, artists, scientists, and business men; translation and publication; all means of mass education such as press, radio, records, films and books; word of mouth; national and international organizations.

As I look back on the Kingston Conference, the outstanding impression is that here was U.N.E.S.C.O. itself in miniature.

Wide Representation

Altogether there were more than 30 participating organizations including Canadian Association for Adult Education, Canadian Council of Education for Citizenship, Canada and Newfoundland Education Association, Canadian Citizenship Division, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Canadian Teachers' Federation, Canadian Congress of Labor, Canada Foundation, Canadian Legion Educational Services, Canadian Institute of International Affairs, Canadian Information Service, Canadian Arts Council, Canadian Jewish Congress, Canadian Library Council, Canadian Federation of Home and School, Canadian Federation of Agriculture, Canadian Welfare Council, Cooperative Union of Canada, Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, National Citizens' Forum, National Farm Radio Forum, National Film Board, National Film Society of Canada, Ontario Universities' Adult Education Board, Trades and Labor Council of Canada, United Nations Society, Welfare Council of Toronto and District, Workers' Educational Association, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association.

The central theme was "Building Community Programs". Special emphasis was placed on the Community Centre as the nucleus of educational, cultural and recreational growth.

It is interesting to note that the derivation of the word "community" shows it to be almost equivalent to what we now call the commonweal, that is the public well-being, which can only be fully realized by mutual service and good-will. For the word is derived from the Latin "communis", which means "serving together". And "serving together" was the keynote of the Conference.

The program throughout the week was a practical application of the principles of U.N.E.S.C.O. Dr. E. A. Corbett was chairman of the meeting at which Dr. Gregory Vlastos spoke on the subject "Towards a Philosophy of Community". A panel discussion on the subject followed, with Dr. H. Martyn Estall as chairman, and Dr. H. M. Cassidy, Drummond Wren, Ralph Staples and Herman Voaden as speakers.

Special Commissions

After the panel discussion, five commissions were formed of the members of the Conference, as follows: (1) The Job of Adult Education, with Professor H.R.C. Avison as chairman; (2) Organization of Adult Education, with Dr. A.B. MacDonald as chairman; (3) Leadership training in Adult Education, with President M. F. Gregg as chairman; (4) Planning and Resources for Community Programs, with R. Alex Simn as chairman; (5) Community Centres, with Dr. Cassidy as chairman.

There were demonstrations of adult education techniques by means of films, recordings of radio broadcasts and poster displays, led by Frank Foulds, Director of the Canadian Citizenship Branch of the Department of the Secretary of State.

There was a symposium on Community Centres when speakers included Dr. Fletcher Peacock, Superintendent of Schools in New Brunswick, and Arthur J. Wirick of the Adult Education Division, Department of Education of Saskatchewan.

The reports of the five commissions were presented and recommendations made for the continuation and expansion of the joint planning-committee representing all national organizations engaged in adult education.

At the annual dinner of the Canadian Association for Adult Education President Dr. W. H. Brittain was chairman. A. D. Dunton, Chairman of the C.B.C., delivered an address on "The C.B.C. and Education Programs", and Arthur L. Phelps of the short-wave International Service of the C.B.C. spoke on the subject "Whose Community?"

The closing address of the Conference was given by Dr. Morse Cartwright, Director of the American Association for Adult Education, who spoke on "Adult Education and Democratic Processes".

After the annual meeting of the Canadian Association for Adult Education had taken place, the National Film Society of Canada conducted a workshop on "Films in Community Programs", led by Gordon Adamson.

Planning sessions of the Citizens' Forum and the National Farm Radio Forum completed the week.

What an amazing amount has been accomplished already by all the organizations which participated in the Conference, hampered as most of them have been by lack of funds. Should all educational, scientific and cultural organizations in Canada work together, the will, experience and knowledge are surely there to help achieve a lasting peace by bringing "beauty, order and sanity" into the life of every Canadian citizen. And our Canadian community in turn can make its contribution towards bringing beauty, order and sanity into the life of every citizen of the world community.

In the meantime, however, the charter of U.N.E.S.C.O. still awaits ratification by the voice of the Canadian people through their representatives in Parliament. But the Hon. Paul Martin, who followed Dr. Wallace in addressing the opening meeting of the Kingston Conference, assured us at the beginning of his address on the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, that the ratification of the U.N.E.S.C.O. charter will be dealt with by Parliament in the Canadian House of Commons at the earliest opportunity. And his words were imbued with the spirit of U.N.E.S.C.O. as he closed his thoughtful address by speaking of peace. "In the end," he said, "peace will be kept by the kind of hearts that men have got, by the kind of minds that men have got. It will work if we want it to work. It will succeed if we make it succeed."

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"Operation Penguin" Is a Daily Event

By ALAN MOOREHEAD

The spectacle of the penguins on Phillip Island is one which takes visitors to this part of Australia away from present-day worries. The penguins of this island sanctuary go out and eat so much fish each day that in the evening they can hardly stagger back to their burrows where their hungry babies are waiting to be fed. The older penguins are so helpless in this bloated condition that the slightest movement terrifies them, but the desperate instinct to get back to their young usually ensures that they reach home without accident.

Melbourne, Australia.

AFTER four months touring Australia I am inclined to think that the most surprising phenomena in the country are the penguins on Phillip Island.

Round about dusk you drive to the ocean beach of this island sanctuary off the coast of Victoria. The guide begins to instruct and explain:

"Let us sit here among the dunes and I ask you to make no sound or movement at all. In a minute the penguins will come in from the sea, where they have been fishing all day.

"By now they will be so full of fish that they are quite helpless on land. They will wait nervously on the edge of the waves until little groups of 30 or 40 are gathered together, and then, gaining confidence by numbers, they will start slowly trudging up the sand toward us.

"It is absolutely necessary for them to get home to their burrows behind the sand dunes, because each penguin has two babies waiting for it to provide the family meal by simply disgorging the fish.

"For some strange reason," continues the guide, "they will not be alarmed when I shine my electric torch on them. But anything else—especially any noise or movement on our part—will send them rushing back into the sea. This will be a disaster because, in their agitation, the penguins will throw up the fish on the beach and the babies will go hungry.

Seagulls the Enemy

"You see those seagulls over there?" He flashed his torch on a large flock of them standing on the sand. "They know this perfectly well, since the penguins appear in just this way at precisely the same time every night.

"As soon as the first penguins leave the sea and venture a little way up the beach a gull will swoop on them with flapping wings, hoping to raise a panic so that the penguins will disgorge their fish and make a meal for the gulls instead of the penguin babies. There! Listen. Here they come."

One could not be certain, but from somewhere out among the white lace of the falling waves there was an indistinct barking. A moment later, like an apparition in a pantomime, four black and white ninepins stood on the edge of the sand.

A gull lazily took off from the other end of the beach and disappeared into the gloom overhead.

Nobody spoke. Then suddenly the gull came into his dive and there was a wild flutter of grey and white wings on the sand.

The penguins held their ground unsteadily for a moment, and then vanished into the sea, leaving nothing behind but the empty beach and complete silence, except for the fall and the swish of each succeeding wave.

Peering into the uncertain light one began to imagine things. A girl behind me giggled nervously and subsided under the cold eye of the guide. And then, suddenly, there were 20 ninepins standing together on the sand.

Another 20 or so appeared to the left, and this time they marched forward boldly towards us under the beam of the torch.

For a full five minutes, while no one moved or spoke, this weird and solemn march went on. When at last the first batch of birds came up to us and the leader paused doubtfully not a yard away from my foot, one was suddenly subdued with a sense of unreal and extraordinary pathos.

The penguins feared and suspected everything and everybody. It was the march of the very old, of the very tired and the very frightened. No woman coming home though the crowds and the traffic with her heavy shopping basket showed half the desperate concern and fumbling tiredness of these ridiculous little birds.

Their white bellies were so crammed with fish they were top-heavy. Every now and then they half stumbled in a footprint in the sand, recovered themselves awkwardly, rested a moment and then wearly heaved themselves up and, wings akimbo, trudged on again.

Someone behind me coughed. At once the birds stopped and stood trembling in a group, thrusting their beaks about and looking wildly behind them and on either side with frightened eyes. Another cough and the whole flock turned about, ready to bolt for the sea. But the desperate instinct to get back to their young gave them courage and soon they began to waddle forward in knots of twos and threes.

There was something so inexpressibly human about the whole performance; we sat there for an hour until the last tired voyager had heaved himself past, and the gulls at last had gone away. Walking back among the inland dunes one stumbled upon single birds still trudging home, and here and there the baby penguins, little balls of yellow or white and blue-black fluff, sat on the sand at the mouth of their burrows squawking angrily.

"As soon as they are old enough," the guide said "the parents drive them down to the sea."

"And then?"

"Then the parents stay out all night. They never come home again until next spring."

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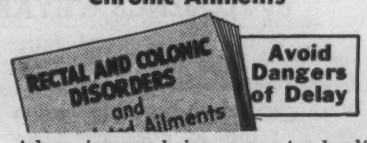

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Yellowknife Residents Dislike Spotlights

By FLORENCE WHYARD

Residents of Yellowknife, gold-boom town on Great Slave Lake, were pleased and gratified when the first bits of publicity came their way, with magazine and newspaper correspondents and camera-men touring the district. But now that the first careless rapture has worn away, and they are forced to answer the same stupid questions, see the same pictures taken and read the same misleading, and at times utterly false, copy written about their mines, homes and way of living, they're getting just a little weary.

More serious has been the way starry publicity has lured inexperienced persons to a community already overcrowded and where all supplies are brought in by air, boat or caterpillar tractor.

Yellowknife.

EVERYTHING in Yellowknife has been hectically busy the last few weeks. It has been an anxious time of the year—break-up, when planes have broken flying records trying desperately to carry men and mining equipment out to isolated bush camps while there was still ice on the lakes to provide a landing field. And then Yellowknife Bay became water again, while northern lakes are still frozen, cutting off all hope of air transportation till July in some cases. After the snow had disappeared—as if by magic, no more tractor trains could slide over the frozen ground trails with supplies. Last-minute freight was piled up on the ice with frantic mining syndicate engineers besieging aircraft companies for more and more service.

In town, it has been just as bad. The last tractor train had crossed the ice of Great Slave Lake on the last lap of the long haul from Edmonton, bringing tons of oil, gasoline, building equipment, thousands of feet of new lumber. As fast as it could be unloaded it was whisked away, and now, on every side, there have been days of pounding, hammering, loading. New buildings mushroom overnight.

Every day the big Lockheeds from Edmonton bring in more new people, new workmen and their families, searching for a place to live, a job.

And what happens? In comes another plane-load of publicity pests. Two dozen of them, this time, brought in a specially chartered plane, for "educational purposes," the announcement states. Yellowknife's newly-organized Board of Trade hastily summons its members, maps out a skeleton program of entertainment. Negus Gold Mine will stage a luncheon and pour a gold brick for their benefit, even though they've just completed their regular pouring. Beaulieu Yellowknife will take the party out to see their camp in the bush; Girvin's new restaurant will throw a party for them. After that, they're on their own—everybody is too busy to do anymore. And, please God, they won't write the usual crap about the place.

No, sir! The group asserts on arrival. They've come to get the real story this time. None of this phoney stuff for them;—it's the *real* Yellowknife for their readers.

That lasts a whole day, while the boys wander around the settlement, breathing pure northern air, plodding through pure northern mud and obtaining permits for some pure northern liquor.

Pure Corn

Comes the dawn, and the rush is on. Not the gold rush, but the same old news rush—same color though, pure corn, yellow.

"Where can we find a typical Yellowknife residence? No, not one of those neat frame buildings . . . . we can see them anywhere. Can't show the public a picture of that! We want a real prospector's log cabin. That one across the Narrows belongs to an old-timer here? Yes, but migawd, it has curtains at the windows, electric lights, oilcoth on the floor! You can't fool the public with that stuff! We want a dilapidated one-room affair, with snowshoes on the wall and candles in the whiskey bottles.

"Now, that's better — that nice deserted old shack over there with the sod roof falling in. That's really typical. Let's have more of that. Now, we're getting somewhere. Let's find a real honest-to-God prospector.

"That guy? You mean that one over there in the gabardine slacks, clean shirt, tie and felt hat? Are you kidding? I mean a typical prospector. Do you think our readers are that dumb? What if he has been here for years, staked some of the richest claims in the country, sold a group for $100,000 last week. He just doesn't look typical. Gimme a real tough-looking brute in hip boots, checked shirt and beard—I don't care if he is a truck driver. That's more typical."

See what we mean? They insist on a herd of caribou. Yellowknife hasn't any so they plan to fly hundreds of miles till they find some to photograph. Must have a dog derby with drivers shouting "Mush!" at huskies, and lots of fur parkas thrown in. Yellowknife never had a dog derby until they got here. The weather was too warm; there was water covering the ice and none of the dogs had a chance to train for the race. But the boys staged their derby, posed a couple of planes in the background and got their pictures.

A "Lady Lou"?

Must get some typical women. There's an attractive blonde number. Ask her to step over here in front of this cabin. She doesn't live here? Just stepped off the plane from Edmonton? Never mind, she looks like the typical resident of a gold-boom town so she's it.

That gives you a vague idea. Not all of these writers are that bad, but since the good ones are pretty quiet it's just the nuisance-type who make themselves heard. Still they're enough to make residents dodge around corners when they see the sun glint on a flash-bulb, or the familiar outline of an "outside" photographer laden with camera gear. And it seems to be the fruits of their labors which always gets the biggest spread in the papers and magazines afterwards—not the reasonably intelligent and accurate versions of the real Yellowknife, but the spectacular stories which play up the very un-typical aspects.

Their nuisance value could be overlooked if it weren't for the unfortunate results of those sensational stories, radio scripts and pictures—results which can't be overlooked. They've got Yellowknife's Board of Trade really worried. Here's why.

This booming settlement is just as short of housing as any other busy place in Canada, probably shorter because it is so far from the source of any building materials. Yet daily passenger planes from Edmonton are bringing new men and new families from all over Canada and the States, lured by what they've seen in the papers, read in the magazines, heard on the air.

With no definite prospects of a job, they expect to be hired for at least $300 a month and living accommodation provided. They expect to be able to walk outside the town limits, stake some claims and sell them for thousands of dollars. They heard a broadcast by a so-called dentist from Yellowknife who scratched a rock, found free gold, flew to Toronto that week-end and on Monday sold his claims for $50,000 and stock shares. You can't blame them for wanting to do the same.

Unfortunately, these things don't happen. How can a green newcomer to the area compete with experienced geologists and prospectors who have spent years studying rock formations, carefully going over the ground, poring over maps, searching titles in the Recorder's office? How can they know that to reach unstaked areas they must charter bush planes at considerable expense, take complete camp equipment with them, know their mining regulations inside out, have money enough to finance the licensing and claiming?

True, this is going to be the biggest busiest year Yellowknife has known. True, the Con Gold Mine is re-

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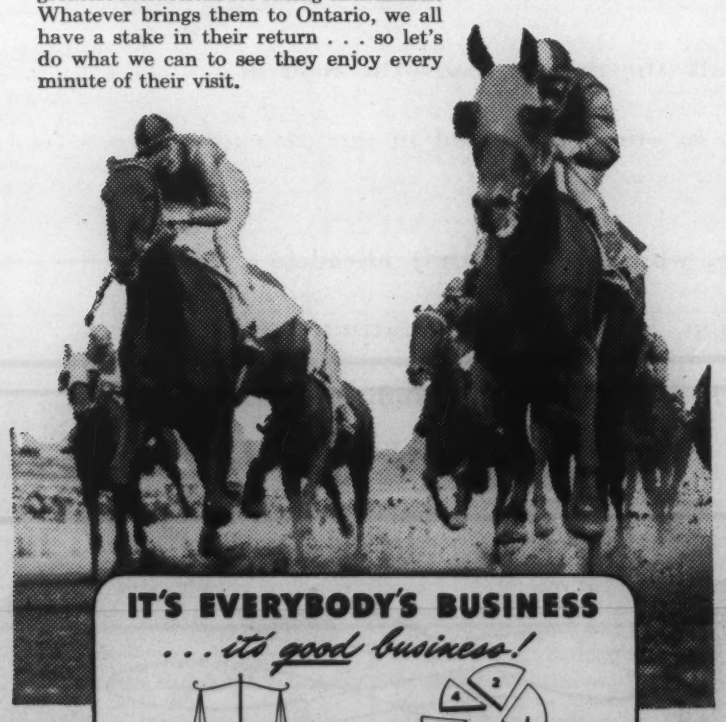

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opening this summer; Giant Yellowknife is sinking a second shaft on its fabulously rich property; dozens of smaller outfits are busily planning drilling programs; the Snare River Power project is under way. But are these new arrivals construction workers, underground miners, diamond drillers or carpenters? No!

Selective Service and Department of Labor offices at Edmonton and other jumping-off places for the north are doing their best to stem the tide. They warn the men of true conditions in Yellowknife; they remind them of the high costs of living in a settlement 600 miles from the nearest city, where all supplies must be brought in by air or boat or caterpillar tractor. They point out the total lack of housing accommodation and the scarcity of lumber to provide more. (A lumber pile is a real goldmine in Yellowknife).

But still they come, as they always have when gold has been the magnet. They find a boom-town with muddy streets, jammed restaurants, "bull-pens" where floor-space is rented for sleeping.

That's not the real story, though. The real drama in this Territories town is written around the men and women who did it the hard way and began the real Yellowknife back in 1937. They didn't come in comfortable Lodestars with money in their pockets. They stuck it out through boom days once before; and afterwards, through lean war years when the mines closed, the men left and things were pretty quiet around the Rock, they stayed on.

Untrue to Type

They're the men and women who watch another plane-load of promoters and photographers arrive and shake their heads in amusement. They know that Yellowknife could do nicely without that kind of sensationalism. It doesn't need publicity; it needs more people like them.

Unfortunately, they don't look typical. They don't live in mud-chinked log cabins. Many of them have comfortable homes with electric lights, radio, oil-burners and latest selections from The Book of The Month Club. Others get along in small frame buildings with gasoline and oil lamps, wood stoves and water hauled by the pail.

And there are still plenty living in log cabins or tents with wooden frames, but none looking decrepit enough to attract cameramen.

These people are not ignorant backwoodsmen. None of them are natives here. They have come from the same cities and towns as the photographers and writers, and most of them within the last five years. They live normal lives, just as do the residents of Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg or Kirkland Lake. They read daily papers, have their own weekly, use airmail all the time, shop in a modern department store, go to the doctor and the dentist, plan teas, attend church service and enjoy movies and dances.

That's what particularly irked this most recent batch of publicity people: Yellowknife is so damn normal! Can't these people be more *typical?*

Matter of fact, the only really typical ones are the newshounds! They're just like in the movies.

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Moon's Ray Craters Now Thought to Be Result of Atomic Blast

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

THERE are some strange markings on the face of the moon that have been there unchanged since men first were able to examine the surface of that planet through their telescopes. How these markings got there is still very much of a mystery. They are described as "rays" and can be seen best when the moon is full. They are white lines radiating from a central point. There are several such central points and the systems of rays suggest that a shower of something came from the focal point and spread itself over a wide area.

These rays have nothing whatever to do with the recent radar experiments in which radio waves transmitted from the earth were reflected back from the moon. The radar waves were sent out on a narrow ray like a searchlight beam, but the rays on the moon were so called because each line radiates from a central point like the spokes in a wagon wheel. The moon "rays" do not move out into space, they stay fixed on the surface of the planet.

The moon rays seem to fit into a theory that they were produced by an atomic-energy explosion in the moon producing the equivalent of a volcanic explosion on the earth. This is part of the more general theory that earthquakes, volcanoes and other seismic disturbances on the earth are caused by atomic-energy activities within the earth, also that sun spots are similarly caused by such activity in the centre of the sun. The atomic-energy seismic theory was put forth cautiously some months ago. It brought no condemnation and a few expressions of agreement from scientists.

Top Secret Data

A geologist in the U.S. government service working entirely independently arrived at a similar conclusion about the same time. Military authorities, when they saw his report on atomic energy as a cause of geological phenomena, labelled it a top secret and deposited it in the vaults of the war department for protection.

The moon is covered with craters of all sizes. The small ones resemble volcanic craters on the earth. However, even the smallest crater visible on the moon—two to three miles in diameter—is larger than the largest volcanic crater on the earth.

Some of the craters on the moon have diameters of 150 miles and there are some dimly seen fossil remains of others several times larger. If all the craters on the moon were small not more than ten times larger than those on the earth, it would be easy to describe them as volcanic craters. If they were such, however, it would be expected that they would be surrounded by lava flows as are the volcanoes on earth.

If they are not volcano craters, then what caused them? The alternative theory is that they were caused by the impact of meteors striking the moon's surface. We have several such meteor craters on the earth, the most famous one in Arizona. During the war we became familiar with pictures of craters caused by bomb explosions. An area subjected to heavy bombing from the air presented a picture very much like the surface of the moon.

The final solution of the mystery of the moon's surface will probably indicate that the craters were formed in both ways—both by volcanic action and impact of meteors. The volcanic action on the moon, as well as on the earth, was probably caused by atomic-energy processes starting deep in the crust and working upward.

Craters with Rays

There are about ten craters on the moon surrounded by a definite system of rays, whereas the total number of craters is in the tens of thousands. The craters with rays were undoubtedly formed in some way that differed from the usual process.

It is possible that the ray craters were formed under freak circumstances—a rare combination, for example, of the normal atomic-energy volcanic action and a meteor impact. The meteor may have struck the moon at a point where an atomic-energy area was building up high pressures, punctured the surface and let a premature explosion take place.

This situation can be pictured if we imagine what would have happened in Mexico a few years ago if just before the newly-born Paracutin volcano erupted that particular spot had been hit by a giant meteor like the one that created the mile-wide crater in Arizona.

Meteor Plus Volcano

The volcano is being fed by a large underground area of molten rock highly charged with gases and steam, probably produced by minerals in the earth being set off in an atomic energy process. The molten rock melted a narrow chimney through the rocky crust of the earth through which the rock, gas and steam escaped. The vent was small and only a relatively small amount of material could get through and this encountered considerable resistance so that it had relatively little energy as it shot through the crater of the volcano.

If, however, the giant meteor struck this spot at just the right time, then a vent a mile in diameter would have been created through which the whole force of the underground compressed explosion could have been released.

The three principal ray craters on the moon are Tycho, Copernicus and Kepler, the former being by far the most prominent. Rays from Tycho can be traced across the entire diameter of the moon. The moon has a circumference of 6,800 miles, so material from the Tycho explosion was carried a distance of more than 3,000 miles. There is no air on the moon, so the molten rock comminuted to a fine dust could be blown to great distances without encountering resistance.

If the full moon is viewed with the eye or through binoculars so that the illusion of the "cow jumping over the moon" can be seen, the location of the three principal ray craters can be determined. The principal one, Tycho, is near the bottom edge of the moon under the mid-section of the cow so the animal looks as if she were being blown over the moon instead of jumping. The other two, Copernicus and Kepler, are located directly behind and slightly below the rump of the cow, which makes it appear if she were being helped over from this direction as well by an atomic-energy blast.

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Ireland Can Lay Claim to Coronation Stone

By DAVID ENGLAND

The Stone of Scone, used in the coronation of nearly every English king since it was taken from the Scots by Edward I, is a great deal older and more travelled than this fact suggests. Previous to this, the stone had been used at the coronation of Scottish monarchs since about the 6th century, and long before that had been set up on the Hill of Tara in Ireland and used as the "inauguration stone" of the Irish kings, it is believed, for about 800 years. Whether it was started on its journey thence by Pharaoh's daughter is quite another story.

THERE is no more famous historical object in the Empire than the ancient stone of Scone...or, as it is frequently known, the "Stone of Destiny". Its usual resting place is beneath the equally renowned Coronation Chair—which was built to contain it—in the Chapel of King Henry VII, Westminster Abbey.

During the war, however, it was secreted with other irreplaceable national treasures. Canada's public archives recently received from the Prime Minister a document of historic interest and value—the plan of the hiding-place of the stone. This plan was forwarded for safe keeping in the summer of 1940, and a short time back Mr. Mackenzie King inquired, through Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, whether the document might be allowed to remain in Canada. The Dean of Westminster concurred.

The Coronation Stone has an almost fabulous story. Edward I, warring against Scotland, seized this sacred treasure, and conveyed it to England. This led later, on the accession of James I, to the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy:

"If fates go right, where'er this stone is found,
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned."

Of course, long before England's kings were crowned upon this relic, it was used at the coronation of Scottish monarchs. In the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a picture of Alexander I (1107-1124) being crowned on it.

Early stories connected with the stone are intermixed with myth. Tradition declares it to be the very stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel (Genesis: "He took of the stones of that place, and used them for pillows.") Some years back an Afghan chief, Golba Shah, said: "The destiny of the British race and nation will be a glorious one. The English will rule the world, because no other nation will prevail against her people. They have the thing of priceless value—Jacob's Pillar—as a Coronation Stone, and that makes their destiny great."

Irish Link

The story of the stone is also linked with Irish history. "Inisfail" is a poetical name for that island, and is derived from "inis" meaning an island, and Lia-fail, the stone in question. The stone is in Irish legend, too, identified with the one upon which the patriarch slept when he dreamed of the heavenly ladder. The Lia-fail is reputed to have been carried by Jacob's countrymen to Egypt, whence it was taken by Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh and Cathelus, her husband, and son of the King of Athens, to Sicily or Spain. From Brigantia in Spain, says the legend, it was carried off by Simon Brech, son of Milo, the Scot, to Ireland.

On the sacred Hill of Tara in Co. Meath it was set up as the "inauguration stone" of the Irish kings. On it each monarch was placed, and if he was a true successor the stone was silent; if a pretender, it groaned aloud. Even if the stone does not date back to Jacob's time, some trace it to about 1700 B.C., and for about 800 years every successive King of Ulster is said to have been crowned upon it.

The stone was taken to Scotland about the middle of the 6th century when Murkertagh, an Irish Christian king, great-grandson of King Niall, forefather of the O'Neills, was reported to have presented it to the king of Dalriada, who took it to Dunstaffnage castle on the west coast of Scotland. There, in the castle vaults is shown the hole where it lay.

With the migration of the Scots eastward the stone was taken by Kenneth MacAlpin in the ninth century to Scone, near Perth, because "the last battle with the Picts was fought there." The stone was encased in a chair of wood and placed beside a cross on the east of the monastic cemetery. There the Kings of Scotland were placed by the Earls of Fife until Edward I captured the stone.

Resting Place

The Scots were much aggrieved, and made many attempts to have it restored. A special conference was held in the Tower of London between Edward III and David II of Scotland, (then held prisoner there) and an agreement was reached. No objection was raised to the return of the Scottish regalia, but when it was proposed to also give up the Stone of Destiny the whole nation became violently indignant, loudly insisting that the stone was theirs, and theirs it should remain. All London rose and levies marched to the Abbey, and defied the King's Commissioners to touch it. And there it has remained, except for brief periods, ever since.

Despite popular legends about the stone, the fact remains that its geological formation is that of the sandstone on the west coasts of Scotland, and the probabilities are that it is one of those ancient sacred stones which the Celtic people are known to have set up in many places. Whatever its history, there is a wonderful fascination about this roughly-carved object upon which is crowned the King of the world's greatest family of nations.

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Combined Ops Plan for Charity Campaigns

By RUTH HONDERICH

The only one of its kind in Canada, and confined to Greater Toronto, the Canadian Employee Chest was formed by employers and employees to overcome the bugbear of successive financial drives and campaigns.

Its membership, now numbering 50,000 and as high as 72,000 last July, has raised more than $1,860,000 for home and war charities since 1942. This amount has come from weekly contributions of earnings for 15 minutes work, an average of 15 cents a week.

EVERY Spring brings a parade of money raising campaigns. Despite their many and splendid individual merits, they do seem to almost vie with one another for the biggest chunk in Joe Public's purse. One follows right on the heels of the other until the late Fall.

For 50,000 Toronto employees, however, campaigns can come and go as they like. These employees do not bat an eye-lash or even reach for their purse. And let me say right here that among them are some of the most generous, and certainly the most consistent, givers to social welfare their city can boast.

They are the members of the Canadian Employee Chest, often confused in the public mind with the United Welfare Chest. This is quite understandable, for in reality the two are closely associated. Toronto's United Welfare Chest, with its 68 Red Feather agencies, is in fact one of the major organizations supported by the Canadian Employee Chest's members.

Although a somewhat similar plan is at present under discussion in Montreal, the Canadian Employee Chest is the only one of its kind in the Dominion. It was so named because of the hope of its founders that it would some day catch fire across the country. Its first and prime purpose is to enable its members to accept their responsibility in helping the less fortunate with the minimum of effort and inconvenience to themselves.

Started in Toronto

Misleading in its name, for it does not extend beyond greater Toronto, the Canadian Employee Chest was first formed by a group of employers and employees in the Spring of 1942 as a plan "to end all drives." Those who brought it into being set up the machinery to bring their objective about by enrolling members who would give each week to home and war charities their earnings for 15 minutes' work. Those paid by the week are asked to give one-half of one percent of their weekly salary. The average contribution has been 15 cents a week.

If, for instance, one of the shippers at Massey-Harris earns 80 cents an hour, he gives 20 cents a week. If a soda fountain clerk at Kresge's gets $20 per week, she gives 10 cents. Then the sum total of givings from all members is divided between the city's many and deserving welfare agencies.

"But where does the Canadian Employee Chest come in?" you may ask? "What is its cut before the money goes to the Salvation Army, the Red Cross or the Canadian National Institute for the Blind?" To answer the second question first, the Chest gets no "cut." The money is sent from each group of employees direct to the organization they wish to help. The Canadian Employee Chest exists to benefit the employee, his employer and the welfare agencies who pay for the maintenance of its office and staff of three.

The Chest plan is a load off the employee's mind in a variety of ways. And that brings to mind those dreaded subscription lists that go the rounds in so many companies whenever a financial campaign comes along. Jerry Miller looks at the list and sees that Sam Brown on the bench beside him has given five dollars. He'd like to give five dollars too, but his wife Susan has been ill this month and the doctor's bill is high. But what does Jerry do but give the five dollars anyway, for he does not want the fellows to think he is any worse off than they are.

Now in a company sponsoring the Canadian Employee Chest, this sort of thing could not happen. Whenever a welfare appeal comes along, employees who are Chest members need not as much as move their little finger. Contributions are made by their Chest committee from the money collected through their small, weekly givings. Their wives show Chest membership cards when canvassers call at the door and no further donations are asked. *The night before tag days they are entitled to free tags.*

One of the most interesting angles of the Chest set-up is the sound democratic principle on which it is based. Employees in each company decide among themselves how much is to go to each particular welfare agency. True, the Chest suggests what percentages might be given to each, but if the employees, say at Barker's Bread, agree to give the

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Salvation Army 15 per cent of their donations, and the suggested percentage is only 13, then 15 per cent is what the Army gets.

Since the Chest began operation, more than $1,860,000 has been contributed. Last year members, numbering as many as 72,000 in July, gave a total of $436,331 for home and war charities. The Canadian Red Cross topped the list of receiving agencies with $177,468. The United Welfare Chest netted $120,516 and the Salvation Army received $48,199. Close to $17,000 was shared among sundry charities such as the Hospital for Sick Children, the Health League and the Institute for the Blind. The remainder went to war charities and welfare projects within the 300 companies represented by Chest members. Only within the past year has the Canadian National Institute for the Blind become one of the major benefit-sharing agencies.

To the Toronto Branch of the Red Cross, this $177,468 is no small part of the $225,000 set aside for the building and furnishing of Sunnybrook Red Cross Lodge, alongside the new Sunnybrook military hospital. To the Salvation Army, their share meant more help for veterans and their families, homes for unfortunate girls, homeless children, the aged, the infirm and those in need of kind ministering. And to the United Welfare Chest, the givings of these thousands of employees meant help in extending its family and nursing services and the establishment of a fine youth services department.

In large and small companies alike, management's response to the Chest is just as enthusiastic as is their employees'. Many of Toronto's industrial leaders had an important part in its early organization and together with representatives of labor still serve on its governing committees on a voluntary basis. D. C. Betts is president and J. S. Vanderploeg and H. H. Rimmer were chairmen of committees in charge of the Chest's first membership campaign which ran from May 30 to June 8. S. A. Taylor is executive secretary.

Bells and Whistles

It was an employee in Mr. Vanderploeg's company, the Anaconda American Brass Limited, who brought to Toronto the idea that has since evolved into the Canadian Employee Chest. In his home town of Kenosha, Wisconsin, during the Great War, church bells would ring and factory whistles blow to announce when everybody in town would begin working for "the boys over there." At the end of half an hour, bells and whistles would tell that the time was up. Early in the war just past, this Kenosha man's suggestion that his Toronto employer do likewise was put into operation—minus the bells and whistles in case they sounded like air raid sirens. Then the idea spread.

Management has been glad to sponsor the Chest, and has been able to do so without making additions to clerical staff, in order to save valuable time formerly taken by meeting with canvassers and then letting them "hit up" the employees, one at a time, during working hours.

Says the Canada Life Assurance Company: "The staff feel that under the Chest plan all are pulling their weight and their money is being distributed in accordance with their own wishes."

Elroy Robson, president of the Toronto Labor Council, C.C.L., has this to say: "If the world is to recover its balance, we must in some small part become 'our brother's keeper'. Most of us desire to help, and the Canadian Employee Chest gives us the opportunity to do so."

As can easily be understood, the end of the war and the closing of war plants had reduced membership from the peak of 72,000 to present enrollment of 50,000. The recent drive was aimed, to some extent at least, at enrolling thousands of former members now absorbed in other industries. Recently a number of these ex-members asked Chest officials how they could join again. A lot of drives seemed to be on the way, they said, and they wanted to be rid of the bugbear of giving to each one.

Were the Government—and that's just us through taxation—to support all worthy social welfare work, what a wonderful thing that would be. But as long as the Government does not do so, or cannot be really effective because of red tape, what better way is there to spread a most necessary job among the greatest number of people than by the plan of the Canadian Employee Chest.

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h grac rch and peopled with wild life—all this in a lovely setting of 200
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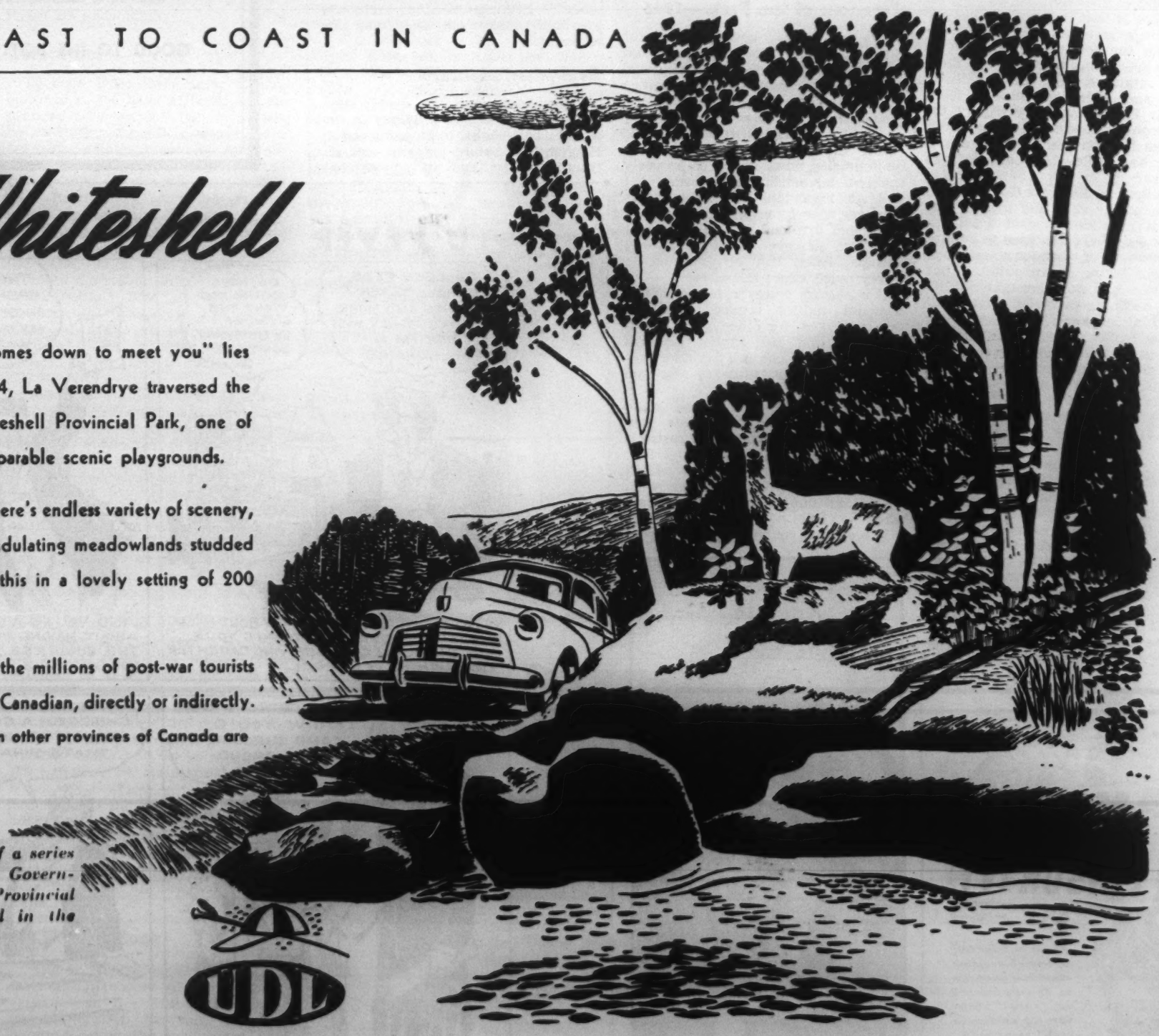

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LONDON LETTER

Remodelling of London's Railway Systems Would Take 30 Years

By P. O'D.

London.

LIKE so much else in London, the railway system has simply "growed up" bit by bit as the circumstances of the moment suggested. Various rival railway companies have dotted their stations wherever happened to be convenient for them, with very little thought, it seems, to the convenience of the public, and none whatever to the amenities. Certainly with no idea of cooperation with their rivals in the matter of through service.

As a result, the poor oppressed passenger is always having to get out at the most awkward places and, in case he is travelling on beyond London, is obliged to take himself and his belongings as best he can across the most crowded parts of the town to some station or other on the opposite side of the irregular ring of railway terminals. When, as very often happens, there is scant time to make the connection, such a struggle amid the flowing tides of traffic—and, worse still, the tides of traffic that refuse to flow—has all the protracted agony of a dream induced by a late lobster-supper. You want to scream and you can't.

Another result of this haphazard dropping of railway stations all over the place is that it forms an insuperable obstacle to any comprehensive plan for the new and better London people are hoping to build. All those dingy stations, all those railway yards and lines, all those hideous railway bridges which disfigure the river-front! How could anyone hope to make London the beautiful city it should be, while these are left as they are?

In February, 1944, the Government, in spite of the vast and urgent problems it then had to deal with, appointed a special committee to go into the question of London's railways and their better organization. That committee has now brought out its report, outlining proposals which call for nothing less than 30 years of work and the expenditure of £230,000,000. There is certainly nothing timid or small about the committee's ideas, but this is not the sort of problem that can be solved by whittling at it. It must be dealt with in a big way or not at all.

The plan calls for the linking of London's railways north and south of the Thames by 24 under-river tunnels, the abolition of a whole series of railway stations — including Charing Cross, the removal of the railway-bridges across the river, and also the one at Ludgate Circus which obstructs so lamentably the view of St. Paul's, and the direct linking up of main-line terminals. More than 100 miles of new tunnels in all!

In the view of the committee, "the scheme, large though it is, is the smallest that can be devised to serve both its purposes at once—that is, to relieve London's traffic necessities and also to make a substantial contribution to replanning." The present Government however may take a different view. It is in no way committed to the proposals, which are merely recommendations—the recommendations of experts who have worked long and hard on the scheme, but still only recommendations.

The plan is bold, comprehensive, and far-seeing. But can we afford it? Even a Socialist government that has certainly shown itself free-handed with the country's money may well hesitate, look at it longingly, and perhaps put it back on the shelf.

On the other hand, since the Government means to nationalize the railways, this might seem the sort of impressive gesture that would fill the public mind with a dazzling vision of the possibilities of State-ownership. Our rulers may decide to make it. Even if they don't, it is difficult to get really excited over something that is going to take 30 years to build. Besides, London has already waited quite a long time. This is a patient people.

Freedom of the Press—1946

You can't have newspapers without paper. Even Dr. Watson would probably regard this as elementary, but the Government seems unaware of the wider implications of the proposition. Supplies of newsprint are still severely restricted, with the result that newspapers are inadequate in size, news cannot be properly covered, advertising is crowded out and an important aid to business recovery thereby crippled, and newspapermen are out of work. As to this last, however, I suppose only newspapermen can be expected to worry much about it.

It is absurd, however, to see British national dailies reduced to four printed pages, for obviously a newspaper of that size cannot perform its proper functions and pay its way—which latter, I presume, is also one of its functions.

At their recent annual meeting the National Union of Journalists protested against the continued restriction of newsprint supplies. And that notable newspaper proprietor, Lord Beaverbrook, put the matter very neatly and pungently the other day, when he spoke of the four freedoms that had been conferred on the Press —freedom from competition, freedom from advertising revenue, freedom from newsprint, and freedom from enterprise.

These and other protests may finally do some good, but with all the paper the Government itself is using in its multitudinous and endless forms of all sorts, it is hard to see how there can be very much left for anyone else.

New Crystal Palace

Anatole France once said that we should strive to be original as little as possible and only if we can't help it. Two young Birmingham architects, consciously or unconsciously, took this precept to heart in their design for the new Crystal Palace; and now they have won the big prize over their 80-odd competitors—some of whose designs were very odd indeed.

One design, it seems, was in the form of a vast modern pyramid enclosing the whole space. It might have become a great London landmark, but the judges had to think chiefly of the comfort of the public. As Sir Kenneth Clark, who represented the Arts Council, said, the so-called "functional" buildings looked very nice but didn't function, while those on more ordinary lines didn't look so nice but did function.

They had hoped to get both, but when it came to a choice between lay-out and architectural beauty, the judges had been forced to choose lay-out. In a project for the entertainment of some 150,000 people daily, the convenience of the customers has naturally to come first. The new Crystal Palace is to cost £15,000,000, and will be built—Heaven only knows when! Fortunately the architects are both young men. They may live to see it.

Everyman's Library

Forty years ago Mr. J. M. Dent conceived the idea of a library of the world's best books, to be published in English in a handy, uniform, and attractive shape, and at a price that would bring them within the reach of almost everyone. He called it in fact the "Everyman's Library". There were to be 1,000 volumes.

It was his good fortune to find an almost ideal editor for the series in Ernest Rhys, who was not only a scholar and critic, but also a distinguished writer. Mr. Rhys has just died at the age of 87. He did not live to see the 1,000th volume come from the presses — the war prevented that — but he did live to receive general recognition for his immense contribution to the pleasure and education of the reading public.

Pre-War Pageantry Returns

Even in this grimly realistic age, when our thoughts turn to bread rather than banners, and housing rather than heraldry, there is something romantic and moving about such a service as was held in St. Paul's recently by the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The initials K.C.M.G. or even G.C.M.G. after the name of some eminent civil servant or brewer or oil magnate do not necessarily turn him into a picturesque and impressive figure. But when you see him with his brother knights and barons marching in procession, with their squires and banners and their saxe-blue mantles bearing the seven-rayed silver star—well, such ancient pageantry has its effect. It may be funny, but it is also superb.

Every year the Order holds this service in its special chapel in St. Paul's, where the banners of the senior knights hang under the gilded roof. But this was the first time since 1939 that it was held in full regalia. So we return to the Plantagenets.

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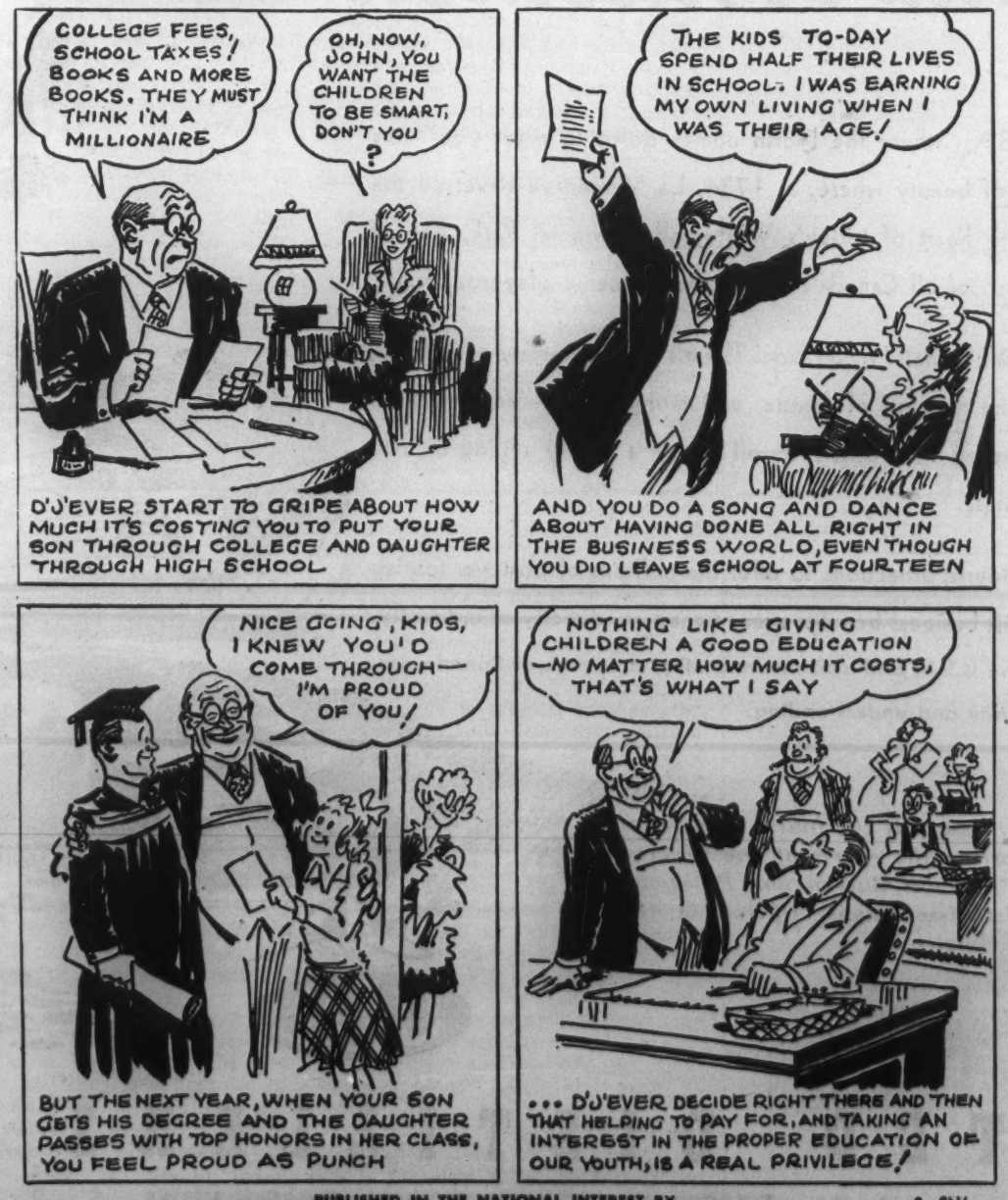
COLLEGE FEES, SCHOOL TAXES! BOOKS AND MORE BOOKS. THEY MUST THINK I'M A MILLIONAIRE
OH, NOW, JOHN, YOU WANT THE CHILDREN TO BE SMART, DON'T YOU?
D'J'EVER START TO GRIPE ABOUT HOW MUCH IT'S COSTING YOU TO PUT YOUR SON THROUGH COLLEGE AND DAUGHTER THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL
THE KIDS TO-DAY SPEND HALF THEIR LIVES IN SCHOOL. I WAS EARNING MY OWN LIVING WHEN I WAS THEIR AGE!
AND YOU DO A SONG AND DANCE ABOUT HAVING DONE ALL RIGHT IN THE BUSINESS WORLD, EVEN THOUGH YOU DID LEAVE SCHOOL AT FOURTEEN
NICE GOING, KIDS, I KNEW YOU'D COME THROUGH— I'M PROUD OF YOU!
BUT THE NEXT YEAR, WHEN YOUR SON GETS HIS DEGREE AND THE DAUGHTER PASSES WITH TOP HONORS IN HER CLASS, YOU FEEL PROUD AS PUNCH
NOTHING LIKE GIVING CHILDREN A GOOD EDUCATION —NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT COSTS, THAT'S WHAT I SAY
... D'J'EVER DECIDE RIGHT THERE AND THEN THAT HELPING TO PAY FOR, AND TAKING AN INTEREST IN THE PROPER EDUCATION OF OUR YOUTH, IS A REAL PRIVILEGE!

PUBLISHED IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST BY 6-6W

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

THE WEEK IN RADIO

Committee's Report on Radio May Bring Changes in Broadcasting

By JOHN L. WATSON

A GOOD deal of ink, and not a little vitriol, has been spilt by the chroniclers of the great wavelength battle. Both protagonists have stated their case and announced their determination to fight to a finish. There the matter rests. As things stand now, for us to add our two cents' worth would be neither useful nor entertaining. The question will be considered by the Parliamentary Committee which has already been appointed to investigate and report on the affairs of the C.B.C.

The findings and recommendations of this Committee, which we trust will investigate problems even more important than those of local wavelengths, should have a profound effect on the future of broadcasting in Canada. Having studied the list of members who will comprise the Committee, we have every reason to believe that an honest and forthright report will be submitted and it is to be hoped that its recommendations will be debated in the House and that Parliament will review the Broadcasting Act in the light of the Committee's findings.

Precisely what the scope of this Committee will be is not yet entirely clear, but surely its primary task should be to report to Parliament the opinions of the public regarding the operations of their publicly owned broadcasting system.

Most people have very decided opinions, pro and con, about the C.B.C., but all too few seem to have taken into consideration all the curious factors which must determine the nature of broadcasting in Canada. Unless this writer is very much mistaken, what most Canadians want is a radio system like that of the United States but with a distinctly Canadian flavor. However, our peculiar geographical position, our immense area and our small population put us at a decided disadvantage. The United States, with a population of 130 million, is able to maintain four major radio networks, all of them producing the best kind of programs, both sponsored and sustaining — at no direct cost to the public. In Canada, with our greater area and smaller population it is doubtful if even one national broadcasting system could be maintained solely by advertising revenues without public assistance. On the other hand, there is very little danger that the competitive element will be eliminated from Canadian broadcasting as it has in England. The B.B.C. has just had to raise the radio license fee another ten shillings in order to continue its services to 40 million people living in an area the size of Southern Ontario. To operate an entirely non-commercial broadcasting system in Canada would require an annual fee from radio owners which would rival the income tax in the immensity of its proportions.

Compromise

To cope with these unusual circumstances we have effected a compromise between the two extremes, by instituting a publicly owned radio network whose revenues are obtained both from advertising and from public subscription and whose dual function is to broadcast the best American and Canadian sponsored programs; and to employ the funds acquired therefrom to raise the standards of radio production, to promote Canadian talent and Canadian culture both at home and abroad and to increase the importance of radio as an educational medium. This, whether we like it or not, is the *raison d'être* of the C.B.C.

How well is the C.B.C. fulfilling its function? We've heard very little criticism of its sponsored programs, but then sponsored programs have to be popular or they're of no value to the people who foot the bill. But what about the "sustainers"—those programs which need fear no competition and on which so much money is spent? What about shows like "Stage 46" which are supposed to represent the apex of Canadian radio drama and turn out to be the laughing-stock of the air? We have no axe to grind in this column. We are neither pro- nor anti- C.B.C., but out modest researches among radio listeners in this particular neck of the woods lead us to believe that the C.B.C. is not yet the be-all and end-all of broadcasting, in the eyes of those patient people who go on paying two and a half bucks a year for the privilege of maintaining it. It is not our business to tell the C.B.C. how to do its job, but it *is* the C.B.C.'s business to find out how the Canadian public feels about the way that job is presently being done. Perhaps the report of the Parliamentary Committee will furnish some useful hints.

B.B.C. Year-Book

"The B. B. C. Year-Book, 1946," a fascinating account of the wartime activities of the British Broadcasting Corporation, has come into our hands through the kindness of the Corporation's Canadian representative This compact little book (p. 150) reviews the recent history of the B.B.C. in considerable detail, offers a great deal of factual information as well as articles by qualified critics on various phases of broadcasting. The most interesting chapters are those which deal with the B.B.C. in uniform, especially the accounts of the military monitoring service and the construction of the Clifton Rocks Tunnel.

The B.B.C. television service, which signed off on September 1, 1939, due to circumstances beyond its control, will resume its normal schedule of visual broadcasts from 3 to 4 p.m. and from 8.30 to 10 p.m. daily. Commercial demonstration films will be televised each weekday morning from 11 to 12. The big television treat of the year will be the broadcast of the Victory Parade on June 8, when microphones and cameras will be set up along the route and outside Buckingham Palace. All of which can only be of academic interest to most of us unless we are (a) moving to the U.K., and (b) in possession of pre-war television sets.

B.B.C. Model Programs?

It would not be surprising if officials of the B.B.C. were a trifle taken aback by a rather unkind reference we made to the Corporation in our last article, when we suggested that the introduction of a broadcasting system in Canada whose programs were modelled on those of the B.B.C. would be a misfortune of the first magnitude.

This remark might have caused some of our readers to suspect that we are thumbs down on the B.B.C. and all its works — than which nothing could be further from the truth. We have the greatest respect for the B.B.C. and the service it performs for its British audience. We are convinced that the British people have a far greater degree of admiration and affection for the B.B.C. than we Canadians have for the C.B.C. And none of us is likely to forget how, all through the war years, the words "This is London calling. . ." helped keep the small, bright flame of hope alive in the hearts of Europe's conquered millions.

Nonetheless, to come back to earth, we *are* thumbs down on the idea of imposing a B.B.C. technique on the Canadian temperament. Having spent most of the last three years within range of the B.B.C., in company with other Canadians of all classes, and having observed with interest the reactions of our compatriots to the B.B.C. programs, we know whereof we speak. The general consensus among those representative Canadians was that one man's meat may very well be another's N.A.A.F.I. sausage; that the B.B.C. programs, though well produced and presented, were not quite up our alley.

More American

When it comes to radio entertainment, we Canadians are rather more American than English in our tastes and preferences. This may or may not be a good thing but it is a fact that our broadcasters cannot afford to ignore. For this reason we insist that our radio networks must look south for their inspiration rather than try to pattern their programs after those of their British counterpart — unless, of course, we can develop a genuinely Canadian technique, which would be very nice indeed.

Ace Program

The C.B.C. Concert Hour has been given a shot in the arm and promises to become one of the best programs of its kind on the air. The May 24 program which presented the Nazzi family, father and daughter, oboist and flautist respectively, was a minor musical triumph. On June 7, Walter Schmolka, the fine Czech baritone, was guest artist. Alexander Brott again conducted.

According to the C.B.C. (Vancouver) Program Schedule, Dr. R. H. Wright's "Science in War" broadcast of May 24 explained "The actual production of the (atomic) bomb." Unfortunately we missed the program but we trust that Colonel Zabotin and his staff were listening in with pencils and notebooks at the ready.

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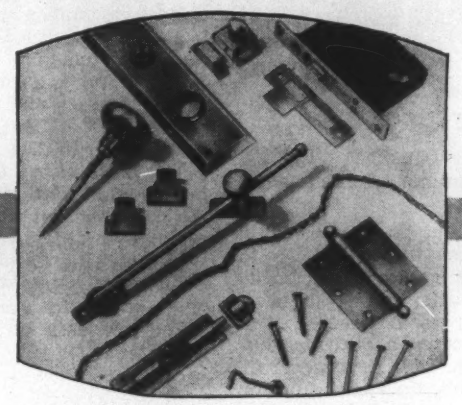

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Poet of Casual Speech Sings The Mystery of Englishmen

JOHN ENGLISHMAN, An Appreciation of the Ordinary, Practical-minded, Everyday Englishman, With Something of an Exposition of his Views and Character. By W. G. Hole. (Macmillans, $2.00.)

HERE is a poem, metrical but not in a studied regularity, unrhymed, "unstanzaed", informal, even colloquial, but every now and then breaking into rich music such as "for that providential surround of insubordinate seas," or "schooners and brigantines, white, soaring loveliness from rail to truck," or "Fresh and vigorous as are the tutelary seas, tossing and sparkling at its thousand gates."

And although serious, as any rhythmic expression of emotion must be, the appearance of the poem is casual, quietly humorous, even as an individual Englishman is by native intuition, cherishing bland understatement of tremendous facts and passions. On the whole a notable performance.

•

Suffering Greece

SHADOW OVER ATHENS, 77 drawings by Phokion Demetriades. (Oxford, $3.50.)

THIS quarto of sepia-and-white wash drawings will convey more to the mind than a thousand books concerning the utter ruthlessness of German conquerors in Greece. The drawings have often a macabre humor underlying the fierceness of hatred intensifying the natural power of the artist.

•

The Atlantic Bastion

NEWFOUNDLAND; ECONOMIC, DIPLOMATIC AND STRATEGIC STUDIES, Edited by R. A. MacKay. (Oxford, $7.50.)

FIVE years ago the Royal Institute of International Affairs appointed a Supervisory Committee on Newfoundland Studies. The war had suddenly altered in almost every respect the oldest of the British colonies. From being remote it was suddenly on the front street of the world. To use another figure, it had become the keeper of the seas, an advance post for aerial warfare, equally useful for the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Its experience under self-government had been unfortunate. Faced with bankruptcy in 1933 the government surrendered its powers to a commission appointed by Great Britain which took responsibility for recurring deficits and sought as far as possible to effect a better-balanced economy.

This bulky volume is written by six eminent and careful men. The Editor is Professor of Government and Political Science at Dalhousie University. S. A. Saunders is the author of "Studies in the Economy of the Maritime Provinces." A. M. Fraser is Professor of History and Economics of St. John's, Nfld. Gerald S. Graham is Associate Professor of History at Queen's A.R.M. Lower is Professor of History at United College, Winnipeg, and G. S. Watts is from the Research Department of the Bank of Canada.

The result is a complete picture of the difficulties and even emergencies which face the 300,000 people along six thousand miles of rocky coast.

The Supervisory Committee makes no recommendations, and is particular to point out that each writer's opinions are his own. Its whole duty was to get facts and print them. The result is a volume of reference which must be of the greatest importance to all students of international affairs.

•

Triangular Fins

TIGERS OF THE SEA, by Charles G. Muller and Horace S. Mazet. (Ryerson, $2.50)

THERE'S enough ground and lofty ichthyology in this fine boys' book to satisfy the most exacting of biology professors. Yet it is presented in the guise of adventure at sea. (In like manner castor oil is administered to the patient in orange-juice.)

Sam Bradman's father is the owner of a shark-fishery company operating with stations ashore. His chief captain believes that a larger catch is possible by a floating station, following the sharks to their feeding areas, and he gets permission to make the experiment. Sam and an undergraduate friend from Cornell University are taken on the cruise and see everything—even the marvel of catching 407 giants in five days.

And then follows the expedition to Cocus Island in the Pacific to get the biggest shark that swims. This is surely the ablest boys' book of the season.

•

Lanny Budd Again

A WORLD TO WIN, a novel, by Upton Sinclair. (Macmillans, $3.25.)

IT IS not improbable that an earnest reader of Upton Sinclair's novels on the international scene will have a closer understanding of the war and its multiple causes than he might get from the history books. Lanny Budd, art connoisseur and sales agent, son of an American maker of war munitions, outwardly fascist but inwardly revolutionary, intimate acquaintance of the top Nazis and undercover agent of President Roosevelt is a character beyond all reasonable belief, yet the cunning of his creator is so great that he compels your belief in him.

In this latest chronicle of Lanny's personal and political adventures, he is circulating among the men of Vichy, is the guest of Laval and talks with Petain. Almost immediately he is among the appeasing-minority in Great Britain, and then is in the United States hearing the plans of the Roosevelt-haters, enjoying the hospitality of W. R. Hearst, Marion Davies and Louella Parsons, conferring with the President in his White House bed-room, going to Russia and to China.

When one remembers the complete dossier the Germans had of the humblest member of the R.C.A.F. the assumption that Lanny Budd could conceal his part in the Spanish revolution is too much.

Nevertheless the detailed knowledge of the author concerning every important figure he describes, whether in Europe or in the United States, commands the reader's interest, and the mellow surety of the architecture and the English of the story are a delight.

Mr. Sinclair's dissection of motives among millionaires of all nations is cold but furious.

The Last Phase

WAR REPORT, A Record Of Dispatches Broadcast By The B. B. C. War Correspondents With The Allied Expeditionary Force, 6 June 1944—5 May, 1945. (Oxford, $3.15.)

WORD-of-mouth reporting certainly is more vivid—and ephemeral—than the work of a news-writer. In four years the men of the B.B.C. learned by doing, and coming to the climax of the struggle, delivered a running story that brought every civilian listener personally into the battle-lines. For the most part the correspondents made disc recordings in the field, in slit trenches, in the lee of a stone wall, in slashing rain, and these were "played-back".

Reading these records, in the light of the explanatory introduction, one can feel again the excitement of those tremendous last days.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Vivid Tale of the Gold-Seekers in the B.C. Mountain Land

THE CARIBOO ROAD, a novel, by Alan Sullivan. (Nelson's, $3.00)

LOOKING up from the west side of the Fraser River gorge the comfortable traveller sees on the side of the east cliff a continuing scratch that might be a goat-track. It is something much more important; a section of the Cariboo Road first blasted out and buttressed by a corps of Royal Engineers who had come from England around the Horn to Victoria some eighty years ago.

Nowadays, of course, the Cariboo is a modern highway going from here-to-ever-so-much-yonder in asphalted pride. Once it was much more modest and rugged. And before it had even begun there was a more difficult trail travelled by thousands of adventurers in search of gold.

This tale follows Dan Bowers, his wife and daughter from San Francisco to the land of hope and disappointment, introduces a high-minded gambler in silk underwear, a bandit, a comic undertaker, a young Englishman, two "hunkies" or dancing girls and Judge Begbie. This last was a personage in his day; a real figure, who kept the Queen's peace while still holding the respect of everyone. If the wild custom of the American gold fields was not followed in British territory Begbie set the pattern which was followed in later years by the Mounted Police.

History wrapped up in popular fiction seems to stick in the mind. Mr. Sullivan is more than a story-teller; he is an engineer and geologist. So he lays before the reader the technique of placer-mining in dry and buried stream-beds. Also he is a nature-lover and paints the seasons in this Canadian mountain land with satisfaction to himself and with pleasure to his readers.

•

What Brazilians Said

CANADIAN ART IN BRAZIL, Press Review. (Ministry of Commerce, Ottawa. n.p.)

AN impressive exhibition of Canadian Art was opened in Rio de Janeiro on November 25, 1944, and later shown in Sao Paulo. It was organized, with the aid of the Department of External Affairs and the Minister of Commerce, by the National Gallery, the Quebec Provincial Government, the Toronto Art Gallery, the Montreal Art Association, *L'Ecole du Meuble* of Montreal and many individual artists. Altogether there were 190 originals by 75 Canadian painters, 22 silk-screen prints and a collection of handicraft and folk-art.

Mr. Jean Désy, Canadian Ambassador to Brazil became, in a measure, the impresario of the show and his generous energy contributed not a little to the bringing of over 50,000 visitors to the galleries. The newspapers gave large space to the exhibition, and in this booklet of over 300 pages the criticisms are reproduced in English and in French. They make proud reading for all Canadians interested in artistic affairs.

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Vox Humana Concerto

A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS, by Gene Fowler. (Macmillans, $4.00.)

HAVING seen everything at high speed, by the light of a candle burning at both ends, the author of this book "goes autobiographical" at 56, an age at which most people are just beginning to find themselves. It is the nature of the hard-boiled to have an extremely soft-boiled streak running through them; as if a footpad after taking a man's wallet—with sufficient violence—should suddenly think of the 'cellos in Schubert's "Unfinished" and burst into tears.

Gene Fowler has enough ability to set up three or four writers with a complete stock-in-trade. He has power and drive, an appreciation of the dramatic in commonplace events, a photographic observation, a well-spring of humor and satire, originality of expression. Over against these high merits is the "sob-sister" complex.

His biography of John Barrymore "Good Night, Sweet Prince" had the effect of a fine overture for the organ—with the *vox humana* stop continuously in use. And that same may be said of this book, which nevertheless is of consuming interest.

Gene's father, a shy man, was so dominated by his mother-in-law that he walked out of the house a month before the child was born, lived a hermit-life in the Colorado mountains for thirty years, but kept tab on his son's career and finally met him in New York. The mother, after the divorce married again; this time to a salesman and promoter, loud-talking and effusive. She herself was a complete feminine "romantic", with a pet name "Dodie"; of similar type to "Dora" in "David Copperfield." The boy stayed only one day at his step-father's house and returned to his grandmother, whose Puritan ways were intensified as she considered her husband, a no-luck prospector.

The dreamy life of the growing lad is admirably described. And while he read everything he could get his hands on his formal schooling was nothing to boast about. How he got to College and stayed there with no funds to speak of is rather a mystery, and the picture of the Professor of Journalism who practised the piccolo in the cemetery—secure from interruption—is a delight. Paul Whiteman's father who taught music in the Denver schools is a blazing figure; only one of a score of striking personalities which the author brings to vivid life.

A famous old-timer named Captain Frederick Marryat once wrote a book entitled "Japhet in Search of a Father." The same title might have served for this story.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

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Your Trade Commissioners are stationed in 26 countries, and their job is to help Canadian firms sell our goods abroad . . . or buy goods we need from other countries. This Foreign Trade Service of the Department has head offices in Ottawa, where complete information is available to every Canadian business that buys or sells merchandise abroad.

But after all, their success depends largely on everybody doing his or her part to keep Canada's foreign customers satisfied in their dealings with us.

1 Down in Mexico Senor Sanchez needed a new market for his peanuts so . . .

2 He called on the Canadian Trade Commissioner at Mexico City, who informed . . .

3 The Foreign Trade Service at Ottawa, whose Import Division contacted . . .

4 Wholesale food brokers in several Canadian cities, and after a while . . .

5 Housewives all over Canada were glad to get the peanuts . . .

6 So the Mexicans now had extra dollars to buy Canadian goods . . .

7 A Canadian machinery manufacturer looked for new buyers . . .

8 So he got in touch with the Foreign Trade Service at Ottawa . . .

9 Who, with the help of the Trade Commissioner, found him a buyer in Mexico for his machinery . . .

10 But he needed protection against the credit risks and money to finance the big order . . . so he insured the deal with the Government's Export Credits Insurance Corporation . . .

11 The bank then readily loaned him the money . . .

12 And many men had paying jobs in his factory, making machinery for Mexico . . .

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MUSIC AND THEATRE

London Little Theatre Gay Revue Ends Season in New Playhouse

By JOHN H. YOCOM

FOR four nights the London Little Theatre, famous for the largest membership in the world (over 7,000), forgot serious "drawhma" and had 135 minutes of professional end-of-the-season fun.

In the 40-year-old Grand Theatre, which the organization purchased one year ago, the L.L.T. last week presented a gay musical revue, commissioned by the Kiwanis Club. Built by Toronto's unsolved-mystery-man Ambrose Small, the theatre is said to have the largest stage in Canada and is gradually being made over into a modern playhouse not even second to the Pasadena Community.

But L.L.T.'s success lies more in the efficient and enthusiastic body of directors, executives, amateur performers and London citizenry, who seem to have a combined King Midas - David Garrick - Flo Ziegfeld formula.

Elaborate production numbers filled with frequently brilliant choreography, lively vocal and instrumental music, sketches and black-outs, with punchlines often more routine than original, gave the city four final nights of rollicking entertainment. With Rockettes-like precision, the corps de ballet, carefully coached by ballet instructor Bernice Harper, danced to the greatest ovation. Eddie Leigh with his female impersonation—in effect, Leigh doing Danny Kaye imitating Cass Daley in a schizophrenic lapse—is good enough for Broadway or Hollywood right now, if his other acts are as clever. Best singing was by four collegiate lads. Their tricky harmonies in gay nineties and cowboy songs were worthy of a network variety show. If you like George Formby, you would have liked George Morton, who wasn't trying to imitate Formby when he sang original ditties.

Questions

We questioned: (a) the authenticity of red Indians in the Minnetonka pow-wow doing slick adagios; (b) the program balance with a weaker and shorter second half; (c) the reason for a crinoline days number as a closer; (d) the lack of strings—at least a trio of violins—for the soft accompaniments and in the David Rose waltz, in an otherwise excellent band, directed by Johnny Downs; (e) the minstrel show.

But no one could question the zippy production pace and rapid delivery of separate numbers that producer Kenneth Baskette, New York drama-trained and L.L.T. veteran, underscored in the show. He is full-time business manager of the theatre.

Any day now Baskette will hike to New York, there pick up plays for next year for London amateurs. He is planning on getting six, including lately or currently popular Broadway shows (perhaps "The Corn Is Green"). Others will be experimental in type and two comedies. There are 13 directors among the 1,000 members who are active in production. Three of the directors—Margaret Glass, Shirley Hare and Blanch Tancock—are professionally trained. Six of them will get a chance next year. For six nights each this past season, L.L.T. did "Call It A Day", "My Sister Eileen", "Our Town", "Blithe Spirit", "Uncle Harry", and a few weeks ago "You Can't Take It With You". S.R.O. signs were put out for nearly all 36 performances.

Doris Isard as ghostly wife No. 1. in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" at London Little Theatre this season.

Festival Host

But the London Little Theatre is more than a "little" theatre. Last month it was host to the revived Western Ontario Drama Festival. Hamilton's Players Guild won with "Helena's Husband" and Ann Board's directing. Good sport Londoners were in second place with Saroyan's "People with Light Coming out of Them", produced by Mary Askwith and John Sullivan, and won the best male performance.

The L.L.T. executive also is booking in legitimate stage companies (plays and ballets) and out-of-town artists for next season.

One year ago the organization bought the old Grand Theatre from Famous Players for $35,000 with donations from the membership and interested citizens. Five public-spirited angels loaned $15,000 for part of the down payment. A building fund is fast accumulating from subscriptions and operating profits to repay that loan. Now it is only a matter of time until the amateur actors-impresarios have completely redecorated the substantial theatre which Ambrose Small looked upon as his pet after he built it. The institution is as robust financially as it is in acting and directing talent. Local experts in finance, acting as trustees and directors, worry over and take pride in L.L.T. as much as they do their own companies. For example, F. N. Phelps, president of the theatre and executive of a wholesale grocery company, contributes both acting ability and business know-how. W. Lockwood Miller, general manager of an insurance company, is no actor but helps steer financial policy. Smart budgeting has been the key to its business success. (Even production costs for one of the group's plays include a week's rental for its own building.) Plans call for eight rehearsal rooms, a restaurant, and an enlarged Green Room—a drama workshop where tyro actors cut their stage teeth or veterans perform experimentally.

The L.L.T. was born when five little drama groups amalgamated a dozen years ago. Movie-actor Alexander "Wilson" Knox belonged to the Halfway House Little Theatre, one of the old five. Dr. H. Alan Skinner, a member of the medical faculty at the university and now a production spark-plug in the L.L.T., came from another old group. In 1936 the London players won the Dominion Drama Festival with their performance of "Twenty-five Cents", written by Col. W. Eric Harris, now on the board of directors.

Scene from London Little Theatre's version of "Our Town." President of the theatre, F. N. Phelps, as the doctor, and Ruth White as his wife.

Drama students at the University of Western Ontario will appreciate the theatre's facilities for six weeks this summer. Course director will be Norris Houghton, associate editor of *Theatre Arts* and a director of Theatre Incorporated. At the end of the session a play, Middleton's "The Changeling", will be produced. For the rest of the year the L.L.T. maintains a loose affiliation with the university through the London Conservatory of Music.

Commencing the last of September, the Little Theatre microphone group will do a weekly half-hour radio drama over CFPL. Mystery scripts based on local folk lore are now being prepared by Orlo Miller.

The coming season promises to be

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INDUSTRY

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This is one of a series of announcements regarding the activities of the Association, contributed by GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED

a busy one for both London performers and audiences. Every house will be a sell-out because of paid-in-advance subscriptions. Certainly it won't be any busier for L.L.T. people than during the war years, when they managed to put on six annual shows, each for six nights, as well as carrying variety camp shows hither and yon—300 performances to over 300,000 Canadian servicemen. The unit also raised $40,000 for war charities.

The L.L.T. is one of the rare cases when we can correctly use that dangerous word "unique".

Haydn and Dame

It is a pleasure to report that with its fourth Prom concert the orchestra seems to have hit its best pace and a new high in achievement for this season. Led by Dr. Frieder Weissmann, internationally known conductor, the orchestra played Haydn's Symphony No. 2 with style and sterling musicianship. The violins worked the best they have at any time in the last four weeks, especially in the lovely third movement. Only serious let-downs orchestrally were some ragged passages near the evening's close in the bold syncopations of Borodin's Polovetzian Dances.

Donald Dame, handsome Met tenor and star of a headache tablet radio show, is a natural for a Prom concert. His humorous songs (the Monty Woolley character song called "The Complete Misanthrope", "Good Ale" with progressive inebriation verse by verse), light romantic ballads ("Yours Is My Heart Alone", "I Thought I Heard You Singing"), and his arias ("Il mio tesoro" from "Don Giovanni", "O Paradiso" from "L'Africano", "Le Rêve" from "Manon") gave the audience everything they wanted. Dame possesses a clear, brilliant tenor voice, powerful enough to cut through even the occasionally loud accompaniment by the orchestra without sacrificing tone. But best of all, he has an engaging personality, passes out smiles and wisecracks. The audience loved it.

Week after week throughout the year one reads in programs and in reviews of "Leo Barkin at the piano", until he is almost taken for granted. As an accompanist, Mr. Barkin is superb. What he does for guest-artists is a major contribution to every program. His rich accompaniments always show a master-hand.

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THE FILM PARADE

The Screen's Fancy Ministering Now to the Mind Diseased

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

CRIMINALS and lunatics flourished on the screen during the week, and by the time I had finished making the rounds of "Shock", "The Blue Dahlia" and "The Spiral Staircase" I was almost ready to settle for a nice folksy study of the well-adjusted Hardy Family.

The popularity of these recent screen studies in abnormal psychology is one of the oddities of our unsettled times. Maybe we all feel that our reason is none too secure and so are morbidly drawn to these glimpses of the snake-pit. What we see, however, isn't likely to be much comfort. For one brilliant case of screen-therapy—for instance, psychiatrist Ingrid Bergmann's successful job on patient Gregory Peck in "Spellbound"—there are at least half-a-dozen demonstrations of fumbling or flat failure.

In "Madonna of the Seven Moons", for example, the heroine's personality was so cleanly split that all the best specialists, working over a period of twenty years, couldn't put it together again. The heroine of "The Seventh Veil" recovers from her state of catalepsy, thanks to injections of scopolamine, but with her judgment so badly impaired that she marries the man who got her into the fix in the first place. The hero of "The Lost Weekend" is clearly beyond the help of psychiatry right from the start. The therapists are able to do very little for psycho-neurotic William Bendix in "The Blue Dahlia", beyond fixing him up with a silver plate in his skull, which leaves him as wacky as ever. And "Shock" is a hair-raising demonstration that about the worst thing that can happen a sufferer from mental upset is to fall into the hands of a high-class psychiatrist.

Considerable Tangle

The psychiatrist in "Shock" (Vincent Price) is, to be sure, a rather special case. He is in love with a nurse-therapist (Lynn Bari) and to clear the way for their union he murders his wife with a candlestick. Unfortunately a young woman catches a glimpse of these goings-on from a hotel window; and since she is in a state of hyper-tension already—she is expecting her husband back from the wars any minute—she falls straight into a trance of shock. The psychiatrist is summoned to bring her round; and when he realizes she has been the witness to his misdeed he decides to drive her crazy using all his learned resources to that end. It's probably a comment on the fecklessness of screen psychiatry that the most up-to-date methods can no more wreck a mind than cure it. The victim's reason survives treatment by scopolamine, morphine, hypnotic suggestion and insulin shock, and the psychologist is just about to administer a bumper dose of insulin when rescue arrives, and he turns and strangles the wicked nurse instead, largely, it would seem, in response to audience demand.

A Bit More Brisk

The heroine of "The Spiral Staircase" (Dorothy McGuire) is also a sufferer from mental shock. The action here however takes place at the turn of the century, when specialists were just old-fashioned nervemen, and no more use to a beautiful girl stricken dumb by nervous shock than a modern screen-psychiatrist. The film is rampant with abnormal psychology however, and the modern student can have a fine time fitting case-histories to behavior patterns. Both films are good grim thrillers of their kind. "The Spiral Staircase" is better than "Shock" however—possibly because it goes about its business of murder and terror briskly and doesn't waste time with classroom expositions about how the victim and the murderer got that way.

"The Blue Dahlia" exploits to the full the personalities of those two beautiful deadpans, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. It is based on a Raymond Chandler story, which means that it is very, very tough and moves extremely fast. It doesn't however move fast enough to keep ahead of skepticism on one or two points. For example, William Bendix's demonstration that he can extinguish a lighted match with a revolver, doesn't prove anything — least of all that he didn't shoot Doris Dowling — though it seemed to satisfy the detectives.

Veronica Lake's behavior seemed a little peculiar too. She appeared to have retained some faint womanly regard for her scoundrelly husband (Howard da Sylva), but this doesn't prevent her from falling into Alan Ladd's arms not long after he has shot Mr. da Sylva in the stomach. I dare say I'm being over-fastidious on this point however, and besides I may have been mistaken about the heroine's feelings. In Veronica Lake's style of interpretation, regard and repugnance are separated by no more than the flicker of an eyelid, and you have to watch pretty closely to tell which is which.

In other respects, "The Blue Dahlia" is the kind of thing Hollywood does best — dehumanized drama of the underworld and half-world, in which every element, including the stylized acting, is subordinated to pace, violence and menacing camera-work.

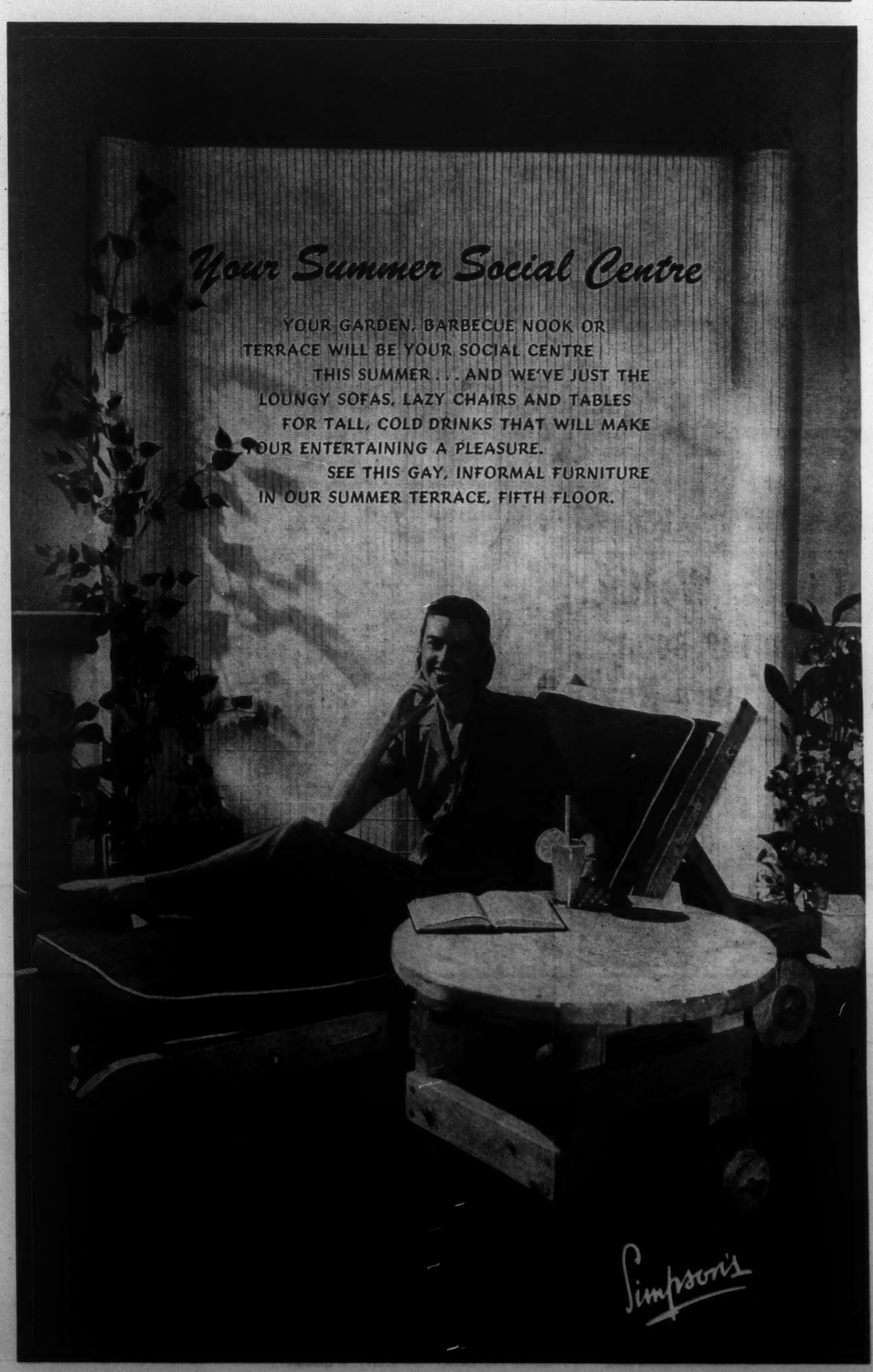
SWIFT REVIEW

SO GOES MY LOVE. The domestic-comedy side of the life of Inventor Hiram Maxim. Fairly amusing, but with some sticky moments towards the end. Don Ameche, Myrna Loy.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946. An extravagant vaudeville program, in technicolor and bigger than all outdoors; chiefly notable for three fine Astaire numbers.

ADVENTURE. Clark Gable and Greer Garson in a feverish and rather foolish comedy-romance about a seaman and a public librarian.

Patricia Travers, young violinist who appears as guest-artist at next Tuesday's Prom Symphony Concert.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THE WORLD OVER

WORLD OF WOMEN

Fashion Is not Home Brew but a Potent Manhattan Cocktail

By LIZ GAIRDNER

FIFTEEN fashion-hungry Canadian women raised their attentive eyes to the chic New York commentator who was guest of honor at a Toronto press lunch. They took in her handsome black suit and beige straw bonnet with a glycerined ostrich tail at the peak. They watched her finger a jewelled clip close to her neckline.

"As you probably know," the New York expert commented cozily, "we're not wearing our lapel pins smack in the centre of our lapels this season, but instead," she smiled charmingly, "close to our throats."

Immediately, fifteen pairs of hands reached for fifteen lapel centres and fifteen jewelled clips were hiked farther up.

Blind as it sounds, this is a run-of-the-mill Canadian reaction to a New York dress authority's hot tip. Despite the fact that the business of women's fashions—exclusive of corsets, stockings and furs — is the fourth largest industry in Canada today, its inspiration is plainly not home brew. Whether she lives in Montreal, Kirkland Lake or Calgary, the average Canadian woman's regard for New York or Paris dictates consistently governs her choice of wardrobe replenishments. Canadian designers stride ahead but the high monkey-monk in the garment trade on this continent is still Manhattan and the little woman is the original fall guy.

Fashion's Jargon

She gets word of new twists in fashions in several ways. One, she takes a good look at her best-dressed neighbors. Two, she buys tickets for local fashion shows. And three, she reads her costume commandments regularly in that group of high fashion magazines which litter the tables in all thriving beauty salons.

Practically any issue of these stuns the average Canadian man. Either he roars with incredulous fury or he laughs himself sick.

"It's decadent, that's what it is," screamed one husband.

"Darling," tittered another, "*What* is a 'significant' blouse?" His wife shrugged her shoulders and he read on blissfully. "This spring," he exulted, "you'll wrap yourself smooth as a quiet dove into a grey ensemble."

This is the vocabulary of fashion and it's one more worm on the bait. It must have conversational punch as well as eye-interest. Almost as soon as the ink is dry on the printed phrase which describes a new style trend lady snoops will be mouthing it at trade gatherings. By the next issue, it's a *cliché.*

"In this racket," groans a copywriter, "anything goes."

That can include perspective.

In the copyroom of a leading women's wear magazine a young copywriter gazed at a jewelled bauble lying on her desk and racked her brain fretfully. What was the magic line that would shoot this necklace into top rating? At five o'clock it hit her. "Around your throat," she typed ecstatically, "a silver length of chain hangs like a fly in amber."

The current fashion jargon is very subtle stuff. On the distaff side, "tender" is the word for it. You sashay down to the local mart and try on gentle suits, soft dresses, tender hats. If your man is with you he'll note sourly that the crazed copywriter has been sweating blood in his field — though on a brisker level. The hat with a line like a trout fly, for instance, is a best-seller.

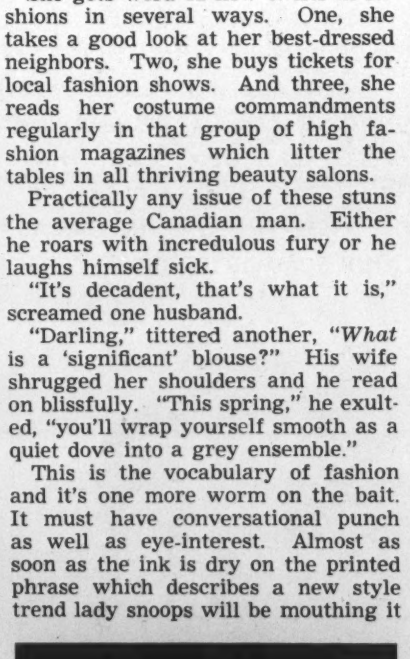
Our own fashion gesture was to take ourselves down to Fifth Avenue to see what the jazz was all about, and accordingly we confidently sketch for our readers a significant fashion picture which—if you'll pardon our trade terms—is light as meringue, basic as beans, beguiling as a blush.

Most things in the New York Couture (i.e. Imported Jargon for Fashion Scene) are Startling Originals. Sharp, deft precision tailoring is old-hat. Clothes are fuller, softer, and fashioned, as one designer put it, of the very stuff of emotion.

You can take your pick of uninhibited color. There's high blue, putty color, fruity tone, red pepper and a golden gamut of tender colors known as Honeyed Tones. According to one prominent magazine Honeyed Tones were born—in its pages—on August 1 1945. Now full-grown they include those fleshly shades which are lovingly titled 'wheat,' 'golden-sunlight,' and 'honey beige.' By all means, wear an all-beige monochrome-costume this spring season. You'll be the head-turning color of iced coffee with cream.

Fabric, we found, is also Important. Prints have gone abstract, non-objective, frankly away to the cosmos. It's the influence of modern art and of doodlers. The result is that tea dresses, play clothes, and on-the-town fineries have been thoroughly stamped with dots and dashes, crawling ants, red cattle-brands, lions and poodles, horses with ruffled bibs, or — in one case—with the concept of a bricklayer's nightmare. Orchids to the copywriter who described their qualities as free, fresh and don't-ask-me-why.

Before we go any farther, we better



This two-piece dress doubles as a playsuit for teen age summer wear. Ballet skirt is topped by a bustle back jacket fastened with jet buttons to the neck. By Emily Wilkens.

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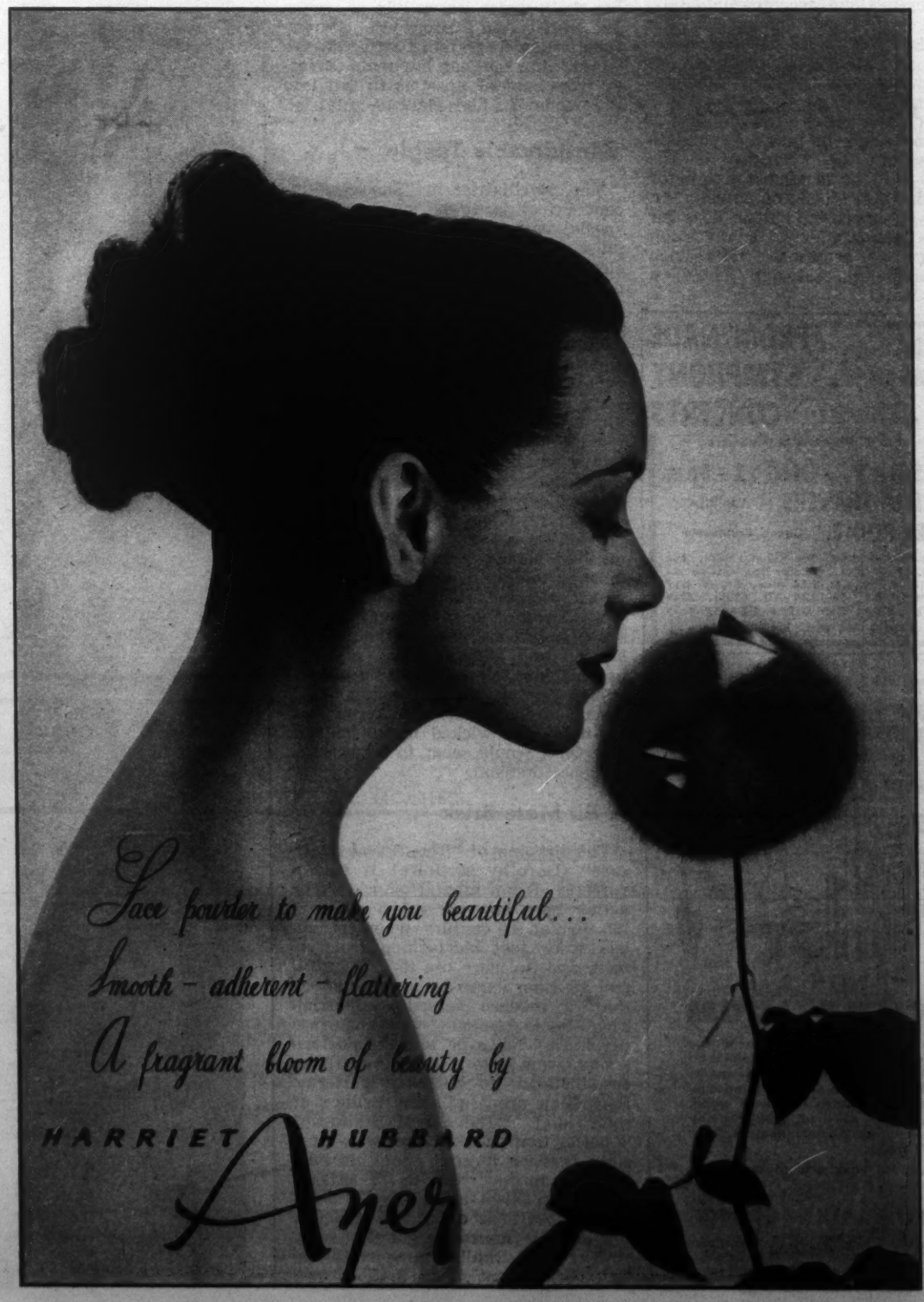


stress the way you wear your new outfits. Apparently, the trick is to underplay them *in an unlisted telephone number style.* Translated, this means: pay great attention to your accessories and see that your gloves and blouses are all exquisite and of high style.

For instance, the most important accessory in the new cold-shoulder evening dress creations is undoubtedly your skin. Watch it. Particularly in view of the fact that there's no guarantee at the moment where this trend will end. If styles go over in New York, they go over in Canada and dresses are certainly opening up there. Right now, Peek-a-boo is the watchword but already a Hollywood designer has tossed over bare-midriff fashions and begun to create swimming suits with no tops to them.

Specifically, we learned at once, you ought to have a coat that you'll know is a costume. Once you're in it you can keep it on practically all day. Wear a simple, bumpless shaft of a dress underneath it and you'll be all set to sit through a bridge or tea-party without creating a can't-stay-a-minute attitude. If it's a really dressy coat, wear it when you go to the show since it's actually meant, they told us, for comment and marquee-lights. But there's no need to labor the coat's usefulness. In the minds of fashion counsellors, the real question is: "How many will you have?"

Brenda And Veronica

A problem of vital concern to your hats is what to do with your crowning glory. Brenda Frazier's mane guided an era. Veronica Lake once had the floor. There was also a time when the order was issued to scoop our hair into top-knots and the accompanying bonnets had no crowns. Now it's enormously chic to wear your hair à la mode of the roaring twenties—the era summed up by F. Scott Fitzgerald with "Reach me a rose, honey, and pour me a last drop into that there crystal glass." That is, in a bobbed, helmet-close coiffure with bangs. Over the hairdo your hats swoop, soar, cling and nestle. They may be mesh straw berets, velvet-bowed bonnets, brow-baring cloches or fabulous fantasies clouded and pouffed with pink spun glass, crisp flowers or horsehair. You may crave the Shaker bonnet, which is a modified version of the Quaker's. Or you may want the hat which is growing. This little number is a simple white cloche riddled with strings of greenery which spring out from small pores all over the chapeau. "Fifteen to one if you shook that thing, dirt would fall out," a male observer barked wildly.

Whatever your hats are, they'll be the focus of male interest—despite the fact that other apparel is zanier by far. Some men refuse to walk down the street with their wives when they clamp on the last word in headgear. Others insist on buying the hats themselves.

Our own man is subtler. He leafed through a brand new fashion magazine and then picked up our last year's straw bonnet. "What this needs is a lot of long ribbons," he tossed off. We promptly raced through the magazine to double-check him and he was right. Twenty-four hours later—sheep-like—we got the long ribbons. He hasn't noticed them yet.

The Sloping Rear

As for skirts, gone are the days when they had to be the same length all the way round. Fashion, 1946, promotes The Changing Hemline, a careless length which may drop to fifteen inches above the floor, may slope in the back only, or may droop to one side. All very, very Knowing.

Fashion offers you two alternatives in the evening: the short black dress (black will be worn quite bare this season, it was emphasized) and the big, beautiful evening gown, cited as a happy return of a war-lost fashion. How's about a Renoir flesh-tone model with crushed hip-swathing? Naturally, with this you'll insist on rocker-bottom gilt shoes.

The sleeves for this spring's suits are styled like those of a 19th Century Dandy but sleeves on other garments have varied cuts. Consider the cape sleeve, balloon sleeve, the cobra sleeve, the dolman, the double dolman, the pushup, the winged sleeve, the leg-o'-mutton and the bloused sleeve.

Similarly other added attractions have distinctly separate claims to fame. Your gloves may be carefully embroidered with rosebuds. It's zaza to tack silver-plated wedding rings on the toe of your slipper. Bright-button your basic black dress. It's impressive to tie around your tiny waistline a chatelaine belt from which everything dangles from a handy pencil to a whistle for the dog. Accents like these can be disarming if you wear 'em in adjunct-to-a-costume ways. They show you're lit with wit.

For straight relaxation, we were charmed by Short-Snorter playclothes. Brevity is their soul. Your appearance at home, at the cottage and on the beach should always be guided by last minute style of playclothes. Whatever you do, don't make the safe choice. Make the most dramatic. The taut chic of a wrapped bathing suit is really sumthin'.

The Sensible Thing

Into New York from the Liberation Collection of Paris has come one more dream fashion we spotted with a lift of our browlines. Paris is emphasizing bosoms. Proudly you can wear a nile green original shirred in silver thread with the brassiere effect in pink satin. Accent the arrogance of that with chin-chain earrings.

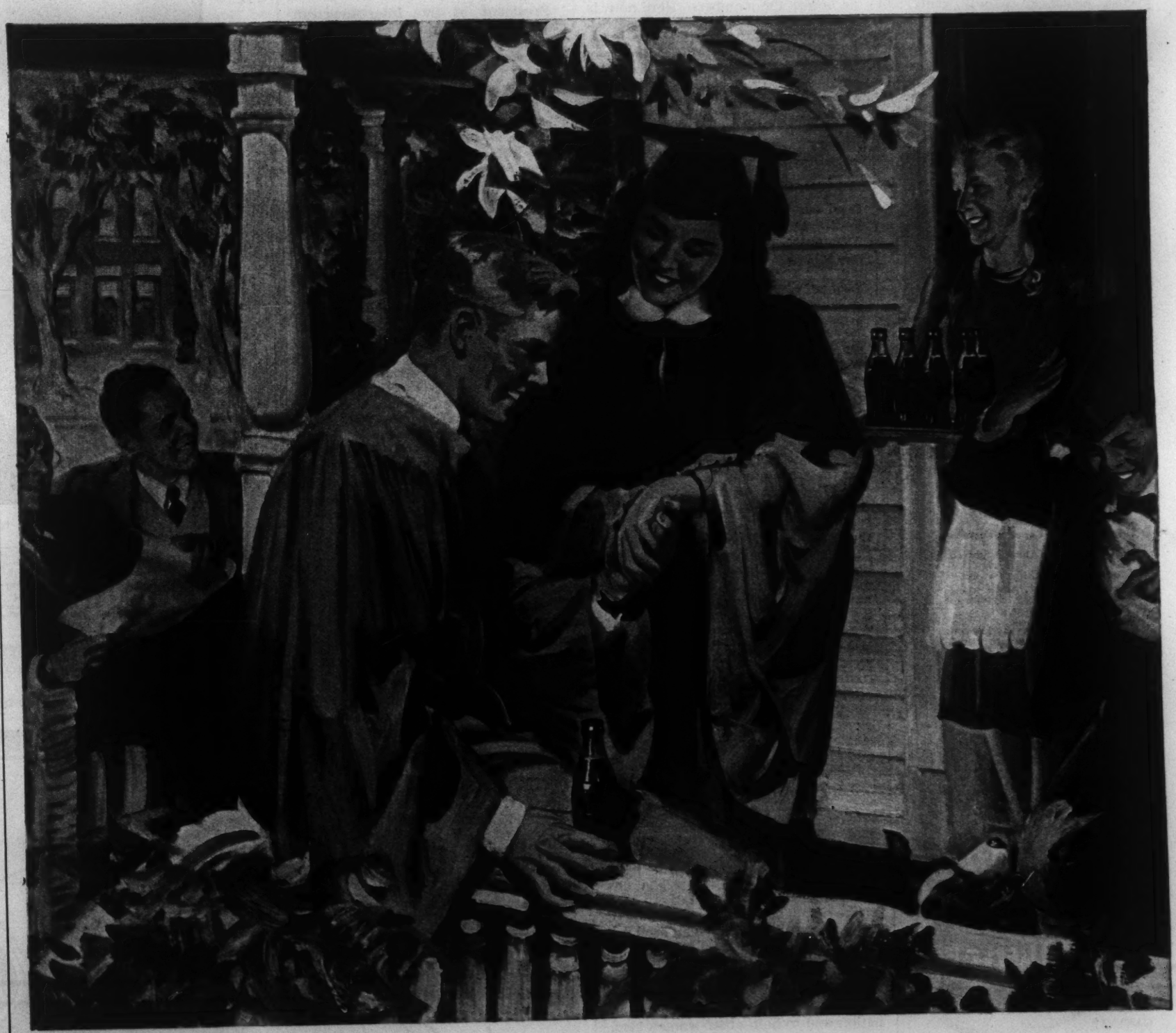
This is the fashion picture. But despite the fact that its dictates surround the little woman on all sides, she consistently misses the point and makes errors. When stylists promoted the choker necklace after plugging large pearls, an eager Torontonian appeared with her neck almost hidden by choker *and* pearls. Later she asked her friends anxiously, "It *is* the latest thing, isn't it, to wear them all at once?"

But the sensible thing for Canadians, according to a New York couturier, is to insist that their home designers make fashions expressly for them. "It's impossible for Canadian women to look like New Yorkers," the stylist told us. "Their home climate is all wrong. In winter, our clothes are made to be worn under comparatively mild conditions but in Canada, people have to bundle themselves up and, inevitably, they often look clumsy in our fashions. Besides," she continued, "their Canadian-designed sportswear is so much more effective and dashing than ours—particularly ski outfits. Why don't they give Canadian fashions a break?"

Meanwhile, Canadian women look breathlessly to New York for style forecasts and the fashion seers in their slick magazines continue to wave the colors "that stay bright and shining as a mermaid's fins."

Fins, that is.

You're wonderful... Have a Coca-Cola



...or the great day calls for the friendly pause

Graduation day is a big moment in any family's life. Everybody's happy, and "Let's celebrate" is the order of the day. So, out come frosty bottles of Coca-Cola and the friendly pause begins. *Have a Coke* is the word to all hands around—and there's no pleasanter way of saying *Mighty glad you're with us, folks. This is an occasion.*

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Women Who Speak for All Women at the Sub-Commission's Table

By ANN FOSTER

FROM the very day of the opening in New York of the Economic and Social Council's Sub-Commission on the Status of Women, it was distressing and infuriating to find so poor a press coverage of this Sub-Commission as compared with the coverage given the Security Council.

On one hand, one heard learned discussions at various commission tables as to the great need for the women of the world to be given a wide and intelligent *interpretation* (as opposed to mere reporting) of events which so closely concerned them. On the other hand, one found that many of the newspapers were more concerned with headline material than they were with the less melodramatic, but much more fundamentally interesting (and often truly dramatic) proceedings at the tables of the Economic and Social Council, its Commission on Human Rights, and its Sub-Commission on the Status of Women—which in the writer's estimation, have by far the most important tasks of any of the United Nations' councils.

In a recent article devoted to some aspects of the work being carried on by the small but energetic group of women members of the Sub-Commission on the Status of Women, we attempted to give some idea of the work, the research, and the plans that lie before the members. Here now, is a picture of the women themselves, so that, when they resume work before the conference table in the near future, you may have b e f o r e you, some fair idea of the kind of women working earnestly and, the writer thinks, sincerely, on our behalf.

From Denmark

The Chairman of the Sub-Commission on the Status of Women, is Bodil Begtrup, President of the National Council of Women in Denmark, and Chief Censor of Films in that country. A young woman, the mother of a large family of step-children, quiet spoken, with a wry little smile that constantly passes over her face, Bodil Begtrup is a practical person with a logical mind and is deeply concerned with the problems of the women of Denmark. Particularly is she anxious to see that the housewives of Denmark are given, through better facilities in their homes, a wider opportunity for taking part in the life of the country and their communities.

In Denmark, she says, while the tools for successful agriculture and commerce are always forthcoming, the tools for a speedy and successful running of the home are practically non-existent and the Danish women are held back in any desire they may have to take a vigorous and active part in many phases of their country's cultural, educational and political life. "It's all very well," says Mrs. Begtrup, "to talk about equal rights and opportunities for women when so many of them live in homes so ill-equipped it takes all their time and energy to run them, and to take an active part in anything outside the home, is impossible!"

Hansa Mehta, of Bombay, India, a member of the Bombay Legislature, and President of the All-India Women's Conference, is a little woman, with tiny hands and feet and dark, glowing eyes. Granddaughter of the first novelist to stem from the Western Province where she was born, Hansa Mehta's father was Prime Minister of the progressive State of Baroda, and a man who encouraged his large family to absorb all the learning they were able. "I was lucky," she says, "to come from a family who were in no way alarmed at my desire for complete emancipation and to help other women also, to achieve it."

Women Of India

While it is now becoming almost a daily occurrence, at the time Hansa Mehta broke caste to marry her handsome doctor husband, it was not the rule, but she was not deterred, and the young couple moved to Bombay where her two children were subsequently born. Mrs. Mehta was too concerned with the vast amount of work to be achieved on behalf of the women and children of her country to stay only at home, and started immediately to work. Besides her duties in her home, the rearing of her children, and her public life, she has also written numerous plays dealing with various social problems, and a series of children's books—all in her own language, although she speaks and writes English perfectly.

Hansa Mehta is a graduate of Bombay University where she took Honors in Philosophy, and, after graduation, spent some time in London attending the London School of Economics, after which she went to America to study the life and people of this continent. With her gentle voice and her calm and radiant inner spirit, Hansa Mehta has completely won the respect, and perhaps almost the devotion of the rest of the women on the Sub-Commission. She is not in the least aggresive, there is no apparent "militant" spirit about her (as a devoted follower of Gandhi, she believes in non-aggression). Quietly, with a radiance that never seems dulled, an intelligence that springs into her eyes and in all her measured, thoughtful conversation, she wins point after point on behalf of a better, wider, more fruitful and purposeful life for those millions of women in all corners of the earth who have not yet begun to know the meaning of life in its fullest sense.

Dominican Feminist

President of the Inter-American Commission of Women on which she has served for more than ten years, Minerva Bernardino, of the Dominican Republic, a very forthright woman, is, at first glance, by no means the Minerva that emerges after getting to know her. Left motherless in childhood, for many years she was responsible for the upkeep of her family. In a country where, at that time, no "nice" girl ever went out alone, Minerva had her hands full supporting a family, and fighting for the right to go where she pleased by herself, and for other Dominican girls to do the same.

It was from 1930 to 1933 that the feminist movement in the Republic, most energetically supported and steered by Minerva, really got under way and, according to this able and trusted feminist, it "wasn't really a difficult task." The Dominican woman, always an intelligent and worldly-wise wife, excellent mother and up-to-date housekeeper, has, since time immemorial, been near her man, in her heart, and today the Dominican men are supporting, rather than blocking, the advance of women in their country. "For," declares Minerva, "without the intelligent education of a nation's women, without their active, comprehending support in all matters pertaining to the welfare of their counry, that nation cannot be considered advanced in the real sense. And it is this to which we women in the Dominican Republic are now—with our legal and civil rights granted—in a position to work towards!"

Not only did Minerva Bernardino win (among other privileges) the right to go out alone, but she has since flown half way round the world, alone. The *only woman delegate* at the Inter-American Conference on the Problems of Peace and War in Mexico City in 1945, delegate of her country to the United Nations meetings in San Francisco, and at the General Assembly in London, she says no one in the Republic has yet had heart failure, though it was only a comparatively few years ago that she had literally to fight for the privilege to go about her home town without a chaperone.

The wife of the late President of China's Medical Association, Mrs. Way Sung New represents China as a member of the Sub-Commission. A placid, quiet-voiced woman with a round, smiling face, and serious, comprehending eyes, Yuh Tsung Zee speaks of her husband and companion with unstinted praise and love. Since his death, one knows, she has missed him greatly, and while she works alone and untiringly for better conditions and opportunities for the women of China, she tells also of the lifelong partnership she and her husband knew in their work for unwanted and sick children in their hospital in Shanghai.

As Faculty Advisor at the Vassar Summer Institute and Advisor to the

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YONGE AT TEMPERANCE, TORONTO

Child Study Group in America; Lecturer of the Christian Student Movement in New York State, and of the Associated Boards of China Colleges in America, and former Chairman of the Board of Directors of Gingling College, Mrs. New is perfectly clear about her opinions and hopes regarding the future of the world's women, and states her opinions in concise, mellow-toned, and perfect English.

Future Of France

"I am, more than anything else," she says, "interested in higher education for women, and in sound, democratic training for the children of the earth, so that the world, in future, may know the benefit of intelligent, cultivated citizens with well integrated personalities and strong—very strong—morale. The world needs such men and women grievously today, and only through education and training, can it come into possession of them."

We talked to Marie Helene Lefaucheux, Vice-President of the Municipal Council of Paris, and alternate delegate of France to the First General Assembly of the United Nations, as she was preparing to fly back to Paris to "see again my 'usband, and 'ave dinner with him!"

Fair, slight, exceedingly feminine and French looking, with quick, intelligent movements of her hands, and grey-blue eyes that still hold the mark of terror and agony she endured while her husband was a political prisoner in the infamous concentration camp of Buchenwald, Marie Helene talks only of the future and the women of France. "Perhaps the women all over this earth, do not yet realize," she remonstrates, "but the fact remains, they must be *helped* to realize—and soon, if total defeat for humanity is not to be the result—*how necessary it is for each one of them whether workers, wives, teachers, mothers or society women,* to take a full and active part in whatever sphere they find most suitable, for furthering the progress, the enlightenment, and the education of a very tired and chaotic world.

She adds, "And for this, women in most parts of the world must be emancipated. In other parts of the world, they must be given equal rights with their men. And then they must be able to take responsibility, and be permitted to take part in framing the basic structure for the new world that could emerge, if all of us cared enough that it should!"

Dark-haired, flashing eyed, Angela Jurdak of Lebanon, a Christian, and a most enthusiastic supporter of the rights and opportunities of the women of her country, emerged as an outspoken, sincere and often quite fiery member of the Sub-Commission. Younger than some of the other members, speaking excellent English, her ideas springing in a fluent stream of vocal praise, condemnation, or suggestion, she never spoke without, the rest of the women members were compelled to listen, and she rarely offered an irresponsible or idle suggestion.

Listen To Lebanon

With no time for any of the pettiness and non-essential details that take up a major portion of the lives of many of us, Angela Jurdak has animation, courage, and a very fine intelligence. Educated at the American School for girls at Beirut, the American Junior College and the American University of Beirut; at the Lebanon School of Arts and Sciences, the Lebanon School of Music, and at the School of Higher International Studies at Geneva, she has, from her earliest days, been keenly interested in social reform and already has done a great work among her own people.

Fryderyka Kalinowska, of Warsaw, Poland, is, perhaps, among all the women members, the one who has seen and suffered most. Young, dark-haired, and very quiet and gentle (almost shy) Freda, as she is called in English, is a highly cultivated girl to whom Grey Owl, and Tom Thomson were as well known as her own Marie Curie. She took an active part in the uprising of Warsaw, and endured unnameable terror and privation.

Now in New York, she cannot believe that she is alive. To be living on the nineteenth floor of a New York hotel and not to be bombed, is something she is not yet accustomed to; to fly to and fro to Washington in planes not bearing machine guns, still amazes her; to be able to put perfume once again behind her ears, to wear a hat that is a hat, still holds immense fascination for her; and to take a friend out to lunch, to sip wine, and eat delicately cooked food, with music and flowers around her, is something that, while we ate, brought tears to her eyes, so that her wine had to be put carefully down upon the table, and her handkerchief pulled out of her purse.

Nothing interests Freda Kalinowska now, but the future of Poland, the peace of the world, and the way in which the women of the world can help to forward that peace. It is almost impossible for her to comprehend that there are any women alive today who do not feel the same.

For clothing versatility nothing quite equals the suit, with its faculty of fitting into almost any occasion around the clock. Here is a summer version in grey raw silk. Complete without a blouse, jewelled links fasten the cuffless sleeves. The fine detailing of the jacket is especially interesting to the discerning eye. Lapels form a straight line across the front, and the closing is marked by small bows against a bow-shaped outline in stitching.

REFRACTED FLIGHT

(Written at Sagan, Germany.)

ENGINES roar on through the night
O'er a calm and peaceful sphere.
Tenseness fills a shadowed form,
Only voices reach the ear.

The earth beneath's a hidden depth—
Mysterious, and yet so near.
The sky in sombre fading tones
Gives breadth and depth to phantom fear.

Smoothly, swiftly, on it drones;
The atmosphere is charged to pitch,
Annihilation in its hold
Respecting neither poor nor rich.

Then from the velvet mass below
A galaxy of rays appear,
Translucent silvered pillars gleam
In swaying agitation rear.

The rays rotate, and then converge,
A body now reflects the light;
It turns and dips, evades the cone!
The shadow then resumes its flight.

What once was slumb'ring, dark and still,
Is now alive, candescent, bright,
Here multi-colored flares burst forth,
A carnival transforms the night!

The shadow trembles, falls through space,
A chrysalis, emerged on fire,
And smoke takes new celestial form—
A shadow drifts beyond the pyre.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Resolved: That Summer Is Time For Clubwomen to Take Stock

By RUTH HOBBERLIN

IN town or country, many a Canadian woman finished her spring cleaning with a flourish in order to don her newest hat and attend the annual meeting of at least one club. In numerous organizations these special events marked the end of a season for one executive and the beginning of a new term for an incoming group of officers. Whether you are among those who will be the holder of an office or simply an active member, now is the time to lay the groundwork for a successful new club year.

If you are commencing your initial term as Madam President you might be interested in what Joan Bates did. A genial disposition, fine speaking voice and diplomatic manner had resulted in her acclamation for presidential office. But Joan was not content to rely solely on personality appeal. During vacation months she studied the by-laws in the constitution of her club. She also reviewed the general principles of parliamentary law. By September she not only was familiar with her own duties, but had decided on the amount of help she was entitled to expect from her officers and their committees. "I also resolved," she admits, "to be punctual in starting our meetings, and *never* to keep a guest speaker waiting."

In a success story Peggy Brown would have spent worthwhile hours mulling over vice-presidential duties. Peggy, however, didn't. Later, when circumstances made it necessary for her to preside at a regular meeting, she unwittingly inquired, "All those opposed?" following a motion pertaining to a vote of thanks!

The Secretary's Minutes

Had you been the secretary of Joan Bates' club, she would have been justified in expecting you to be an accurate and methodical worker. In the minutes, for example, you would have mentioned the name of the organization; the date, time, place, and kind of meeting; the number present and the name of the presiding officer. Your report would have contained items about the previous minutes (read and approved), reports of other officers and committees, and the names of all movers of motions, resolutions and amendments. Details regarding the type of program and any special speakers also would have been included.

Unless you have a flair for figures don't attempt the job of treasurer. It requires a practical mind to cope successfully with all disbursements and receipts, a list of paid-up members, and an annual report of all and sundry items. Even if you have the necessary qualifications, never assume this office unless the books have been audited to date.

Part of the work in any club is accomplished through committees. These are appointed after the elections, and their duties usually are to carry out a particular program or special task. Think of the motto "He profits most who serves the best" and be ready to accept a committee appointment.

Either a committee or an individual may be delegated to handle the publicity of a club. Small organizations often limit this to newspaper write-ups of their monthly meetings. If you are a newcomer in this field check on its requirements well in advance of when you submit your first copy. You might follow the example of Marjorie Jones, who telephoned a social editor and requested information. The editor gladly explained: copy must be typewritten, double spaced, and forwarded the day following a meeting. The answers to who did what, where, when, and how, make a good lead, unless the ideas of a guest speaker would have special significance for newspaper readers. The names of social conveners also are news, though their hostess duties ought not to be reported as serving "dainty" refreshments.

In larger organizations members of the press often are present to report the meetings. Arrange for them to be seated at a table where they can both hear and see well. And above all, never give one reporter a news scoop in preference to another.

Wanted—Publicity

Newspaper publicity is but one medium through which to feature the activities of your club. Projects can be publicized in advance by enlisting the services of a local radio station. One minute spot announcements; plugs by radio commentators; and full-length talks by special speakers—transcribed or otherwise—can be arranged for. Radio information departments are able and willing to help you. Only please, they ask, give them ample notice of your intentions.

Publicity is a necessary feature for the success of any club project. Whether it be merely in the form of letters and telephone calls, or expanded to include bulletin boards, motion picture "trailers", and talks before other national organizations, a basic point to bear in mind is that the project, not the club name, ought to be stressed first. For instance: "Comforts for the children of Europe, sponsored by the Such-and-So Club, shortly will be collected."

Club meetings are the stamping

For a young junior's summer afternoons Emily Wilkens uses gingham in a colorful "horse-blanket" plaid. There's a pussy-cat bow under the chin, and another bow at the waist.

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ground where many women learn to speak in public. If you are a shrinking violet in this regard, start today and prepare for the task. First, discard the theory that good speakers are *born* that way. Most of them are *made*. Next, remember that President Roosevelt used to commence by saying: "My friends ....." Resolve that you too will adopt a friendly attitude toward an audience, and later you'll find this feeling reciprocated.

Take time meanwhile to read a book on voice culture. Practise proper breathing, and learn to speak with the tip of your tongue and not the back of your teeth. At social gatherings, when conversing with several people at one time, notice the pitch of your voice and whether it has a desirable "conversational" tone.

Learning how to use your voice to the best advantage is a safeguard against that bugaboo—stage fright. In addition, you'll gain poise by paying close attention to good grooming. A straggling upsweep under a sequin hat, plus a pair of dangling earrings, could be distracting to both you and your listeners. Finally, don't wait until the eleventh hour to revise the material for your speech. Too little time spent in this preparation will cause your delivery to be poor and result in unpleasant listening for your audience.

The common interest of many organizations is a desire to render service. But this purpose can only be achieved if each member is capable of doing her full share of work. As clubwomen, a summer stocktaking of our qualifications will prove an entertaining and worthwhile experience.

• •

TO BED

LET all the clan of Spartans frisk
While lovely night is scarcely dead,
But let me lie, nor rudely whisk
The blankets from my drowsy head.

The spade but causes limbs to ache,
The office desk benumbs the brain,
But I, refreshed from slumber, wake
And know I have not slept in vain.

I oft at eve have reckless planned
To greet the dawn upon some hill,
But twilight's hero, morn unmanned,
The noontide found me lying still.

Ah, quilted nest! Ah, couch divine!
Soft refuge from the world's alarms!
Accept, dear bed, these lines of mine,
This "effort"—made within your arms.

MATT FREELAND

Is a Handyman in the House?

By VINIA HOOGSRATEN

NOW that the screens are back on the windows, and the storm sash safely stored in the basement again, we wives can relax until fall. Some of us are still smarting from the entirely undeserved abuse we suffered during this operation. After all, whose fault is it if the screen, plainly marked "dining room, centre," couldn't possibly belong to anything but the bathroom window? I think the storm windows had a lot to do with the surprisingly frank discussion at Mah-jongg club last week, on husbands as handymen.

Dorothy's husband is the gadget type. He has in his basement the acme of workbenches. He built it himself, and it boasts every tool, gadget and convenience suggested by mechanical and home magazines in the last ten years, plus some wrinkles he thought up himself. A masterpiece like this takes time, and work, and when its last shining detail was complete, its creator was so tired of carpentering that he hasn't touched a tool since. Women fail to see the virtue in a workbench, however beautiful, unless it works, and Dorothy is pretty sour about it. However, it does show up well on tours of the basement, drawing envious remarks from a lot of men who, probably, wouldn't do any more with it than he does.

Beat To The Draw

Lois says that at the first sign of a household emergency she rushes to the phone for a repair man or carpenter. If she's quick enough she can head off the series of events which follow Joe's discovery of a chore to be done. He begins by rooting out all of his enormous number of tools from the bottoms of drawers, or the backs of shelves, leaving chaos at every stop, and ranting because nothing is where he thought it would be. Next he spreads the tools over every surface within reach and examines the job to be done. Then he finds a very good reason why he can't do the job himself, and an even better one why he can't, at the moment, put the tools away. So Lois phones the repair man anyway.

Lucy's Fred loathes any form of carpentering, and has to be nagged incessantly for days before he will build anything. But when he does, he sees to it that it won't have to be repaired, or replaced, for the next twenty years. His work is best described as substantial. Lucy's makeshift clothesline fell down once too often and, to keep his wife, he proceeded to build her a set of clothes poles. The result is a neighborhood landmark, a concrete based monument, known far and wide as The Gallows.

Holy Ground

Poor little Ellen is just a bride, and her affection for her husband so far outweighed her better judgment that she put several of her dearest knick-knacks on a shelf he put up for her. It's a far, far better thing to have a man who says he's no carpenter than one who thinks he is and isn't.

Harry is our artist. He's Del's husband, a very large man, built like a half-back. His size makes it even harder to suppress our grins as he bustles about, wearing a carpenter's apron which simply bristles with tools, making cigarette boxes. His tools are kept each in its own special place and, if Del wants to hammer a nail during his absence, she uses a hair brush. Though he specializes in cigarette boxes and cocktail trays, there have been several ghastly intervals in their marriage while he refinished furniture. They walked on tip-toe, and spoke in whispers, through all four coats, lest dust settle on the finish before it dried. Del says she'd rather have gouges out of her

June

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Pink, white and mint green stripes present a refreshingly cool color scheme in this summer dress of corded pique. It's shirred across the shoulders, has a diamond-shaped cut-out at the midriff, tied closing.

CONCERNING FOOD

Miss McFinney Eats Only Fruit but Some Are not Vegetarians

By JANET MARCH

IT'S a pity that we can't all be like Minnie of the limerick:

"Miss Minnie McFinney of Butte
Fed always and only on frutte,
Said she 'Let the coarse
Eat of beef and of horse,
I'm a peach, and that's all there is
tutte'."

As we don't all see eye to eye with Minnie McFinney a lot of us spend a lot too much time meat hunting these days. There is of course the pleasure of the chase, but to enjoy the hunt you sometimes need to catch at least a distant glimpse of the fox, and in this sort of hunting often all you see for days and days is a pork sausage—fine food but tedious when eaten every night.

If the meat we are not getting is going to Europe that's fine. Unfortunately there is no evidence that it is, and a whole lot of it is on the hoof enjoying the fresh spring pastures. As you stand in the crowds of meat hunters you hear fierce remarks from fellow customers about how "they'll suffer some day!" It's seldom explained who the "they" is so it may be the meat packers, the butchers, the government, or perhaps just us old consumers taking the rap again. Certainly at present we are not suffering but we are inconvenienced.

It's probably a good thing that we should get a slight taste of what the people of Great Britain have to put up with for so long. If we waited in line for nearly all the staples then we would know what the housekeepers of the United Kingdom endure. No doubt this shortage, like the soap and butter ones, will fade away and we will forget the time when a pound of hamburg looked like ambrosia. Here are a few recipes to help you make the meat you can get go further.

Ham Patties

1 cup of cooked ham either ground or chopped finely
2 eggs
1 cup of sausage meat
1 cup of bread crumbs
2 tablespoons of fat
Pepper

Beat the eggs, and mix the eggs, ham, sausage meat, bread crumbs and pepper all together. Melt the fat in a frying pan. Form the mixture into patties and brown them on both sides.

Veal Goulash

1½ pounds of veal steak
4 medium onions sliced
½ cup of condensed tomato soup
3 tablespoons of flour
Salt
Paprika
4 tablespoons of fat

Cut the veal steak into pieces of the size you want to serve and roll them in flour. Melt the fat and brown the onions, and then add the pieces of veal and brown them on both sides. Pour on boiling water till the meat is almost covered and stir in the condensed tomato soup. Add paprika to taste. Cover and simmer for about an hour till the meat is very tender.

Ham And Veal Pie

1 cup of cooked ham cut up finely
1 cup of cooked veal diced
½ onion chopped
¼ green pepper chopped
1 cup of meat stock
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons of bacon fat
2 tablespoons of flour

Melt the fat and sauté the onion and pepper till they are lightly cooked. Then stir in the flour and add the cupful of meat stock. Cook gently, stirring till the sauce thickens. Season with salt and pepper and then add the ham and veal. Pour into a baking dish and top with mashed potatoes. Brown in the oven.

Sausage And Noodles

1 pound of pork sausages
1 cup of uncooked noodles
½ onion finely chopped
2 tablespoons of green pepper chopped
1 cup of canned tomatoes
½ cup of condensed tomato soup
2 teaspoons of sugar
Salt and pepper
A pinch of ground cloves
A pinch of thyme
4 tablespoons of fat

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water till they are tender. Sauté the sausages turning them so that they brown on all sides. Drain the noodles thoroughly and add them to the sausages. Sauté the onion and pepper together in the fat and, when they are cooked, stir in the cup of canned tomatoes and the half cup of condensed soup. Add the sugar, salt, pepper, cloves and thyme. Simmer for about five minutes and then add to the meat and noodles in a baking dish. Cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour.

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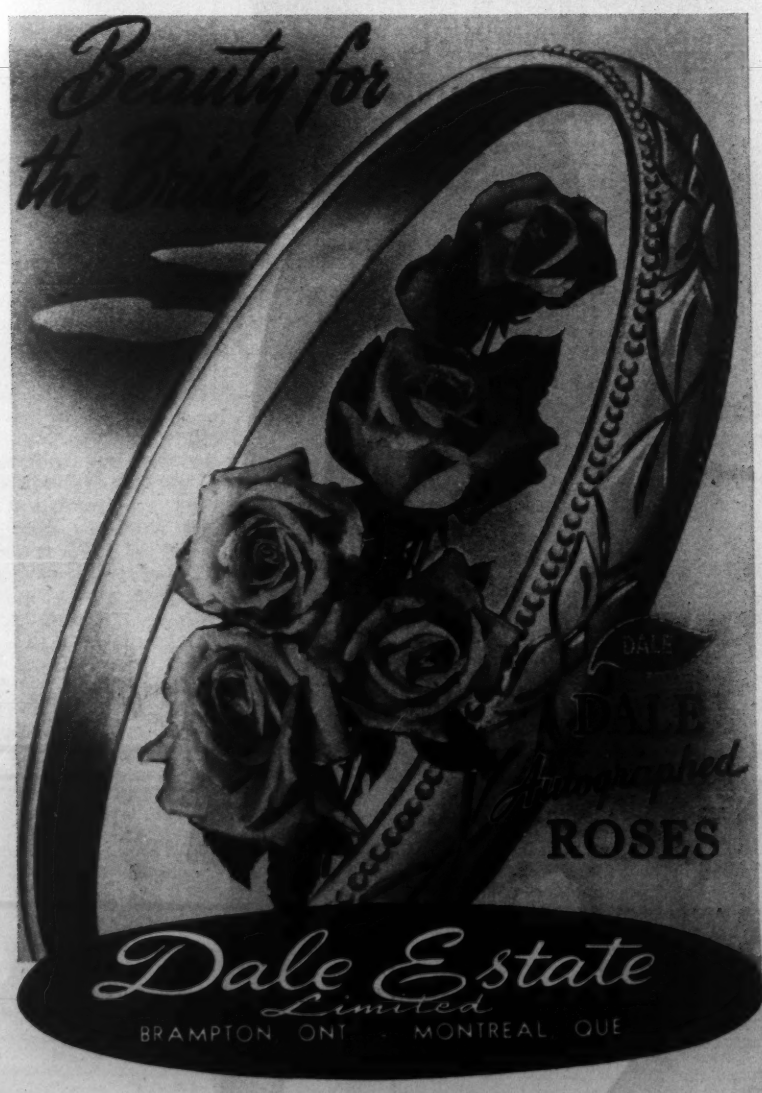

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In Royal Canadian Navy tradition comes Lieut. Harry Toller with his beauty-bride, formerly Norah Lewis of Ottawa

Swords raised high to another Woodbury Deb!

Love, in a twinkling of Harry's eye—when at Naval Service Headquarters he sighted dazzling Norah. Introduced himself by note. Followed through with whirlwind courting. Easy to love such lily-fair skin! It blooms in the *extra-mild* care of Woodbury Soap.

Many a lad gasped over Norah's loveliness at her debut (St. Andrew's Ball, Montreal). Now, it's Harry's to adore! "And Woodbury's to cherish," says Norah. "What creamy lather!"

"Before parties, I beauty-date with Woodbury Facial Cocktails," says lovely Norah. "First, Woodbury's smooth lather, then rinses warm and cool. *Extra-mild.* Refreshes sensitive skin!"

Try Norah's daily dates with Woodbury Facial Soap. Beauty soap made for the skin alone. *Different!* Contains a rich *beauty-cream* ingredient prescribed by Woodbury skin scientists.

"Mr. and Mrs."—all set for skating. Norah's complexion, Woodbury-smooth, ready to take outdoor fun! Your cue, girls. Summer or winter, it's Woodbury for silk-soft skin . . . for romance!

(MADE IN CANADA)

So You Hate to Ring Doorbells and Ask for Money Donations

By GERTRUDE V. COON

ARE you a rebellious canvasser, an indifferent canvasser, or an ardent canvasser? Upon the answer to these questions depends the success or failure of your part in any campaign.

Do you dread the day in June when your good friend Mrs. Smith calls on you to tell you she is already forming her team for October's United Welfare Drive? You may dread it, but, because you went to school with Mrs. Smith, you reluctantly consent to help again this year. Has it ever occurred to you that your whole attitude towards this business of canvassing could undergo a drastic change which would benefit both you—the individual canvasser—and the campaign as well?

Well, it is true. Ten years ago I actually could not sleep the night before I set out complete with cards, clips, envelopes, etc., to do battle with a disinterested public.

No, I did not read "How to Win Friends and Influence People." I simply by good fortune met and talked to a woman who by sheer warmth of personality plus conviction, not only meets her objective in any campaign but has actually been known to double it! Knowing her reputation in Community Chest circles I led the conversation to the forthcoming campaign.

These are some of the pointers she gave me. They have been immeasurably helpful to me and may be to you.

First of all, if you take on the job make it a matter of pride to succeed in it. By success, I mean reach your individual objective be it a hundred dollars or ten thousand. Remember, the objective we are given for our particular district is not out of proportion to the character of the district, so by stubborn tenacity it may be reached.

Set aside the week of the canvass, explaining to family and friends that you are temporarily unavailable for all but most necessary demands. This is important. I used to try to complete my twenty or thirty calls in a couple of afternoons, sometimes sandwiching them in between shopping and a tea party. Don't do this—it is hard on you and very hard on your chances. You will find patience is your chief ally for there will be repeat calls and more repeat calls to test your endurance. You cannot cover your area and make these additional calls in two or even three afternoons.

Know your subject! Be so filled with enthusiasm for the cause you are serving that it will be contagious! Read up on every phase of the work of your organization, and you will find that as you know more about it a genuine enthusiasm will develop.

Blithe Spirit

Have a buoyant step as you go from door to door. *Run* up the steps even if you suffered a rebuff at the house next door. Never canvass if you are tired, it will reflect in your step and in your manner. Your cheerfulness, your warmth of manner are real assets. Who knows—your call may be a bright spot in a drab day for someone you approach.

Be immaculately groomed. Confidence in your job can be increased by confidence in your personal appearance.

Put yourself into your canvassing, or am I repeating myself? You, as well as your cause, whether it be my favorite United Welfare Chest, or your own pet charity, will get a great deal out of the time spent if you do. I have discovered that canvassing, house to house canvassing, is never dull. Each person you meet is different, and in his or her own way interesting either as an individual or as a type.

I have lighted the furnace on my rounds, for an elderly woman alone in a cold house for days because of the illness of a furnace man. I have cashed a pension check during lunch time for an elderly man, himself unable to get to the bank. I could go on indefinitely—No—canvassing in my experience is never dull!

Besides the knowledge of human nature you will have acquired, the friends you may have made, there is always the glow that comes with knowledge of a job well done. The next time you are asked to canvass for some worthy cause accept eagerly and consider it a challenge to you and your personality!

• •

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S-3

THE OTHER PAGE

The Isle of Wight, Perennial "Cloud of Blue on the Horizon"

By J. F. B. LIVESAY

The late General Manager of the Canadian Press, known to practically all Canadian journalists and a large part of the reading public through his lifelong service to Canadian newspapers, left in MS a considerable amount of material descriptive of his early life in England and some of his experiences in this country. Much of this will shortly appear in book form. The following is a chapter devoted to his childhood home.

THE Isle of Wight, though with only Spithead and the Solent between it and the mainland, a twenty-minute ferry trip, is exclusive, insisting a generation ago on being separated from Hampshire and achieving a county of itself.

There is something about an island people that is different. There is sympathy and understanding, the one of the other, in an island, especially if it be small. Thus an Isle-o'-Wighter feels more at home on Prince Edward Island than in New Brunswick, in Cape Breton than on the mainland.

Some may remember the old story of the Presbyterian minister who weekly prayed for the good people of Great Muick, Little Muick and the adjacent isles of Great Britain and Ireland. Very well, — but it is history that the Isle of Wight was one of the islands included under that majestic Welsh name for the British Isles, The Three Islands of the Mighty and their Three Outpost Islands, an authority, Sir John Rhys, making these latter Orkney, Man and Wight.

The Island definitely spoilt me for any scenery I have come across since, be it mountain, plain or seascape, remembering the needles, Rocken End, Saint Catherine's lighthouse. It contains the most advertised of beauties, so that it might be supposed difficult to see the beauty for the praise. As Edward Thomas says in the series on "Beautiful England", illustrated in color for the Island by Hazelhurst:

"On a clear day a dip in the line of the Downs guides the eye to what might be an iceberg, or a curious architecture of the softest blue cloud, except that it is stationary and may be seen again and again unchanged . . . . . the Isle of Wight, a perennial cloud of blue upon the horizon southward."

One remembers Keats's "wood alleys, copses and quick freshes", as seen in 1817, perennial green, so lovely and so ancient. Vespasian conquered it, the Jutes colonized it. Whether you want Druid remains, a Roman Bath, Saxon and Norman churches, or Elizabethan castles and manors, here you will have the epitome of Engish history.

AT Carisbrooke King Charles vainly tried to squeeze has body through the grille of his prison. When he was beheaded, one of the regicides, signers of the Death Warrant, was Major General Sir Michael Livesay (or Livsy as spelt in one of the seventeen different versions to be found in records). On the restoration he fled to Holland, was attainted and lost his estate and baronetcy.

A collateral, but not direct descendant, was my nephew, Michael Livesay, architect of the fourth generation who at twenty-one lost his life in a battle in Spain, fighting for what he thought was democracy, against Franco.

Ventnor was my birth-place, on January 23, 1875, and to mention the name is to speak of levels and terraces, cliffs and steeps, all rising up to the great bare outline of St. Boniface and West Downs six hundred feet above; a little amphitheatre, a fold of the Downs, fronting the sea and the sun. It must once have been a charming fishing village but with no safe anchorage from the savage tides, for the heavy fishing smacks had to be drawn up with windlass on the red shingly beach.

In mid-Victorian days the Lord of the Manor envisaged it as an English Riviera, for it might have been lifted from the Mediterranean; so the architect came, with the jerry-builder lurking behind, and its established fame was set when Royalty opened the great Consumptive Hospital built next below Steephill Castle — a rococo edifice that would have delighted the heart of Horace Walpole — fronting the sea, a mile or so west of the town and adjoining the cricket ground. Oh, the white-flanneled bustle of that game, or, should we say, ritual? We, pallid with envy, called the players "Simples", perhaps thus anticipating Kipling's "flanneled fools."

The town of eight thousand lived off the invalid and tourist, with excellent hotels and good boarding-houses and fine shops. One road leading up out of the town, over a fold in the Downs, to the "other side" was aptly named the Zigzag — in fact all were Zigzags — and the houses on the south side of the street looked out to sea clear over the roofs of those on the north side of the street below.

"Cromarty", our house, dug out of the rock of a hill-side, was fortunate because my grandfather's estate owned the three-acre fields sloping below us to the top of the chalk cliffs that dropped two hundred feet into the wash of the high tide.

After a southwest gale, riding from the Atlantic, the great combers came sweeping in, the groundswell, to run their frothy fingers far up on the beach and recede with a grinding drag back of the shingle, with a sound like that of a road contractor's stone crusher.

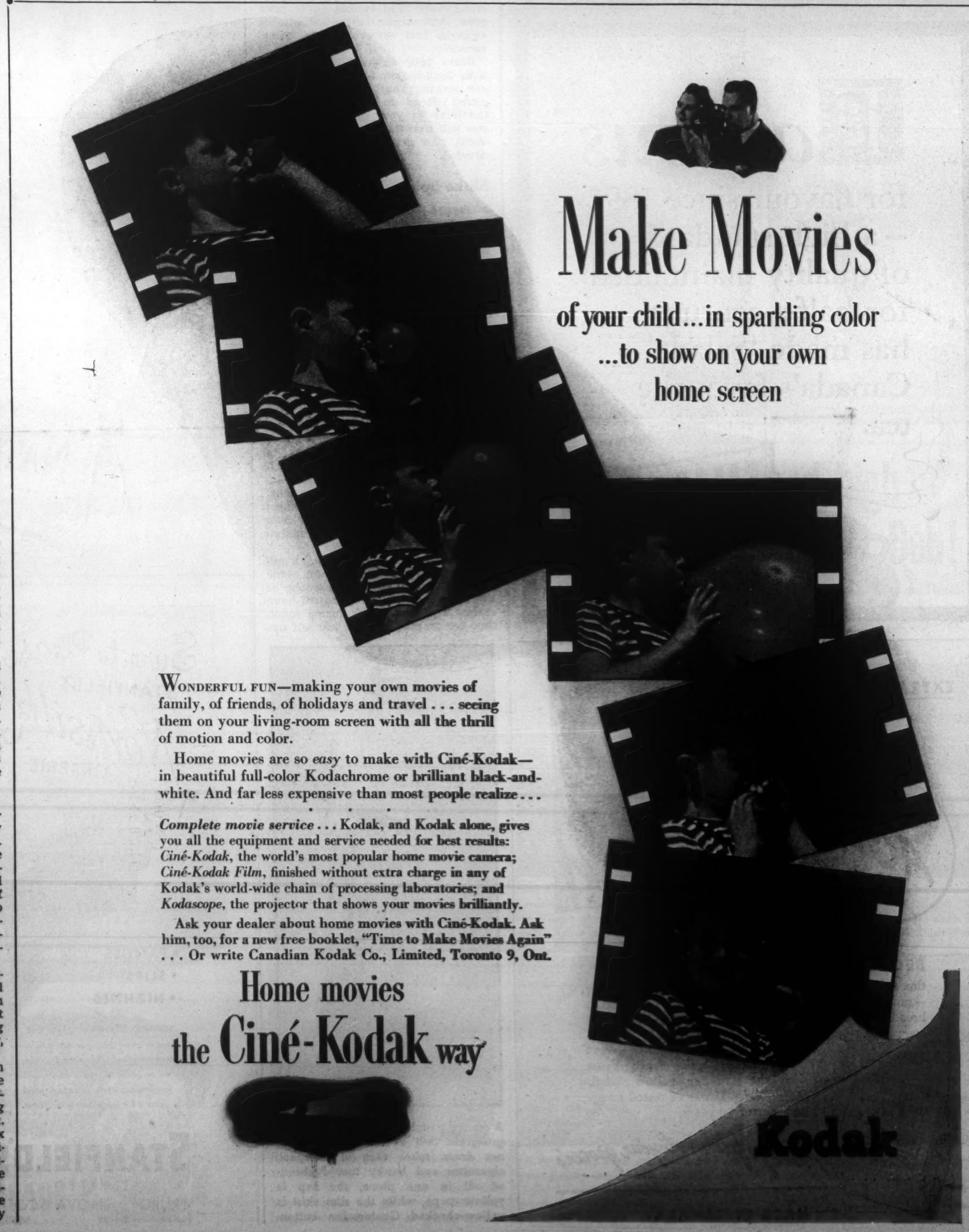
THE encroachments of the sea were controlled by a retaining wall fronting the half-mile scimitar of the Esplanade, and row-boats and bathing machines took the place of the tarry fishing-smacks, while at the end a pier jutted out into the sea, where the town band gave promenade concerts and excursion steamers called.

We felt it a personal affront that our father's plan for this pier was not accepted, and when, later, an unusual storm broke the structure in two we saw the hand of an avenging Providence.

From this Esplanade all roads zigzagged precipitously into the town, and my mother, when she could no longer walk up hills took a "fly" for sixpence — it held two face-to-face with the driver, perched over his small horse, — or, if she were alone, a "midge" for sixpence. There were also donkeys, but we considered them as fit only for the trippers.

The ground, in undulating slopes, holding in its folds the public parks, some fields, the cricket grounds, and behind them the climbing villas, rose easily to the foot of the famous Undercliff, the beauty of its serrated surface being due to the weathering through the ages of alternate hard and soft layers of stone. It might have been as much as one hundred feet high in places, and was crowned by the down, with its grazing sheep, gorse, rabbits, and a wealth of wild flowers.

On the Fifth of November, Guy Fawkes' Day, the gorse was burned off, making a beacon for many miles to sea, and there was a great popping of the townsmen's guns (in-



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cluding my father's) as the rabbits ran for shelter.

In my vision, too, there is a hundred head of sail, for they must all keep close in to signal St. Catherine's; with radio, that sea is empty. Buffeting wind, or languid with soft-scented breeze, here was freedom, with playground for small boys and girls seeking mushrooms.

In the cleft between St. Boniface and West Downs was the railway station, hollowed out of the hills, leading through a two-mile tunnel to Ryde at the back of the Island. The Isle-o'-Wighters on the north side fronting the mainland had the impertinence to call us "the back of the Island".

Over the station, gushing out of the solid chalk, were the springs that fell into the sea just east of the pier — the family waterworks.

In the fury of a gale the great breakers beat upon the stone cliff of the esplanade, sending huge fountains of spray over the promenade and roadway into the gardens of the hotels and villas lining the north side, and often wetting to the skin an adventurous small boy. Incidentally, my child life is made up of Sea, its calms and storms. At fourteen I managed to save the life of a drowning German, who did his best to drag me down, so I must have been a strong swimmer then.

In the east the shore broke into high cliffs with an upland sloping sharply from their top to the foot of the Downs. To the west, more sheltered from Atlantic gales, the ground fell down over low cliffs into the sea, with, two miles beyond, Steephill Cove, where fishermen still plied their hazardous trade.

It was bold and savage coast with reefs. Rocken Race-end, the southernmost part of the island, a ledge jutting out into the ocean, is open to the full fury of southwest gales, and is often enshrouded in fog. St. Catherine's lighthouse, the most powerful light in the world when built in Victorian days, marks the spot of an ancient light. When the toll of the sea was scanty the longshoremen of a remote day doused the light and lit a beacon on a prepared spot a couple of miles inland, seventy feet above set level. There followed wreck, murder and loot.

When I was a boy the descendants of these stout fellows had become converted to Plymouth Brethren, Baptists, or Wesleyans, and after they hauled their heavy fishing smacks high on the beach, by hand windlass, we knelt in prayer, giving thanks to God for the catch of lobster or mackerel. A fisher boy stood watch on the cliff above our cove and gave a signal when he saw the schools of herring. Then the brown-sailed boats put out and nets were thrown.

A bleak, harborless coast, sparkling with sea. They wound with prayer the winches each night, for their salt-sea-going boats. And they were not disdainful of the occasional smuggling of French lace or brandy. Indeed, there was a scandal when it was found that the Norman Tower of Chale church was being used as a storehouse for contraband. Chale! — the name brings up the Swiss chalet where Mrs. Augustus Livesay lived, known only as "Grandmother", but not "Granny". She was a bit awe-inspiring as I remember her as a child, though I can't say why. She was the daughter of Dr. Waterworth of Newport, son of the rector of famous Brading (where the earliest converts to Christianity were found). Her father about 1800, established a Dispensary on the Undercliff near Blackgang Chine, which, as the name indicates, was the home of desperate men, smugglers and wreckers. On Mondays the doctor rode the ten miles to this octagonal stone Dispensary which was later changed by the architectural genius of my grandfather, Augustus Livesay, into a Swiss chalet with a delightful "round room".

Behind the house rose the cliff, and in front of it, tumbling broken down to the sea, Sandrock Spring, Chale. It was named for the Chalybeate visited by Hassell, the historian, in 1790, who says the water tasted like copperas. Bitter, inky stuff it was, drawn up by donkey windlass and shipped to the troops of Indian Mutiny days.

Every spring we youngsters had to take a course of it, and if it did no good, no harm resulted. This course often coincided with the arrival of a new baby in our home, Cromarty, in Ventnor, six miles away.

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University Should Be Nest of Rebels

By GILBERT NORWOOD

WHAT a puzzling paragraph in the morning paper! Can it be that dear old Cambridge is to be founded all over again after seven centuries?

"A permanent camp in which human destinies are going to be remoulded is to open among the trees and singing birds in the pleasant countryside of England . . . They will be youths from seventeen to twenty-five—helping each other in the great quest of a higher future . . . Young men will have scope for mental and physical development, the encouragement of special talents, and the help of an understanding staff."

That, I think, gives the gist . . . What! Have I read too hurriedly? What have we here? "In considering eligibility, less weight will be given to the nature of the *offence*." What has this to do with St. John's and Trinity? Re-perusal discloses that this singing-bird affair is a reformation settlement for young criminals; what misled me was that the newspaper, instead of calling them criminals, saw fit to dub them "social rebels"! A criminal is almost the opposite of a rebel. The bad thing about a hold-up man is not that he rebels against the social order, but that he cheats, defying the law today and invoking it tomorrow—content to steal my money, but discontented if, when he spends some of it on his lunch, the waiter drugs him and steals the rest. Rebels (such as John Hampden and George Washington) fight for a new order, which they are prepared to uphold honorably; criminals wish to use an existing order dishonorably.

It was this distinction that brought Cambridge to mind, and indeed all other genuine universities, the main fact about them being that they differ from schools not only in detail but in essence; and it is this difference that the word "rebel" recalled to me. No doubt, students in college will and should learn (though more thoroughly and deeply) subjects that they handled at school. But a university's chief virtue is a spirit that makes it . . . I had almost said, the very opposite of a school. From ignorance of this come the faults so often to be noted in both: people tinker at schools to make them baby universities, and poison universities till they become bloated schools. The business of a school is to produce what the community regards as the best type of boy or girl. Improve public opinion, by all means; but that opinion (whatever its quality) does and should dictate the aim of teaching. The ideal is an ideal already present in the public mind. In short, the efficient school aims at making a boy what its principal wishes he had himself become instead of becoming a principal.

THAT purpose is the life of a school; it is the death of a university. But how often do misguided mandarins enjoin upon them a fatal acceptance of ready-made ideas! A British member of Parliament once thus delivered himself: "The lives of students in every place of education should reflect in miniature the life of the working and playing world outside". We should (no doubt) acquit this artless legislator of the belief that small boys ought to lose a miniature sum of money at miniature poker and that schoolgirls should toss off miniature cocktails; but he clearly committed the ghastly blunder of demanding that "every place of education"—including, therefore, our colleges—should resound with echoes of the street. His supporters are beyond counting. Whenever university students form a club for discussion of anything that happens at the moment to be unpopular, some wiseacre raises his voice in the correspondence columns inquiring whether it is for this that parents make sacrifices. The answer is, of course: "Yes: you are, on your own evidence, afraid to face new and unfashionable ideas; but your son has shown himself ready to face them—a magnificent return on your investment." The essence of a university is spiritual and mental exploration. Students should be free to "prove all things", as St. Paul words it, whether we relish the outcome of their researches or not. A university is a nest of rebels, or potential rebels: to use a more soothing metaphor, it is the experimental garden of a whole nation.

How would you regard a father who said to his son: "What! You wish to marry this Irishwoman? Is that your return for my sacrifices? I married a Scotswoman, and you'll marry a Scotswoman, or I'll know the reason why." It is no less absurd to give a youth the chance to use his own brains and then insist that he shall reach your conclusions. Such critics attack our civilization at its life-centre. They would prevent new ideas from being born, and close the shutters against light from strange quarters. A genuine university is a place of discipline, true; but never of drill. To pursue unflinching inquiry, to face the risk of error on the road to truth—there lies its duty, its very life. It is a great adventure, pressing forward across unfamiliar seas to make discoveries at evening of which it had no premonition in the dawn.

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British Exports Must Stress Specialties

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The reconversion of British industry from war to peace is making good progress, says Mr. Layton, although the margin of safety is still very narrow. The immediate need to increase exports to the utmost to provide foreign currency for essential imports must not, however, be allowed to confuse the long-term issues and a precise pattern for Britain's future export trade must soon be worked out.

Britain would do well to vacate certain export spheres—such as coal and cotton—where she has dominated in the past and concentrate on such specialized manufactures as machinery, which policy would not only show an excellent long-term return on capital investment but, at the same time, would help other countries to modernize and develop their industrial capacity, thus oiling the wheels of the Bretton Woods plan.

London.

IT IS evident from the Ministry of Labor returns for March that the reconversion of British industry from war to peace is making solid progress. The greatest industrial operation in the nation's history will be about completed by the end of the year.

It is also evident that the trend of exports is responding. The Board of Trade's figures for the first quarter of the year indicate that the volume of export trade is not now much below pre-war levels, and these should be comfortably exceeded before the year is out.

One crisis after another has been successfully resolved—the coal famine, the dearth of manpower, the shortage of foreign exchange—though the margin of safety is still very narrow. The stage is now set for a coherent policy in international trading.

There were still at the end of March nearly 4,000,000 men and women engaged in the Forces, on civil defence and on making war supplies, compared with more than 9,000,000 on VE-day. But by the close of the year, it is understood, the figure will have been reduced to 1,800,000 — representing a decrease of some 7,300,000 in a year-and-a-half from the defeat of Germany.

Of this increase in available manpower the greater part goes to swell the permanent peacetime industrial army, which—despite the continued efflux of women—is expected to reach 17,500,000 by the end of the year, or nearly 1,000,000 more than in 1939.

Exports have been a high priority all along, and the numbers engaged on export manufacture are already larger than in 1939; by the end of the year they should be about 1,550,000, or 400,000 more than when the war began.

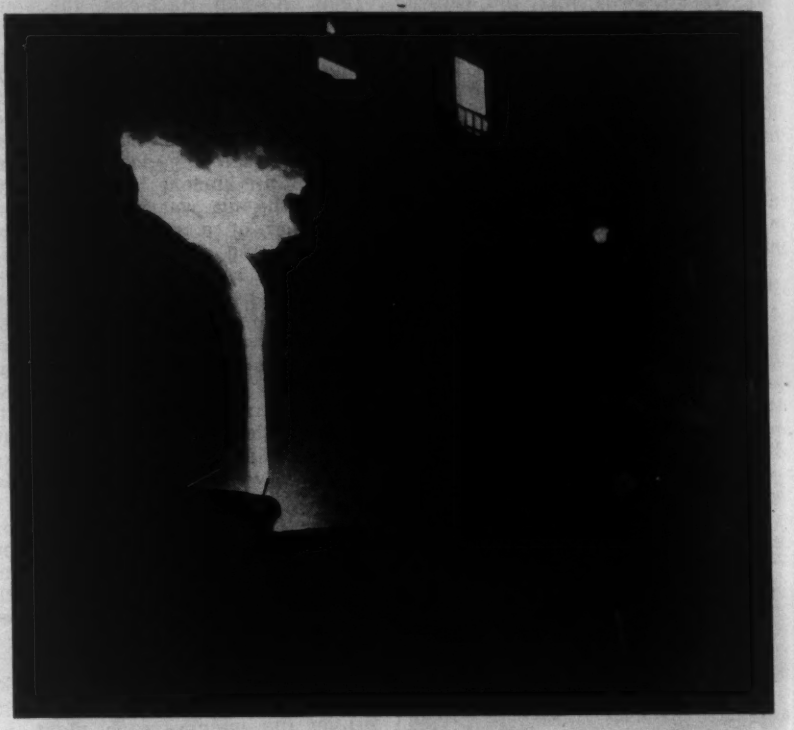
Blind Drive

So far, however, there seems to be only a blind drive towards exporting, with a 75 per cent increase in volume above pre-war as the somewhat arbitrary target in view. Insofar as the expansion of export trade is intended merely to provide the foreign currency for essential imports, it is not of vital importance on what terms the trade is conducted, or with what territories.

But the immediate need can give no guide to long-term policy. The goods which are being so strenuously shipped out of the country are largely goods which British industry or the British public sorely need. They are

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Copper, Zinc, Silver, Gold -- From Rocks of Flin Flon Mine



Located in Manitoba, near the Saskatchewan border, the town of Flin Flon sprawls over one of the richest ore deposits in the world. Copper, zinc, gold, silver, cadmium and selenium are dynamited, hacked and smelted from its great mine which delves 3,500 feet through solid rock formations. From the roasters of the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company, copper concentrate is brought to the giant refracting furnace. When molten, the slag is tapped off, the streaming copper is poured into huge ladles, overhead cranes carry and pour it into the converters high overhead. After flux is added for purification, the molten copper is poured back into the ladles, by tipping converter, as shown above. It goes then to a huge holding vessel (below) from which the copper is poured into moulds . . .

. . . of "blister" copper. Below: 500-lb. moulds slide down steel rails to be stacked for cooling. At refinery, the copper yields gold, silver, selenium.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Strike Votes Should Be Secret

By P. M. RICHARDS

All good citizens must have been shocked by the attempt of President Whitney of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen to intimidate Congressmen with the statement that his union would spend $2,500,000 to defeat those of them who voted for Mr. Truman's strike-control legislation, and was ready to use the $47,000,000 in its treasury to "defeat Mr. Truman if he tries to run again for president in 1948." He added that: "All union labor will be with us."

Is this true? Columnist Dorothy Thompson commented pertinently: ". . . If all the workers in this country, each with a vote, are really solid against any restrictions on unions, why is it necessary to spend a fortune to defeat those who are for restrictions?"

"The truth is, of course, that there are many union members who would like protection against the overweening authority of their boss-leaders; many who suffer greater losses through strikes than they ever recoup through the raises thus won; many who contribute out of their pockets dues, sometimes exorbitant sums, to funds over which they have no control; many who will be furious that their money collected for other purposes should be spent on political campaigns. In trade union meetings they are silent, for to speak against the recommendations of the leaders appears to be treason and can be dangerous. But they vote (at Congressional elections) as American citizens; the vote belongs to each individual person, not to his leaders; it is a secret vote. And it may not turn out just as their leaders threaten, as Mr. Lewis, though he controls a union, has never been able to control the politics of its members."

Control by the Labor Boss

This is a vital point on which much too little has been heard. The common assumption, outside the ranks of labor itself, is that the union leaders voice the will of their members, in the main at least. But in many cases, as any union man can testify, the rank and file are very definitely not encouraged to express an opinion contrary to that of the leaders and are given no chance to vote in meeting without being held accountable to the leaders. Decisions to strike are railroaded through with little regard for the actual wishes of workers or for the effects upon the innocent public.

The current issue of *Manufacturing and Industrial Engineering* contains a letter to the editor of the New Toronto *Advertiser* from a member of Local 811, United Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers of America, which recently called a strike against Anaconda American Brass Limited. After complaining of the influence over the local body wielded by the union's international representative, who broke off negotiations with the company without regard for the local's committee appointed for that purpose, the letter-writer goes on: "An authority was granted the Local to hold a strike vote. The management offered to provide ballot boxes, stenographers, polling booths and pay wages to Union men to act as scrutineers, and also offered the plant in which to hold the vote so that all union workers would have the opportunity to vote and in the company's time. This was a generous offer but it was turned down by the Local's executive. Their decision was to hold the strike vote in the Union Hall.

"The vote was a farce. When a worker went to claim his vote, a large duplicate of the ballot was right under his nose with the instruction to vote 'yes.' The only place provided to mark your ballot was a table in full view of everybody in the room. It was impossible to mark your ballot in secrecy as from four to six men were at the table at the same time. Standing at the ends of the table were two members who saw everybody mark their ballot. No wonder the vote went 86.5 'yes.' Some members had courage as approximately 65 members voted 'no' in the face of these difficulties. If the Company's offer had been accepted and the secrecy of the ballot maintained, I believe that the Union would not have had a majority vote."

Strikes Are Out-of-Date

It is important to note that this letter was written by a member of the union, not by a representative of the company management. The editor of *Manufacturing and Industrial Engineering* comments as follows: "The conditions indicated by the author of this letter cannot help but remain with us unless legislation is enacted for the purpose of ensuring the use of an established, democratic method of maintaining freedom of opinion in connection with strike votes — the secret ballot. An industrial strike is a terrible thing, as witness the current coal situation. Surely it is not in the best interest of the nation to permit the power to immobilize a continent to lie in the hands of one or two evidently irresponsible men. But as long as strike votes can be controlled, that power will remain in the hands of a few, and strikes will come whenever the whim dictates." And the editor concludes: "If strike vote conditions generally are as unhealthy as this letter would indicate, it is time our representatives in the federal government took action. They have the authority. They had better exercise it before they lose it to labor czars."

Actually strikes are archaic and should have no place in our modern society, in which the "division of labor" has proceeded to a point where each single industry has become a cog in a social system which it can cripple by suspending operation. Neither labor nor capital should be permitted to "gang up" against society. At the very least it should be ensured that a course decided upon by labor really represents the wishes of a majority of the workers in the employment unit concerned, and has not been imposed upon them by others. Only a secret strike vote can determine this.

(*Continued from Page 42*)

not a surplus above requirements but a real sacrifice; and it is about time to ask whether the terms of exchange are good enough to justify the sacrifice. Export priorities can easily become a fetish.

Granted — as everyone does — that the development of exports is in a general sense desirable, it will obviously be necessary before the movement goes much further to work out some idea of the pattern of British trade.

At present the export business is a sprawling thing, composed of almost any kind of product which is in demand overseas, and distributing itself at haphazard over any importing countries according to convenience. But the world has changed beyond recognition since the latter part of the last century when Britain's export trade took its own natural form. The oldest manufacturing country has no kind of monopoly in manufacturing processes, and in the simpler industries, such as textiles, there are semi-skilled workers all over the world who can produce standard goods of much the same type and at lower cost.

Scope for Skill

The world still needs coal, much more of it than is being produced. But Britain can no longer produce enough to leave a big surplus for export—and fuel is so vital to the factories that no trading policy could give export priorities to coal.

Recent export figures have shown a very marked development in such manufactured goods as vehicles. In this sphere British reputation is high, and half-developed manufacturing countries cannot compete economically. Encouragement might well be given to this kind of product, befitting an advanced manufacturing country, rather than spending a lot of effort on coal and cotton, which might later show a heavy decline in the value of the capital invested in them.

It is, however, in the really skilled work, engineering proper, that the best results are most likely to be seen; and this is the field where long-term policy could yield a rich return. For the export of machinery helps other areas of the world to modernize and develop their industrial capacity—and it has been the invariable experience that the most developed countries are the best trading customers. The poor countries produce their own simple needs with little surplus for exchange. Where they can afford to buy imports the terms of trade are against the exporter, because the market has little to offer him in payment.

If Britain uses her natural and acquired advantages in skilled engineering she will be helping in the general expansion of world trade—which is to be discussed provisionally in the autumn and in full dress by the International Conference of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations next year, and which underlies the whole conception of the Bretton Woods monetary plan.

Need World Expansion

Without that expansion there will be little likelihood of an individual expansion of exports to 175 per cent of pre-war volume, unless the goods are practically given away by subsidy. That volume of exports, on the pre-war basis of trade, would represent well over a third of the world's manufactured imports; and it would be an ungrateful task for one war-weakened nation of not unlimited resources, in competition with the unimpaired vigor of the United States.

It is true that many of the best potential customers are in no immediate position to pay. It is also true that Britain, hanging on for the U.S. and Canadian loans, is in an awkward position to grant credits.

Nevertheless, a forward-looking trade policy will not be unduly deterred by the difficulties, which are mostly of a temporary character. It is not impossible to make some arrangements for credit; and—to take but two examples—the recent failure to make any trading plan with France when the opportunity so obviously offered, and the chronic failure even to start developing the potentially immense trade with the U.S.S.R., are evidence of a fault in the Government's conception of foreign trade which may allow the long-term opportunities to slip away in an effort to grasp the world sellers' market during the few years that it lasts.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Ottawa Expanding Assistance To Help Find New Mines

By JOHN M. GRANT

NEW sources of mineral supply must continue to be disclosed, otherwise the industry cannot continue to expand indefinitely, or even maintain production at present levels. So far, only 11 per cent of the Dominion has been adequately mapped geologically and as Hon. J. A. Glen, Federal Minister of Mines and Resources, recently pointed out it is essential that the mapping of the other 89 per cent be greatly speeded up. To do this in a reasonable time the staff of the Geological Survey will have to be greatly enlarged, but it may be a matter of several years before the necessary additions to the staff can be obtained, owing to the fact that during the war very few students entered the mining and geological courses. The program of field work planned for 1946 by the Mines and Geology Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources, as recently announced however, indicates a considerable expansion over 1945. This year the geological and topographical parties placed in the field will number 76, an increase of 25 over last year.

•

The geological program is designed mainly to provide prospectors and exploration companies with information which will be useful to them in their search for new sources of metallic minerals and petroleum in various areas throughout Canada. There will be 40 geological parties, distributed as follows: six in the Northwest Territories; three in the Yukon; six in British Columbia; eight in Alberta; three in Saskatchewan; three in Manitoba; two in Ontario; six in Quebec; one in New Brunswick; and two in Nova Scotia. The Topographical Survey, which is responsible for the provision of base maps for the development of the country's mineral and other natural resources and for the assistance of engineering projects will have 36 parties in the field, distributed as follows: three in the Northwest Territories; four in Alberta; one in Saskatchewan; three in Ontario; two in Quebec; 12 in New Brunswick and 11 in Nova Scotia. In addition to these 76 geological and topographical parties the National Museum of Canada will have four parties in the field.

•

Indicated market value of investment securities held by McIntyre Porcupine Mines as of March 31 ($30,776,855) shows considerable appreciation over cost or book value ($22,165,816) but, J. P. Bickell, president, in the annual report states that to some extent this difference may be accepted as evidencing fear of inflation and treated as tentative in character. "Over the years this company has diligently acquired a substantial investment portfolio, so that shareholders may have thus provided for them a reasonable residual reserve, when the day comes — as it does in the case of all mines — that the ore is exhausted," the president points out, and "in the meantime this accumulated asset has served to cushion the strain and dislocation peculiar to wartime operations, and it has enabled us to maintain, without interruption or embarrassment, our regular pre-war rate of dividend. "Mine earnings in 1945 were slightly less than those of a year ago but there was a compensating increase from investment income. Earnings per share of $3.12 compared with $2.95 the previous year. The estimated ore reserve (4,375,263 tons averaging $10.87) shows a slight drop, both in tonnage and grade, and further evidences the result of restricted development work. It is hoped to complete the No. 12 or internal shaft to the 7,000-foot level this year, so that an intensive program of work may be inaugurated upon the lower horizons.

•

That alleged offenders against Ontario security regulations constitute but a very small minority of those operating in the brokerage business is the conclusion reached by Hon. C. P. McTague, chairman of the Commission, in a statement detailing results of the review of brokerage

(*Continued on Page 47*)

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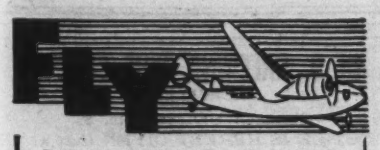

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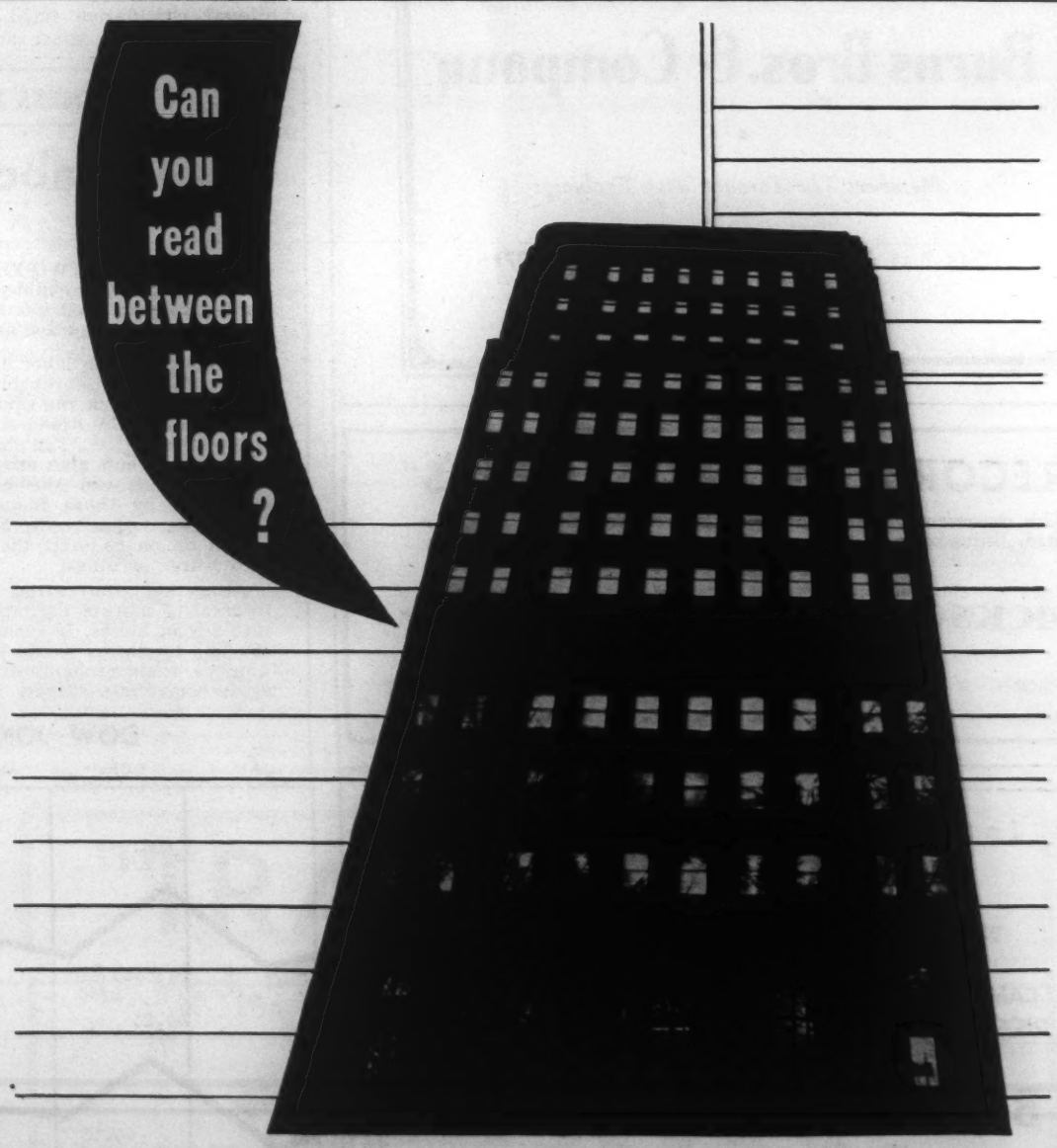

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

C.M.M., London, Ont.—Yes, it was reported some time ago that HARKER GOLD MINES planned to resume work on its property in Harker township when the Ontario Government road into the Lightning River area is completed, probably next summer. At the time this property was under development it was handicapped by the lack of transportation and power, and the price of gold was just over $20 per ounce as compared with $38.50 today. As at December 31, 1945, the company had over $5,000 cash and investments having a book value of $334,310 as against approximate market value of $143,800. Current liabilities totalled $15.075.

E. M. S., Halifax, N.S.—A meeting of shareholders of GREAT LAKES PAPER CO. is to be held June 13 to consider a plan of capital reorganization already approved by the directors. Under the plan, dividend arrears of $10.75 a share at the end of 1945 on the "A" and "B" preferred stocks will be cancelled. The A and B preferred stocks, presently entitled to $2 cumulative annual dividend, will be entitled to an initial cumulative annual dividend of $1.20 a share. The A preferred will be entitled to an additional cumulative fixed annual dividend of $1.30 a share and then will be entitled to participation with the common stock, share-for-share, in any dividends declared on the common stock. The B preferred, which are owned by the publishers, are not to be entitled to any dividends beyond the initial $1.20 annual dividend. However, newsprint contracts with the publishers, which expire at the end of 1950, will be extended for five years with an option given for a further extension of another five years. Capitalization at the present time consists of 100,000 shares of class A preferred, 100,000 class A and 100,000 shares, no par value common.

H. J. K., Tilbury, Ont.—I, unfortunately, cannot predict the price at which shares of SPRINGER STURGEON GOLD MINES will eventually sell. While the company's speculative prospects appear quite promising it can by no means be looked upon as a "sound investment," and the price at which the stock is selling makes this obvious. The company has been active in exploration and anticipates to be more so during the current year. CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL MINERALS, barite-producing subsidiary of the company, reported increased sales, profits and ore reserves for 1945, and expects

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Labor Troubles?

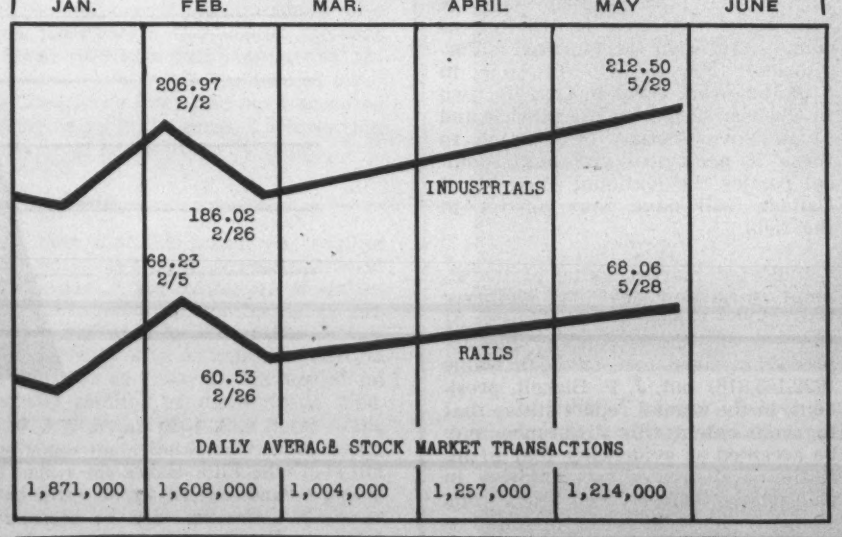
By HARUSPEX

THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: With reconversion expected to be well completed by mid-year, the one to two-year market trend, while subject to occasional intermediate interruption, such as that witnessed in February, is regarded as forward.

While American labor difficulties are expected to continue for some time ahead, it is improbable that the last half of 1946 will witness such strategically damaging shutdowns as those witnessed in the automobile, steel, coal and railroad strikes. Accordingly, the last half of 1946 will offer a period when share prices can throw off the labor influence, to a degree, and give attention to other factors. Among these other considerations are the excellent earnings that already are being turned in by those industries relatively free of labor and O.P.A. influences. Also is the recent tendency of O.P.A. in the U.S.A. to loosen up on ceilings, thereby bringing another group of companies into better earnings.

Altogether, the period since early February probably marks an interval of market hesitation during which stocks have been passing into strong hands. If such is the case, and recent upside breaking of the line formation would tend to confirm it, then a fairly substantial upmove would probably have to be witnessed before any heavy selling again comes into shares.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



DAILY AVERAGE STOCK MARKET TRANSACTIONS

JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APRIL	MAY	JUNE
1,871,000	1,608,000	1,004,000	1,257,000	1,214,000	

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Common Dividend No. 35

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on May 27th, 1946 a dividend of Five cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable July 2nd, 1946 to shareholders of record June 1st, 1946.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., June 1st, 1946.

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NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION
LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending June 30, 1946, payable on July 15, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15, 1946.

By Order of the Board.
H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

★

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1946 to be another satisfactory period. To date the earnings of this subsidiary have been expended on plant and equipment, but capital expenditures will likely be largely completed early this year, thus allowing the earnings to be available for eventual dividends. A block of 290,000 shares of Leitch Gold Mines is owned by Springer. Current assets at the end of 1945 totalled $399,529 against current liabilities of $143,625. Claims are held in the Indin Lake section of the Yellowknife district on which encouraging gold showings have been disclosed. A new company was formed to take this ground and the property to the north of Trans-American Mining Corporation. Both companies are purchasing treasury shares of the new company — SPINET MINING CORPORATION, to finance further development.

T. R. Outremont, Que.—I have no information of recent results on the SOMA-DUVERNAY GOLD MINES property which would permit my offering an opinion as to its prospects. It was reported earlier in the year to be exploring the property by diamond drilling and said to be obtaining encouragement. A heavy carbonate zone was located in surface work and a series of strong shears containing quartz veins from eight to 10 inches wide carrying gold values were reported. One quartz vein was stated to have been opened for 600 feet. The shares were recently listed on the Montreal Curb Market. The head office of the company is located at Room 905, Aldred Building, Montreal.

B. D., Newmarket, Ont.—CANADIAN COTTONS' net profit of $708,730 for the year ended March 31, 1946, compares with $592,982 for the preceding year and is equivalent to $3.68 per common share on 138,510 shares no par value, compared to $2.85 on 137,525 shares in 1945. Earned surplus at March this year amounted to $4,409,311, compared with $3,512,484 at the end of March last year. In the fiscal year ending in March, 1946, $600,000 of depreciation reserve plant replacements, was transferred to earned surplus.

L. R. S., Quebec, Que.—While still retaining five of its original claims in the Sturgeon Lake area, DARKWATER MINES has been inactive for several years. Underground development proved disappointing although some ore (estimated as probably worth over $200,000) was developed on the second level. Further mining and exploration activities are possible by the company with working capital available. Robb-Montbray Mines has not reported any mining or other activity for a number of years. Its chief interest at present is represented in shares and advances to Darkwater Mines. As regards your holdings of RIDGEDOME MINES, the name was changed to Ridgedome Gold Mines and the latter sold its property to Ridgedome Porcupine Mines. I understand the exchange basis is one new for three old subject to pool. Efforts to finance during the war failed to meet with success and I believe the company is still inactive. The company's office address is Room 704, 357 Bay Street Toronto.

A. P. C., Winnipeg, Man. — Some surface exploration was carried out on ground acquired last year by BURLEY PORCUPINE in the north Malartic area but I have not heard with what results. It was proposed by Vincent Mining Corporation, which controls the company, to diamond drill favorable areas after a geophysical survey had been made. Bur-Ley also retains a property in Whitney township, Porcupine area, adjacent to Porcupine Reef, where exploration has disclosed two zones carrying low gold values.

D. H. J., Westmount, Que.—HYDRO - ELECTRIC SECURITIES CORP. had a net profit for 1945 of $525,692, equal to 13 cents per share, compared with $528,409 or 13 cents a share in 1944. Investments are carried at a net book value of $16,540,675, with quoted market value of $19,117,582. This compares with market value of $15,689,798 for 1944. Value of common shares at the end of 1945 was $8.76 against $6.38 for the previous year.

A. E. R., Toronto, Ont.—Regarding HEYSON RED LAKE GOLD MINES, there isn't much information to add to that previously given in Gold & Dross. I understand the diamond drilling campaign is continuing and that between $10,000 and $12,000 is in the company's treasury. As far as I am aware there has as yet been no lapse in the option agreement on shares. You state you realize you are "gambling" and to see a real market for the shares would likely necessitate more interesting results than those met with to date. A considerable program of diamond drilling has been completed, with some favorable core intersections reported at different times, but, no orebody has yet been outlined. The property must still be considered in the prospecting stage. I think your letter itself largely portrays the reasons why the shares seem to have had indifferent market sponsorship. If encouraging news were available it should quickly be made public, however, there does not seem much you can do but await further developments.

W. S. A., Campbellford, Ont.—Despite the current uncertain outlook, President W. H. Cooper of WOOD, ALEXANDER & JAMES LTD. says the company is confident of its ability to obtain its share of the available business. Although the shortage of merchandise continues to be emphasized, the company enjoyed good business throughout 1945. For the year ended Jan. 31, 1946, it had a net profit of $59,492, equal to $9.15 per share of first preferred, compared with $57,184 or $8.80 per share for the previous year. Operating profit was $235,398 against $194,201. Net working capital was $693,686 compared with $663,351 for the previous year.

W. S. T., Winnipeg, Man.—Your CUNIPTAU certificates can be exchanged on the basis of three for one of Ontario Nickel Corporation through the Trusts & Guarantee Company, 302 Bay Street. Ontario Nickel Corporation was succeeded in 1943 by Ontario Nickel Mines on a basis of five shares for one of the latter organization, but the new stock is still pooled. The new company was reported some time ago as having arranged finances for further development of the Moose Lake property in the Sudbury area.

R. A. E., Pembroke, Ont.—A crew is being sent by KINOJEVIS RIVER MINES to carry out surface work on the property acquired last year in Destor township, Quebec. A magnetometer survey has been completed and I understand a diamond drilling campaign is planned. The property adjoins to the west of Destorbelle Mines where very good assays were recently reported from the No. 4 diamond drill hole. The original Kinojevis property in Clericy township Quebec, is being retained but diamond drilling, while revealing interesting structure, failed to disclose commercial ore sections.

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NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

Payable July 15th, 1946, to shareholders of record June 14th, 1946.

By Order of the Board.
W. P. RILEY
President.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Famous Players
Canadian Corporation
Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifteen Cents (15c) per share for the quarter ending June 30th, 1946, has been declared on all issued common shares of the Company, said dividend to be paid on Saturday, the 22nd day of June, 1946, to shareholders of record Saturday, the 8th day of June, 1946.

By order of the Board.
N. G. BARROW,
Secretary.

TORONTO, May 28th, 1946.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of Two dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of July, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 22nd of June, 1946.

G. H. ROGERS,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 22, 1946.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Effect of Misrepresentation as to Health on Claim Collection

By GEORGE GILBERT

Not by any means do all of those who take out policies of life, accident or sickness insurance realize the importance of answering correctly the material questions as to their health in the application for the insurance.

It will be too late to do anything about it when, after having paid premiums for several years and they have a claim to collect, they find that they are not entitled to a cent, owing to the fact that the policy is void due to a material misrepresentation or concealment made at the inception of the contract.

IN TAKING out a life insurance policy or an accident and sickness policy, it is important that no misrepresentation be made as to the health of the applicant. Statements in the application as to health are *prima facie* regarded as material to the risk, and if false are a bar to recovery under the policy. It is true that there has been some modification of this strict rule in recent years, so that a warranty that a person is in good health is, in the absence of fraud, to be considered liberally and not as meaning that he is free from all infirmity or disease.

In some jurisdictions it is left to the court to determine how far the insurance company was induced to enter into the contract by any misrepresentation contained in the application. In the absence of bad faith the policy will not be voided if the applicant fails to disclose an illness or accident which occurred many years before, and which, although severe, could not be called serious, because it did not undermine the constitution.

Misstatements or concealments as to recent or present attendance by physicians, or equivocal answers having that effect will, when the answers are made part of the contract, prevent recovery under the policy. If the applicant warrants that he is free from disease, although at the time he has tuberculosis but is not aware of the fact, this constitutes a breach of warranty.

Fraudulent Concealment

In an action in Quebec by the testamentary heirs of the insured to recover the amount of a life insurance policy, the insurance company pleaded that the insured had fraudulently concealed a malignant condition when she made her application and that she met her death by suicide. It was held, on the evidence, that while it appeared that the insured had died through drinking a solution of formalin, there was not sufficient proof to show that she did so intentionally.

On the other hand, however, it appeared that the insured had been treated surgically for some years before she made her application for insurance; that she knew of her condition and failed to declare it when making her application. The court pointed out that the object of insurance is to afford protection to persons in normal health, and insurance companies are not bound to contract with persons who are ill and who fraudulently conceal their condition.

It was held that the insured's failure to declare her numerous visits to the hospital and treatments, which included operations, was a concealment of material facts affecting the risk and made the policy contract a nullity. It was her duty to make these declarations, the court held, and also that her heirs could not raise her lack of education as an excuse, as she could have had the clauses of the policy explained to her and did not do so but paid premiums for two years without protest. It was clear that the insurance company would not have assumed the risk had it been told the facts. Although, if the application is prepared by the agent of the insurance company it is considered to be the act of the insurance company, the agent's powers do not permit him to enter declarations which are of a nature to deceive the insurance company. (1944 I.L.R. 72)

Failure to Disclose

In another case, failure of the applicant on his medical examination for life insurance to disclose that only two months prior to his examination he had consulted two doctors who told him he was suffering from anemia, was held to be a material concealment.

Under our life insurance law, no policy is rendered void by reason of any misrepresentation or failure to disclose on the part of the insured or the person whose life is insured in the application for the insurance or on the medical examination or otherwise, unless the misrepresentation, or failure to disclose is material to the contract. The question of materiality is one of fact. Also the life insurance policy is incontestable after two years, except in the case of fraudulent statements or statements erroneous as to age.

In an action on an accident and sickness policy issued on July 13, 1937, it was disclosed that the contract was issued without a medical examination and was based on the written application made therefor by the insured on July 12, 1937. In the application the insured gave a negative answer to the question as to whether he had received medical advice or treatment or suffered from any local or constitutional disease within the previous five years.

It was also agreed by the insured that the policy for which application was made should not become effective until the company had accepted the application and he had accepted the policy while in good health and free from injury. On July 23, 1937, the insured, while getting on a street car, bruised and broke the skin on his right leg. An infection resulted, and he was treated by a physician until August 13, 1937, when he was removed to a hospital. The physician in charge diagnosed his illness as myelogenous leukemia.

Treated for Leukemia

On August 27, 1937, he was removed to another hospital, and was found to be in a critical condition. While there he was further treated for leukemia, the last treatment being given on September 5, 1937, at which time he developed an infraction in the right lung, due either to a thrombus or embolus, and died on September 7, 1937.

At the trial, the insured's family physician testified that he had first treated him professionally on July 9, 1937, at which time he was suffering from a sty on the upper lid of the left eye, a slight infection in the surface of the little finger of the right hand, and a swelling and soreness of the gums. On July 10, 1937, the physician went into the history of the eye and finger infection, and on July 13 the insured returned to the doctor's office, at which time the doctor gave him a thorough physical examination, and took specimens of his blood and urine for analysis. On July 16, 1937, the doctor found the insured suffering from myelogenous leukemia, a fatal disease.

Verdict and judgment at the trial were in favor of the claimant, and the insurance company appealed. On appeal, the judgment of the trial court was reversed. It was held that the uncontradicted evidence was to the effect that the insured was found by his family physician to be suffering from myelogenous leukemia as early as July 16, 1937. The evidence therefore conclusively showed that the insured answered falsely some of the material questions in the application for the policy, and it was held that it was immaterial as to whether they were knowingly made.

Inquiries

Editor About Insurance:

I understand that there was a case before one of the Western courts in which it was held that the proceeds of an accident policy made payable to the wife of the insured did not constitute dutiable property under the Succession Duty Act of the Province. As accident policy proceeds payable to the wife of the insured are subject to Succession Duty in Ontario, I would like to know if there was some peculiar feature about the Western case, or if the law out there is different. Can you inform me where I can find a report on this case?

— L. E. T., Kingston, Ont.

No doubt the Western case you have in mind is the one which came before the Manitoba King's Bench in February, 1943, and which you will find reported under the heading *Re Gaston* in (1943) 2 D.L.R. 220. There were some unusual features about this case. There was an accident policy on the life of an employee, with the wife named as beneficiary, taken out by the employer, the insured employee taking no part in arranging the insurance and the premium being wholly paid by the employer, without affecting in any way the remuneration of the insured employee. It was held that the policy could not be said to be effected by the employee on his life, nor could it be said to be wholly or partially kept up by him so as to render the

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Dominion of Canada	3%	1963	104¾	2.58%
*Dominion Dairies Limited	4%	1966	102¼	3.84%
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Donnacona Paper	4½%	Preferred	Market	4.28%
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BRANCHES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF CANADA

316A

money payable thereunder on the decease of the employee taxable under the Manitoba Succession Duty Act. Under ordinary circumstances, the proceeds of accident policies payable on the death of the insured by accident are subject to Succession Duty in Manitoba the same as in Ontario.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 43*)

house, security house and salesmen licenses. Of 362 brokerage houses applying 324 have been accepted for registration, 23 have been found satisfactory but registration is held in abeyance pending only proper completion of documents accompanying application; seven houses have been refused registration and there are nine still to be reviewed by the full Commission. Of 1,068 salesmen applying, 1,001 have been accepted for registration. The applications of 62 are still to be scrutinized by the Registrar and five are to be reviewed by the full Commission. Mr. McTague sets at rest fears of insecurity on the part of those who have been granted registration. No further review of these is proposed. Only in cases where the Commission receives in the future evidence not now in its possession will there be any exception of this rule.

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A considerable shrinkage was shown in 1945 in ore reserves at Powell Rouyn Gold Mines (346,637 tons grading .139 oz.) due to less favorable ore conditions at present being encountered on the 2,150, 2,300 and 2,450-foot levels, and also on account of it being considered advisable to delete a considerable tonnage from the reserves since increased cost due both to reduction in output and higher outlays for material and wages have put this portion of the reserves in the doubtful or non-paying class, for the time being at least. A total of 93,926 tons was treated at the Noranda smelter and yielded $496,915 or $5.29 per ton, with a resultant operating profit of $57,660. After depreciation and write-offs the year's operations showed a net loss of $58,119. Continuous diamond drilling is in progress both underground and from the surface, directed toward hitherto unexplored areas of the Powell property. The directors also have various properties in Ontario and Quebec under exploration and investigation.

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The establishment of an unlisted exchange in each province is suggested in the brief presented by the Prospectors and Developers Association to the Senate Natural Resources Committee. Five reasons advanced for formation of such exchanges are that they would provide protection for the investing public in that day-to-day share activity could be learned at a glance, that they would rule out fictitious quotations, would remove 'onerous' regulations calling for a copy of a prospectus to be filed with each purchase of stock, eliminate 'favoritism' when quoting unlisted stocks and serve as centres for information on all companies not qualified on listed exchanges. Other proposals urged in the brief included expansion of Provincial and Dominion geological surveys, the need for conducting field research in each of the older mining camps, abolition of the practice of granting concessions, and a broadened road building into mining areas.

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Underground development is planned by Golden Arrow Mines, in the Ramore area, and shaft-sinking to a depth of 300 feet is expected to be underway by the end of June. It is planned to establish a main level at 250 feet, and by lateral work and closely spaced diamond drilling to block out the ore body as carefully as possible, preparatory to mining. This work, V. R. MacMillan, president, in a progress report, states should provide ample data for establishment of tonnage, grade and mill practice. Final decision as to size and character of mining plant and mill can then be reached. Diamond drilling of the "B" zone has been completed to eastern boundary of the property. The ore-bearing zone has been traced by drilling for 3,150 feet, in which length, ore bodies of commercial widths and grade are reported indicated over 1,000 feet. Although some good values were obtained in the remaining length the over-all averages given by the drilling were low.

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In diamond drilling at New Bidlamaque Gold Mines, Bourlamaque township, Quebec, last year a shoot of probable ore over a length of 550 feet was indicated, which through a typographical error was referred to as 55 feet in the May 25th issue. The 550-foot length has an average width of 5.2 feet and an average grade of $6.60 per ton in gold and 1.8% copper to a vertical depth of 200 feet. Shaft-sinking now underway is expected to reach the objective of 390 feet about the middle of June. Three levels are being established at 150, 250 and 375 feet and the contract calls for 2,000 feet of lateral development work.

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The work to date on the Granville Lake, Manitoba, holdings of Sherritt Gordon Mines—an area in which the company has done a great deal of prospecting and exploration during the past eight years—has proven the existence of a nickel-copper bearing zone for a length of 4,500 feet, with both ends still open, Eldon L. Brown, president, states in the annual report for 1945. This new nickel-copper prospect is the first prospect in the area that has possibilities of developing sufficient tonnage to warrant the provision of power and transportation. A block of 180 claims has been staked which provides minimum protection for extensions of 1½ miles in any direction. Only a very small portion of the zone has been investigated to date, with very encouraging results, and it will take many months of diamond drilling to get anything like a clear picture of the possibilities of the deposit, Mr. Brown states. While no new ore bodies were found during the year at the Sherritt Gordon Mines, the reduction in ore reserves amounted to only 35.4% of the tonnage milled, the balance being accounted for by the finding of additions and extensions to the known ore bodies.

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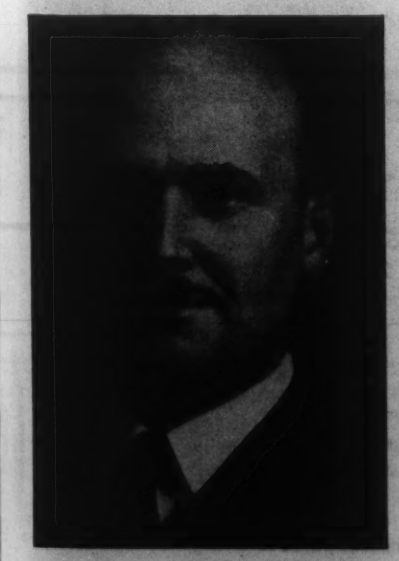
"The coming summer will see your mine return to profitable operation," E. M. Thomson, president, advises shareholders of Jason Mines in the annual report. The main objective of the directors during the years of shutdown was to conserve the liquid assets of the company against the need for rehabilitation. In conjunction with

(*Continued on Page 48*)



MAJOR-GENERAL A. BRUCE MATTHEWS, C.B.E., D.S.O. has been elected to the Board of Directors of The Excelsior Life Insurance Company and has been appointed Vice-President and Treasurer of the Company.

General Matthews has retired from the well-known investment firm of Matthews & Company in order to devote the major portion of his time to The Excelsior Life.

SCOTTISH INSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED OF EDINBURGH

Notice is hereby given that the Scottish Insurance Corporation Limited of Edinburgh has received Certificate of Registry No. C1048 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of PERSONAL PROPERTY INSURANCE, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

W. L. ESSON,
Chief Agent in Canada.

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
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IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
E. D. GOODERHAM, President A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

TIMBER!
Canada's forests echo with the ring of the woodman's axe as the industry answers the call for still greater production. Lumber, to stem the rising tide of new housing construction—timbers, for our mines and factories—countless cords of pulpwood to feed our hungry paper mills—lumber and wood products for export to help rebuild devastated Europe.
Vast tracts of productive timberlands are only one of Canada's great natural resources, and represent only a fraction of Canada's storehouse of undeveloped wealth.
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VINCENT MINING CORPORATION LIMITED
VINCENT BUILDING
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VICKERS LIMITED

LARGE PEACETIME ORDERS IN HAND

Mr. A. A. Jamieson, the Chairman who presided at the 79th Annual General Meeting of Vickers Limited held at Vickers House, Westminster, London, on the 15th of May, in the course of his speech said that he had little doubt that Stockholders would wish to know what had been done towards replacing with commercial work some of the armament work which employed them so fully at the end of the war.

In dealing with the accounts, the Chairman said that on 31st of December, 1945, in the Consolidated Balance Sheet cash totalled £12,593,000. Schemes for improvements and modernization which have already been authorized by the Directors, and some of which are already under way, total £7,000.000.

SHIPBUILDING

Owing to the reduction in production orders for armaments, Vickers-Armstrongs Limited are undertaking a large volume of commercial work, and special plant and facilities are being installed to enable us to meet these commercial demands in the most efficient manner possible. Our Yards at Barrow and Walker-on-Tyne have been, or are in the process of being equipped for the building of high-class passenger and cargo vessels by modern methods, and with all the latest appliances to enable these ships to be built at competitive prices. From the beginning of 1945 until 31st of March, 1946, we have booked orders for 9 Passenger Ships and 10 Cargo Ships from clients with whom we have long-established connections, and from new clients for whom we have not built previously.

The main machinery for the vessels which we are building both at Barrow and the Naval Yard is manufactured at our Barrow Works, and we have, therefore, a very large volume of this class of work in hand—both steam machinery of the geared turbine type, together with boilers, and Doxford engines for which this Company is a licensee.

Our Barrow Works have for many years been one of the principal producers in this country of cement plant, and they have on hand large orders for this class of equipment. We have also booked orders for general engineering products, such as soap-making machinery, condensers and a large variety of other equipment.

At Elswick and Scotswood we are undertaking the complete rebuilding and re-equipment of our important Brass Department, for the production of extruded and rolled non-ferrous material. In addition, we have received substantial orders for a large variety of commercial engineering products of types suitable for production in these works.

At our Southern Works, we have received substantial orders for the lighter type of engineering products, in addition to steel furniture and office equipment and allied products which have been produced at our Dartford Works for many years.

AIRCRAFT SECTION

In the Aircraft Section, it is intended that in the main, the Supermarine Works will concentrate on the design and production of high speed fighters both for the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm, but the production of commercial seaplanes will not be overlooked should a demand for such types arise, as Supermarine have had great experience in designing and building water-borne craft.

In the latter part of 1944, it was apparent that the need would arise for a commercial passenger aircraft having a capacity of 20 to 25 seats. This aircraft, which is named the "Viking," has a marked superiority over any other aircraft of its size which is being built today, having a substantially higher cruising speed, greater payload, and greater economy of operation. It is now in production for the British European Airways and for R.A.F. Transport Command, and initial deliveries have been made. Orders have also been received from India and the Argentine, and we are hopeful of selling Vikings in additional countries. It is the intention of the Directors to continue the development of commercial types with the fullest possible energy.

RESEARCH

During the war, production has been the vital consideration, but now it is the policy of the Company to develop its research facilities most fully, and so enable us to keep in the forefront of armament, commercial and aircraft engineering. It was with this end in view that Sir Thomas Merton, F.R.S., was appointed to the Board, and his wide knowledge will guide the general programme of research work of the Company.

It is apparent that if this Company is to retain its proper and foremost place in the aircraft industry it is essential to undertake a long-term programme of research. Accordingly, a separate Aeronautical Research Department of the Aircraft Section has been formed under the leadership of Mr. B. N. Wallis, F.R.S.

ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

With regard to the English Steel Corporation Limited, the demand for commercial steels has not reached the level which may be regarded as normal, although there are now signs of a more active demand. The steel-smelting plants have, however, been kept well occupied, and the plant at Taylor Bros. which manufactures wheels and axles for railway rolling stock is working to capacity. A start has been made to modernize the plant in line with the most up-to-date practice, and the programme of expenditure for the Corporation, and its subsidiaries, during the next five years, is likely to exceed £4,000,000. Included in this programme is a scheme to enlarge and improve the facilities of the Metallurgical and Research Section, and this is already in progress.

The Palmers Hebburn Company has made a very effective contribution to the war effort in connection with the repair, conversion and refitting of warships and merchant vessels, and structural steelwork of all types. We have now embarked on a scheme costing nearly £500,000 for the modernization and improvement of the facilities in all departments of the works, with a view to bringing the whole establishment completely up-to-date.

Cooke, Troughton & Simms, Limited, have substantial orders in hand for commercial instruments of all the various types produced, and provided our prices remain competitive with foreign manufacturers having lower labour costs, prospects seem good.

The Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage & Wagon Co. Limited have a large order book for carriages and wagons, of which 60 per cent is for export. Very considerable bus body orders are in hand, in addition to those for carriages and wagons.

PLASTICS

Ioco Limited is normally engaged on rubber, plastics and varnished products, mainly where textiles or papers are used as the foundation or reinforcement. The Company now manufactures and supplies a wide range of products, including materials for electrical machinery, the cable and wireless industries, boot and shoe manufacturers, furniture makers and the motor-car industry. Many of their technical products are used by mechanical engineers, shipbuilders and sheet metal manufacturers. Preparations are being made for the revival of business in rubber flooring.

Robert Boby Limited has a long established reputation as suppliers of malting plant and equipment. Its resources are enabling it to undertake contracts at home and abroad for complete maltings and associated equipment in every detail, incorporating the most modern methods and technique for the production of malt.

The report was adopted.

Company Reports

Dominion Woollens

DOMINION Woollens & Worsteds, Ltd., for the year ended Dec. 31, 1945, reports net profit of $219,424, equal to $1.49 a share, against $233,828, or $1.52 a share, for 1944.

Volume of production approximated the previous year's level, revealed John W. Hobbs, chairman of the board, and was 40 per cent for the armed forces and 60 per cent for the civilian trade.

Operating profits of $526,886 for 1945 were moderately below $572,127, while provision for depreciation was reduced to $74,202 from $87,000. Bond and debenture interest totalled $86,260, against $108,102 for 1944. Reserve for Dominion income and excess profits taxes fell to $147,000 from $152,000. Earned surplus, giving effect to the year's profits and prior year adjustments, including reduction of $359,279 in income and excess profits taxes and $607,943 capitalization of major repairs and replacements incurred for war contracts and disallowed as charges to operations, was increased to $845,553 at Dec. 31, 1945, from $448,718 the year before.

Liquid position is better, with net working capital at Dec. 31, 1945, totalling $1,720,529, contrasted with $1,518,895 at the end of 1944. Current assets, including $2,017,777 in inventories and $200,000 in Dominion of Canada bonds, amounted to $2,574,018, and current liabilities, including bank loans of $396,000, to $853,489. Funded debt is lower with first-mortgage serial bonds outstanding reduced during the year under review to $600,000 from $650,000, and redeemable sinking fund debentures to $1,215,200 from $1,270,200 at Dec. 31, 1944.

Wabasso Cotton

WABASSO Cotton Co., Ltd., reports net earnings, for the year ended April 27, 1946, at $341,350, equal to $4.88 a share, compared with $336,657 or $4.82 in the previous 12 months.

Operating profit, including price stabilization subsidy, and other income, was $1,382,780 against $1,346,387. Depreciation was up $182,000 at $590,262. Income and excess profits taxes were $335,000 compared with $330,384. Surplus forward was $773,855 versus $708,117.

Balance sheet showed current assets at $3,531,085 and current liabilities at $941,380, working capital being $2,589,705 against $2,605,989.

T. G. Bright & Co.

NET PROFIT of $146,331, exclusive of $24,383 refundable portion of excess profits tax, is reported by T. G Bright & Co., Ltd., for the year to March 31, 1946, compared with $138,218 for the preceding fiscal year. Outstanding 6 per cent preference stock was redeemed on June 15, 1945, and after providing $12,843 for one quarterly dividend payment on the preferred, net earnings for the year ended March 31, 1946, available for the common, totalled $133,488, equal to $1.33 a share.

For the year ended March 31, 1945, profits, exclusive of refundable portion of excess profits tax, were equal to $18.83 a share on the preferred and to 94 cents a share on the common. Earned surplus, giving effect to adjustment of $75,000 on excess profits tax applicable to prior years and profits for the year, was increased to $1,020,275 at March 31, 1946, from $811,788 a year ago.

Working capital of $1,551,468 at March 31, 1946, was up from $1,342,421 at March 31, 1945.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 47*)

shaft sinking development work is being carried out on the upper levels. Since the year end the shaft station has been cut on the sixth level and sinking is on the way to the 7th. A crosscut on the 200-foot horizon has been driven some 200 feet and an intersection of a vein carrying visible gold has been reported. The balance sheet shows cash $28,008, Dominion of Canada bonds at cost $79,000 (market value $80,847), Dominion of Canada and Province of Ontario bonds at cost $30,019 (market value $31,200) deposited with Hydro Electric Power Commission, investment in Twin "J" Mines at cost $6,760, and other investments at cost $37,365 (market value Dec. 31, 1945, $42,637) and materials and supplies on hand (book value) $42,411. Current liabilities include accounts payable of $1,752 and reserve for contingencies $8,603.

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Big Four Silver Mines Ltd. is the new name of the recently formed Arrow Silver Mines. The latter company had previously planned a silver-mining operation on the Silverado and Silver Range properties, in the Portland Canal mining division of British Columbia, but upon the entry of new interests and the inclusion of the Prosperity and Porter-Idaho properties in the consolidation, it was decided to change the name. The new company is financed by Transcontinental Resources, W. B. Milner and associates, Karl J. Springer and associates, and Col. Victor Spencer. Technical advisers to the new owners have recommended the construction of a mill of from 150 to 200 tons daily capacity. A firm commitment has been made for 825,000 shares at prices ranging from 10 to 20 cents per share to net the treasury the sum of $100,000.

THE

WABASSO COTTON COMPANY

LIMITED

ANNUAL REPORT

DIRECTORS

C. R. WHITEHEAD, President
NORMAN J. DAWES, Vice-President
WM. HARTY HUGH MACKAY HON. LUCIEN MORAUD, K.C.
W. TAYLOR-BAILEY W. J. WHITEHEAD

Directors' Report to the Shareholders

GENTLEMEN:—

The financial position of your Company at 27th April, 1946, and the results from operations for the year ended that date are shown by the accompanying Balance Sheet, Profit and Loss and Surplus Accounts.

Profits for the year, including subsidy from the Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation Limited, amounted to $341,350.03 after providing for reserves for depreciation and Government taxes and compares with profits last year of $336,657.05.

Whereas the future cannot be foreseen, your Directors have, in their judgment, taken every precaution considered necessary to protect your interests.

Your Directors wish to express their appreciation of the loyal support and co-operative effort of the officers and employees in conducting the affairs of the Company.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Directors.

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD, President.

Three Rivers, Que., 16th May, 1946.

BALANCE SHEET
As at 27th April, 1946

ASSETS

Current Assets:—		
Cash on Hand and in Bank	$ 32,822.02	
Dominion of Canada Bonds with interest accrued—less reserve (Approximate Market Value $2,777,713.36)	2,431,338.36	
Accounts and Bills Receivable—less reserves	704,516.60	
Inventories as determined and certified by the Management —Raw Cotton, partly manufactured and manufactured stock, at cost or market value, whichever was the lower— less reserves. Supplies and Chemicals at average cost and not over replacement value	362,407.54	$3,531,084.52
Funds Deposited with Trustee for Bondholders		40,250.00
Property:—		
Real Estate, Buildings, Plant, Machinery, etc., at cost, less amounts written off	11,406,018.37	
Less: Reserves for Depreciation and Obsolescence	8,907,563.15	2,498,455.22
Investments:		
Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies	222,160.26	
Bonds and Common Stocks of Canadian Companies with interest accrued	37,712.55	
(Approximate Market Value $40,055.75)		259,872.81
Deferred Assets:—		
Unexpired Insurance, Prepaid Taxes, etc.	60,572.82	
Refundable portion of Excess Profits Tax	84,652.82	145,225.64
		$6,474,888.19

LIABILITIES

Current Liabilities:—		
Accounts and Bills Payable	$ 256,559.47	
Bank Loans secured by Dominion of Canada Bonds	40,000.00	
Operating Expenses and Accrued Wages	112,919.06	
Provision for Municipal and other Taxes	343,161.99	
Bond Interest accrued	13,739.72	
4% First Mortgage Bonds due 1st February, 1947	175,000.00	$ 941,380.24
First Mortgage Bonds:—		
Authorized	$4,400,000.00	
Issued: Series "A"		
4% Serial Bonds dated 1st February, 1936 —maturing $175,000.00 in each of the fifth to twelfth years	$1,400,000.00	
Less: Bonds matured and Bonds maturing 1st February, 1947	1,225,000.00	175,000.00
4½% Fifteen Year Bonds dated 1st February, 1936		1,000,000.00
Reserve for Research, Plant Improvements and Contingencies		1,000,000.00
Capital Stock:—		
Authorized:—		
105,000 Shares of No Par Value.		
Issued:—		
69,903 Shares fully paid		2,000,000.00
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax		84,652.82
Earned Surplus:—		
General Reserve	500,000.00	
Balance as at 27th April, 1946	773,855.13	1,273,855.13
		$6,474,888.19

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD, Director
NORMAN J. DAWES, Director

Montreal, 15th May, 1946.
Verified as per our Report of this date.
(Signed) RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON, Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
For the Year Ended 27th April, 1946

Net Profit for the year ended 27th April, 1946, before providing for the undernoted items		$1,285,682.76
Revenue from Investments		85,537.95
Net Profit on Sale of Investments and Disposal of other Assets		11,559.33
		1,382,779.98
Depreciation of Property and Plant	$ 590,261.96	
Bond Interest	64,189.93	
Directors' Fees	6,200.00	
Legal Fees	6,822.80	
Executive Salaries	38,956.16	
Provision for Government Taxes	335,000.00	1,041,429.95
Net Profit for the Year Transferred to Surplus Account		$ 341,350.03

EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT
As at 27th April, 1946

Balance at credit 28th April, 1945		$ 708,117.14
Add:		
Sundry Adjustments affecting prior years	$ 3,999.96	
Net Profit for the year ended 27th April, 1946	341,350.03	345,349.99
		1,053,467.13
Deduct:		
Dividends Paid		279,612.00
		$ 773,855.13